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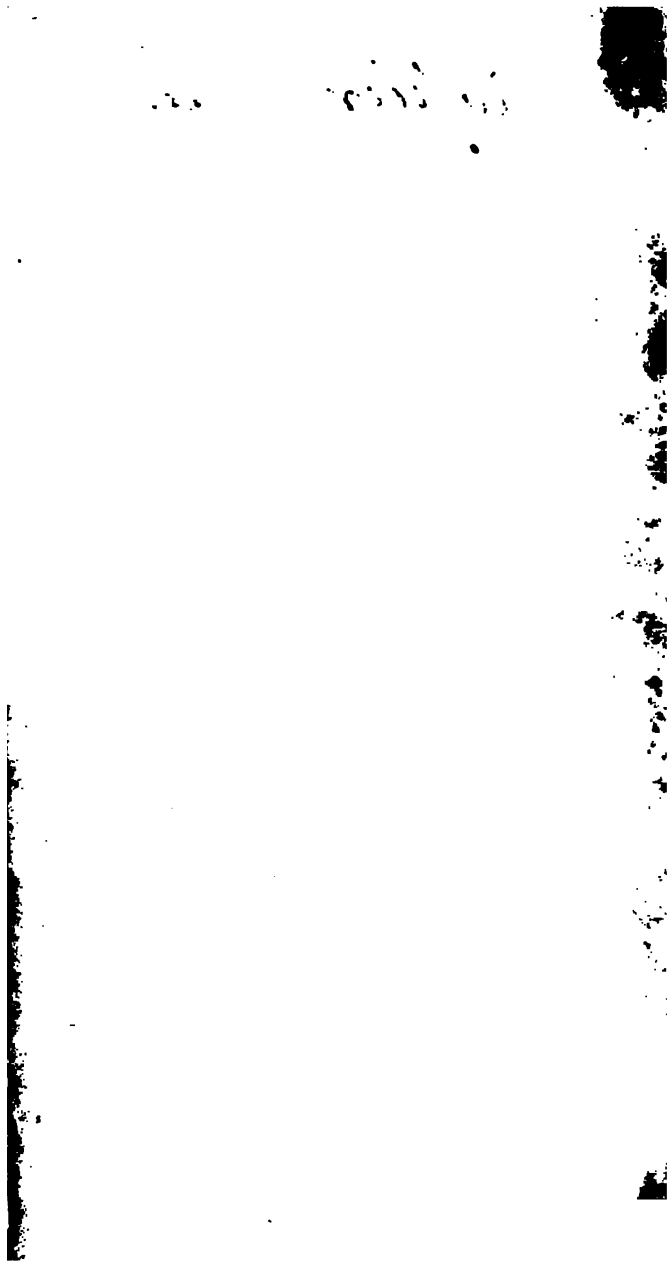


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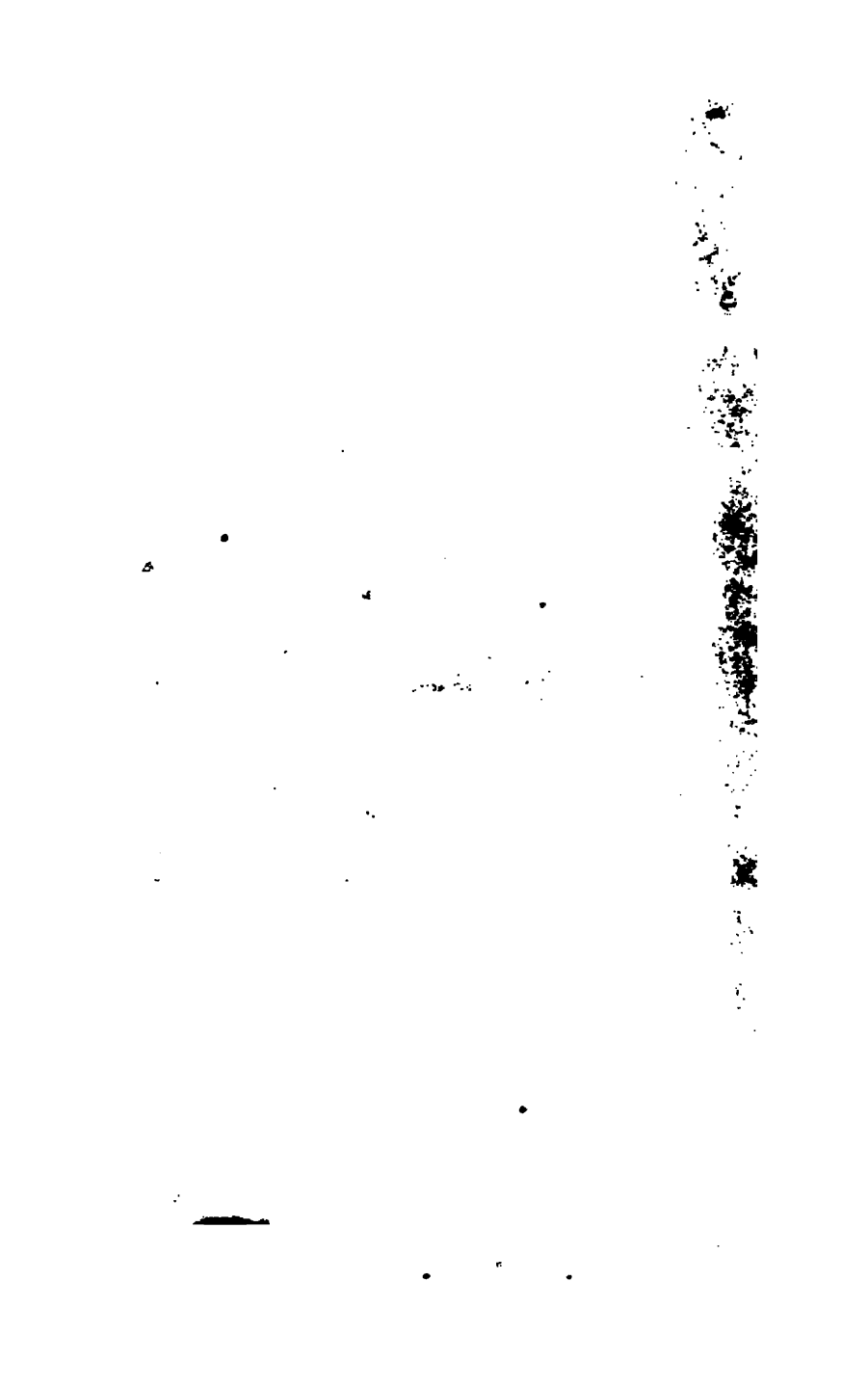


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VOLUME X.
OF
Shakespeare's Works.

Containing

HAMLET.
OTHELLO.

}}

PERICLES,
PRINCE OF TYRE.

COPIED FROM THE TEXT OF DR. REED.

WITH NOTES BY JOHNSON, STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.

Stereotype Edition.





HAMLET



HAMLET & SONS

1771 & 1772

Drawn by Louthpenny

Eng. by P. Marock & J. Goussier

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
William Shakespeare,
IN TEN VOLUMES.

WITH
THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
DR. JOHNSON, G. STEEVENS, AND OTHERS

REVISED BY
ISAAC REED, ESQ.



VOLUME X.

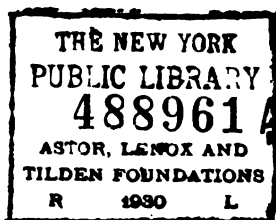
Time, which is continually washing away the dissoluble Fabrics of other Poets,
passes without Injury by the Adamant of Shakespeare. *Dr. Johnson's Preface.*

NEW YORK :
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1823.

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ROY W. H.
CLARK
MAR 1931

HAMLET,
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

OBSERVATIONS.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.] The original story on which this play is built, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus the Danish historian. From thence Belleforest adopted it in his collection of novels, in seven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publish through succeeding years. From this work, *The Hystorie of Hamblett*, quarto, bl. l. was translated. I have hitherto met with no earlier edition of the play than one in the year 1604, though it must have been performed before that time, as I have seen a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey, (the antagonist of Nash) who, in his own hand-writing, has set down *Hamlet*, as a performance with which he was well acquainted, in the year 1598. His words are these: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus* and *Adonis*; but his *Lucrece*, and his tragedy of *Hamlet* Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort, 1598."

In the books of the Stationers' Company, this play was entered by James Roberts, July 26, 1602, under the title of "A booke called *The Revenge of Hamlett, Prince of Denmarke*, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servantes."

In *Eastward Hoe*, by George Chapman, Ben Jonson, and John Marston, 1605, is a fling at the hero of this tragedy. A footman named *Hamlet* enters, and a tankard-bearer asks him—" 'Sfoote, *Hamlet*, are you mad?"

The frequent allusions of contemporary authors to this play sufficiently show its popularity. Thus, in Decker's *Bel-man's Nightwalkes*, 4to. 1612, we have—"But if any mad *Hamlet*, hearing this, smell villainie, and rush in by violence to see what the tawny diuels [gypsies] are dooing, then they excuse the fact," &c. Again, in an old collection of Satirical Poems, called *The Night-Raven*, is this couplet:

"I will not cry *Hamlet*, *Revenge* my greeves,
"But I will call Hangman, *Revenge* on thieves."

STEEVENS.

Surely no satire was intended in *Eastward Hoe*, which was acted at Shakespeare's own playhouse, (Blackfriars), by the children of the revels, in 1605.

MALONE

The following particulars relative to the date of this piece, are borrowed from Dr. Farmer's *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, p. 85, 86, second edition :

"Greene, in the Epistle prefixed to his *Arcadia*, hath a lash at some 'vaine glorious tragedians,' and very plainly at Shakespeare in particular.—'I leave all these to the mercy of their *mother-tongue*, that feed on nought but the crums that fall from the *translators* trencher.—That could scarcely *latinize* their neck verse if they should have neede, yet *English Seneca*, read by candlelight yeelds many good sentences—hee will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say, *handfuls* of tragicall speeches.'—I cannot determine exactly when this *Epistle* was first published ; but, I fancy, it will carry the original *Hamlet* somewhat further back than we have hitherto done : and it may be observed, that the oldest copy now extant, is said to be 'enlarged to almost as much againe as it was.' *Gabriel Harvey* printed at the end of the year 1592, 'Foure Letters and certaine Sonnetts, especially touching *Robert Greene* : ' in one of which his *Arcadia* is mentioned. Now *Nash's* Epistle must have been previous to these, as *Gabriel* is quoted in it with applause ; and the *Foure Letters* were the beginning of a quarrel. *Nash* replied in 'Strange News of the intercepting certaine Letters, and a Convoy of Verses, as they were going *privilie* to victual the *Low Countries*, 1593.' *Harvey* rejoined the same year in '*Pierce's* Supererogation, or a new Praise of the old Asse.' And *Nash* again, in 'Have with you to *Saffron Walden*, or *Gabriell Harvey's* Hunt is up ; ' containing a full answer to the eldest sonne of the halter-maker, 1596."—*Nash* died before 1606, as appears from an old comedy called *The Return from Parnassus*. STEEVENS.

A play on the subject of *Hamlet* had been exhibited on the stage before the year 1589, of which Thomas Kyd was, I believe, the author. On that play, and on the bl. l. *Historie of Hamblet*, our poet, I conjecture, constructed the tragedy before us. The earliest edition of the prose narrative which I have seen, was printed in 1608, but it undoubtedly was a republication.

Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was written, if my conjecture be well founded, in 1596. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of his Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, *king of Denmark.*

HAMLET, *son to the former, and nephew to the present king.*

POLONIUS, *lord chamberlain.*

HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet.*

LAERTES, *son to Polonius.*

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRICK, *a courtier.*

Another courtier.

A Priest.

MARCELLUS,

BERNARDO,

FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*

REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius.*

A Captain. An Ambassador.

Ghost of Hamlet's father.

FORTINBRAS, *prince of Norway.*

GERTRUDE, *queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet.*

OPHELIA, *daughter of Polonius.*

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-Diggers,
Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *Elsinore.*

HAMLET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his post. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Bernardo.

WHO's there ?

Fran. Nay, answer me : stand, and unfold Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king !¹

Fran. Bernardo ?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve ; get thee to bed, Francisco

Fran. For this relief, much thanks : 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard ?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch,² bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho ! Who is there ?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good-night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier :
Who hath reliev'd you ?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Holla ! Bernardo !

Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there ?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio ; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night ?

[1] This sentence appears to be the watch-word.

STEVENS.

[2] *Shook for partners.* WARBURTON.—*Rival* is constantly used by Shakespeare for a partner or associate.

MALONE.

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy ;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
'Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us :
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night ;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes,³ and speak to it :

Hor. Tush ! tush ! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile ;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The hell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off ; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.⁴

Ber. Looks it not like the king ? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like :—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march ? by heaven I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See ! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay ; speak ; speak I charge thee, speak.

[Exit Ghost.]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio ? you tremble, and look pale :
Is not this something more than fantasy ?
What think you of it ?

[3] Add a new testimony to that of our eyes. JOHNSON.

[4] It has always been a vulgar notion that supernatural beings can only be spoken to with propriety or effect by persons of learning. Thus Toby, in the *Night-walker*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, says:

"Let's call the butler up, for he speaks latin,

"And that will daunt the devil." REED.

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.⁵
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,⁶
With martial stalk, hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:⁷
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,⁸
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might we toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image but even now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law, and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart,

[5] He speaks of a prince of Poland whom he slew in battle.
Polack was, in that age, the term for an inhabitant of Poland.

POPE.

JOHNSON.

[6] *Jump* and *just* were synonymous in the time of Shakespeare.

STEEVENS.

[7] What particular train of thinking to follow.

STEEVENS.

[8] *Gross* and *scope*,—general thoughts, and tendency at large.

JOHNSON.

And carriage of the article design'd,⁹
 His fell to Hamlet : Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
 Of unimproved mettle hot and full,¹
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
 Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,²
 For food and diet to some enterprize
 That hath a stomach in't ; which is no other
 (As it doth well appear unto our state,)
 But to recover of us, by 'strong hand,
 And terms compulsory, those 'foresaid lands
 So by his father lost : And this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations ;
 The source of this our watch ; and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so :
 Well may it sort,³ that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch ; so like the king
 That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye,
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The grave stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
 Disasters in the sun ; and the moist star,⁴
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,⁵
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,
 And prologue to the omen coming on,—
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft ; behold ! lo, where it comes again !
 I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion !
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,⁶
 Speak to me :

[9] Carriage is import : Design'd is formed, drawn up between them.

JOHNSON.

[1] Full of spirit not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience.

JOHNSON.

[2] I believe to shark up means to pick up without distinction, as the shark-fish collects his prey.

STEEVENS.

[3] The cause and the effect are proportionate and suitable.

JOHNSON.

[4] The moon. MALONE.

[5] Fierce for terrible.

WARBURTON.

[6] The speech of Hamlet to the spectre is very elegant and noble, and congruous to the common traditions of the causes of apparitions.

JOHNSON.

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me :

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak !

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[Cock crows,

Speak of it :—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan ?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here !

Hor. 'Tis here !

Mar. 'Tis gone !

[Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence ;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew,

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,⁸
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,⁹
The extravagant and erring spirit hies¹
To his confine : and of the truth herein

[8] Bourne of Newcastle, in his *Antiquities of the common People*, informs us, "it is a received tradition among the vulgar, that at the time of cock-crowing, the midnight spirits forsake these lower regions, and go to their proper places.—Hence it is, says he, that in country places, where the way of life requires more early labour, they always go cheerfully to work at that time; whereas if they are called abroad sooner, they imagine every thing they see a wandering ghost." FARMER.

[9] According to the pneumatology of the time, every element was inhabited by its peculiar order of spirits, who had dispositions different, according to their various places of abode. The meaning therefore is, that all *spirits extravagant*, wandering out of their element, whether aerial spirits visiting earth, or earthly spirits ranging the air, return to their station, to their proper limits in which they are confined. We might read,

"—And at his warning

"Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies

"To his confine, whether in sea or air,

"Or earth, or fire. And of," &c.

But this change, though it would smooth the construction, is not necessary, and being unnecessary, should not be made against authority. JOHNSON.

[1] Extravagant, out of bounds. Erring, erratic.

STEVENS.

This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long :
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes,* nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill :
Break we our watch ; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet : for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him :
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray ; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the same. Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green ; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe ;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye ;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife : nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along :—For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—

[2] No fairy strikes with lameness or disease. JOHNSON,

Holding a weak supposal of our worth ;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Collegued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is : We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein ; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject :—and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway ;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell ; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty
King. We doubt it nothing ; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you ?
You told us of some suit ; What is't, Laertes ?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice : What would'st thou beg, Laertes,
'That shall not be my offer, not thy asking ?
The head is not more native to the heart,³
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes ?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France ;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation ;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave ? What says Polonius ?

[3] Formerly the heart was supposed the seat of wisdom, and hence the poet speaks of the close connexion between the heart and head. MALONE.

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
By laboursome petition ; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent :
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes ; time be thine,
And thy best graces : spend it at thy will.—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.* [*Aside.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you ?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i'th sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,⁴

Seek for thy noble father in the dust :

'Thou know'st, 'tis common ; all, that live, must die

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

Ham. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly : These, indeed, seem,

For they are actions that a man might play ;

But I have that within, which passeth show ;

These, but the trappings and the suits of woe

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :

But, you must know, your father lost a father ;

That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound

In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow :⁵ But to perséver

In obstinate condolement, is a course

Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief :

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven ;

[4] *Kind* is the Teutonic word for child. If we understand *kind* in its ancient sense, then the meaning will be,—I am more than thy kinman, for I am thy step-son ; being such, I am less near to thee than thy natural offspring, and therefore not entitled to the appellation of son, which you have now given me.

MALONE.

[5] With lowering eyes, cast down eyes. JOHNSON.

[6] *Obsequious*, is here for obsequies, or funeral ceremonies.

JOHNSON.

heart unfortified, or mind impatient ;
 An understanding simple and unschool'd :
 For what, we know, must be, and is as common
 Is any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart ? Fye ! 'tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,<
 To reason most absurd ; whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe ; and think of us
 As of a father : for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne ;
 And, with no less nobility of love⁷
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire :
 And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet ;
 I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply ;
 Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come ;
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart ; in grace whereof,
 No jocund health,⁸ that Denmark drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell ;
 And the king's rouse⁹ the heaven shall bruit again,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

*[Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c. POLONIUS,
 and LAERTES.]*

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !¹
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable

[7] Eminence and distinction of love.

HEATH.

[8] The king's intemperance is very strongly impressed ; every thing that happens
 to him gives him occasion to drink. JOHNSON.

[9] The king's draught of jollity. See *Othello*, act 2. sc. 3.

STEEVENS.

[1] *Resolve* means the same as *dissolve*. The word is so used by Ben Jonson.

STEEVENS.

Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Eye on't ! O fye ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two :
 So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr :^a so loving to my mother,
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven^b
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
 Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on : And yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on't,—Fruity, thy name is woman !—
 A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears :—why she, even she,—
 O heaven ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle :
 My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules : Within a month ;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married ;—O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good :
 But break. my heart ; for I must hold my tongue !

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well :

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, *Horatio* ?—

Marcellus ?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you ;—good even, sir.—

[2] This similitude at first sight seems to be a little far-fetched ; but it has an exquisite beauty. By the Satyr is meant Pan, as by Hyperion, Apollo. Pan and Apollo were brothers, and the allusion is to the contention between those gods for the preference in music. *WARBURTON.*

[3] *Beteem* occurs in the tenth book of Arthur Golding's version of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, 1587, and from the corresponding Latin, must necessarily signify, to wound, *cast, deign, permit, or suffer* :

"—Yet could he not *beteem*

"The shape of anie other bird than eagle for to seeme." *Sigñ. R. 1. p.*

"—nulla tamen alite verti

"*Dignatur, nisi quæ possit sua fulmina fere.*" *V. 157. STEEVENS.*

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so ;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report

Against yourself : I know, you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore ?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student ;

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral bak'd meats⁴

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven⁵

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !—

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where,

My lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ! who ?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father !

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear ; till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead waist and middle of the night,

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,

Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pé,

Appears before them, and, with solemn march,

Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he walk'd,

By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,

[4] It was anciently the general custom to give a cold entertainment to mourners at a funeral. In distant counties this practice is still continued among the yeomanry. See *Romeo and Juliet*, p. 381. COLLINS.

[5] Dearest, for direct, most dreadful, most dangerous. JOHNSON.
Dearest signifies, most consequential, important. See *Timon of Athens*, act 5. sc. 11. STEEVENS.

Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did ;
And I with them, the third night kept the watch :
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes : I knew your father ;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd,

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none : yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak :
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud ;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night ?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not
His face ?

Hor. O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,
Very like : Staid it long ?

[dred.

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hun-

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd ? no ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night ;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still ;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue ;
I will requite your loves : So, fare you well :
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you : Farewell.

[*Exe. HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.*]

My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : 'would, the night were come !
Till then sit still, my soul : Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in POLONIUS' House. Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd ; farewell .
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that ?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute ;⁶
No more.

Oph. No more but so ?

Laer. Think it no more :
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

[6] *The perfume, and suppliance of a minute* ; what is supplied to us for a gift.
The idea seems to be taken from the short duration of vegetable perfumes.

In thews, and bulk ; but, as this temple waxes,
 The inward service of the mind and soul
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now ;
 And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
 The virtue of his will :⁷ but, you must fear,
 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own :
 For he himself is subject to his birth :
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
 The safety and the health of the whole state ;
 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
 Whereof he is the head : Then if he says he loves you,
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 As he in his particular act and place
 May give his saying deed ; which is no further,
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs ;
 Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity.⁸
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,⁹
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
 Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes :
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then : best safety lies in fear ;
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
 As watchman to my heart : But, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
 Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And reckns not his own read.¹

[7] *The virtue of his will* means his virtuous intentions. *Cautel* means craft. So Coriolanus says:

"-----Be caught by *cautelous* baits and practice."

MASON.

[8] Unmaster'd—i. e. licentious.

JOHNSON.

[9] Do not advance so far as your affection would lead you.

JOHNSON.

[1] That is, heeds not his own lessons.

POPE.

Laer. O fear me not.
I stay too long ;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace :
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for shame ;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,²
And you are staid for : There,—my blessing with you ;
[*Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.*

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.³ Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel : but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure,⁴ but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !⁵

Lear. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you ; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well
What I have said to you.

[2] *The shoulder of your sail*—this is a common sea-phrase.

STEEVENS.

[3] The literal sense is, Do not make thy palm callous by shaking every man by the hand. The figurative meaning may be, Do not by promiscuous conversation make thy mind insensible to the difference of characters.

JOHNSON.

[4] Censure.—opinion. So in *K. Henry VI.*

"The king is old enough to give his censure."

STEEVENS.

[5] Season, for infuse. WARBURTON.—It is more than to infuse, it is to infuse it in such a manner as that it may never wear out.

JOHNSON.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought :

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you : and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour :
What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection ? puh ! you speak like a green girl ;
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.⁶
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you : think yourself a baby ;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wrangling it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it :⁷ go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my
lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence ;
Set your entreatments⁸ at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young ;

[6] *Sifted* means *tempted*. See St. Luke xxxi. 22.

HARRIS.

[7] She uses *fashion* for *manner*, and he for a *transient practice*.

JOHNSON.

[8] *Entreatments* here means *company*, conversation, from the French *entretien*.

JOHNSON.

And with a larger tether may he walk,⁹
 Than may be given you : In few, Ophelia,
 Do not believe his vows : for they are brokers
 Not of that die which their investments show,
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,
 Breathing life sanctified and pious bonds,¹
 The better to beguile. This is for all,—
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
 Look to't, I charge you ; come your ways. •

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Platform. Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed ? I heard it not ; it then draws near the
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk. [*season,*

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot of, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
 Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels ;²
 And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't :

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
 And to the manner born,—it is a custom
 More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
 This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
 Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations :
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition ; and, indeed it takes
 From our achievements, though perform'd at height,

[9] Tether is that string by which an animal, set to graze in grounds uninclosed, is confined within the proper limits. JOHNSON.

[1] Theobald for bonds substitutes bonds. JOHNSON.

[2] The blustering upstart. JOHNSON.

The pith and marrow of our attribute.³
 So, oft it chanceth in particular men,
 That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,⁴
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners;—that these men,—
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo)⁵
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault: The dram of base
 Doth all the noble substance often dout,⁶
 To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us.—
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!⁷
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,

[3] The best and most valuable part of the praise that would be otherwise attributed to us. JOHNSON.

[4] Complexion—*humour*; as sanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic, &c. WARBURTON.

[5] As large as can be accumulated upon man. JOHNSON.

[6] *Dout* is a word formed by the coalescence of two others (*do* and *out*) like *don* for *do on*, *doff* for *do off*, both of which are used by Shakespeare. In Warwickshire they always say—*dout* the candle, *dout* the fire, put out or extinguish them. STEEVENS.

[7] Hamlet's speech to the apparition of his father seems to me to consist of three parts. When first he sees the spectre, he fortifies himself with an invocation, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

As the spectre approaches, he deliberates with himself, and determines that whatever it be he will venture to address it.

The five next lines he says while his father is advancing; he then, as he had determined, speaks to him, and calls him—Hamlet, King, Father, Royal Dane: O, answer me. JOHNSON.

To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,⁸
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition⁹
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground :
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee :¹
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ?
It waves me forth again ;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea ?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness ? think of it :
The very place puts toys of desperation,²
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still :—
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.— [*Ghost beckons.*

[8] It is probable that Shakespeare introduced his ghost in armour, that it might appear more solemn by such a discrimination from the other characters ; though it was really the custom of the Danish kings to be buried in that manner. Vide *Olav Wormius*, cap. 7. STEEVENS.

[9] Disposition, for frame. WARBURTON.

[1] The value of a pin. JOHNSON.

[2] Toys for tricks. WARBURTON.

Still am I call'd ;—unhand me, gentlemen ;—

[*Breaking from them.*]

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me :—

I say, away :—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow ; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after :—To what issue will this come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A more remote part of the Platform. Re-enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me ? Speak, I'll go no fur-

Ghost. Mark me.

[*ther.*]

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost !

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What ?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit ;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ;
And, for the day, confin'd too fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood :—List, list, O list !—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

[3] To let among the old authors, signifies, to prevent, to hinder. STEEVENS.

Ham. Murder ?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it ; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,⁴
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me : so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul ! my uncle !

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce !) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen :
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage ; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine !

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven ;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But, soft ! methinks, I scent the morning air ;
Brief let me be :—Sleeping within mine orchard,⁵
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,

[4] Shakespeare, apparently through ignorance, makes Roman Catholics of these Pagan Danes ; and here gives a description of purgatory ; but yet mixes it with the Pagan fable of Lethe's wharf. Whether he did it to insinuate to the zealous Protestants of his time, that the Pagan and Popish purgatory stood both upon the same footing of credibility, or whether it was by the same kind of licentious inadvertence that Michael Angelo brought Charon's bark into his picture of the Last Judgment is not easy to decide. WARBURTON.

[5] Orchard for garden. So in *Romeo and Juliet* :
"The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb."
See also *Much Ado about Nothing*, p. 105. STEEVENS.

With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,⁶
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment ; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body ;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine ;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd :
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;⁷
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head :
 O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !⁸
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury⁹ and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught ; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once !
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.¹
 Adieu, adieu, adieu ! remember me.

[Exit.

Ham. O all you host of heaven ! O earth ! What else ?
 And shall I couple hell ?—O fye !—Hold, hold, my heart,

[6] The word here used was more probably designed by a metathesis, either of the poet or transcriber, for *hebenon*, that is, *henbane* ; of which the most common kind (*hyoscyamus niger*) is certainly narcotic, and perhaps, if taken in a considerable quantity, might prove poisonous. Galen calls it cold in the third degree ; by which in this, as well as opium, he seems not to mean an actual coldness, but the power it has of benumbing the faculties. GREY.

[7] *Unhousel'd*, is without having received the sacrament. *Disappointed*, Dr. Johnson observes, is the same as *unappointed*, and may be properly explained *unprepared*. *Unanel'd* is without extreme unction. STEEVENS.

[8] It was ingeniously hinted to me by a very learned lady, that this line seems to belong to Hamlet, in whose mouth it is a proper and natural exclamation ; and who, according to the practice of the stage, may be supposed to interrupt so long a speech. JOHNSON.

[9] For *lewdness*. STEEVENS.

[1] Fire that is no longer seen when the light of morning approaches. STEEVENS

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe.¹ Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark: [*Writing.*]
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
 It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
 I have sworn't.

Hor. [within.] My lord, my lord,——

Mar. [within.] Lord Hamlet,——

Hor. [within.] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. [within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come.²

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;

You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?—

But you'll be secret,——

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
 But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the
 grave,

[1] In this *Acad.*, confused with thought. STEEVENS.
 [2] This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them. HANMER.

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right ; you are in the right ;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part :
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you ;—
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily ; yes,
'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick,³ but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you :
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord ?

We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.⁴

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy ! say'st thou so ? Art thou there,
true-penny ?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

[3] How the poet comes to make Hamlet swear by St. Patrick, I know not. However, at this time all the northern world had their learning from Ireland; to which place it had retired, and there flourished under the auspices of this Saint. But it was, I suppose, only said at random; for he makes Hamlet a student at Wittenberg. WARBURTON.

[4] It was common to swear upon the sword, that is, upon the cross which the old swords always had upon the hilt. JOHNSON.

Spenser observes that the Irish in his time, 1596, used commonly to swear by their sword. This custom is of the highest antiquity; having prevailed, as we learn, from Lucian, amongst the Scythians. MALONE.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique*? then we'll shift our ground :—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword :
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! can'st work i'the earth so
fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dream't of in your philosophy.

But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;—

or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*;—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me: This do you swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in POLONIUS's House. Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.*

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo, Before you visit him, to make inquiry Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said : very well said. Look you, sir Inquire me first what Danskers⁵ are in Paris ; And how, and who, what means, and where **they keep**, What company, at what expence ; and finding, By this incompassment and drift of question, That they do know my son, come you more nearer Than your particular demands will touch it. Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him ; As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends, And, in part, him ;*—Do you mark this, Reynaldo ?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. *And, in part, him ;—but*, you may say, *not well : But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild ; Addicted so and so ;—*and there put on him What forgeries you please : marry, none so rank As may dishonour him ; take heed of that ; But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips, As are companions noted and most known To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling, Drabbing :—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no ; as you may season it in the charge. You must not put another scandal on him, That he is open to incontinency ; That's not my meaning : but breathe his faults so quaintly, That they may seem the taints of liberty : The flash and out-break of a fiery mind ; A savageness in unreclaimed blood,⁶

[5] *Danske* (in Warner's *Albion's England*) is the ancient name of *Denmark*.

[6] *Savageness* for *wildness*.

WARBURTON.

STEEVENS.

Of general assault.⁷

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this ?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift ;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant :

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'the working,

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,⁸

The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,

He closes with you in this consequence ;

Good sir, or so ; or *friend*, or *gentleman*,—

According to the phrase, or the addition,

Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—

What was I about to say ?—By the mass, I was about

To say something :—Where did I leave ?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay, marry ;*

He closes with you thus :—*I know the gentleman ;*

I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

Or then, or then ; with such, or such ; and, as you say,

There was he gaming ; there o'ertook in his rouse ;

There falling out at tennis : or, perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

(Videlicet, a brothel,) or so forth.—

See you now ;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth :

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlaces, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out ;

So, by former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not ?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you : fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.⁹

Rey. I shall, my lord.

[7] I. e. Such as youth in general is liable to.

WARBURTON.

[8] Crimes already named.

STEEVENS.

[9] In your own person, not by spies

JOHNSON.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;¹
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purpose,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard:
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

[1] *Down-gyved* means, hanging down like the loose cincture which confines the fetters round the ancles. STEEVENS.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted him.² I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee ; but, beshrew my jealousy !
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.³ Come, go we to the king :
This must be known ; which, being kept close, might
move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.⁴
Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle. Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern !
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was : What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of : I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him :
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,—
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time : so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures ; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you

[2] To quote, is I believe, to reckon, to take an account of, to take the quotient or result of a computation. JOHNSON.

[3] This is not the remark of a weak man. The vice of age is too much suspicion. Men long accustomed to the wiles of life cast commonly beyond themselves, let their cunning go farther than reason can attend it. This is always the fault of a little mind, made artful by long commerce with the world. JOHNSON.

[4] This must be made known to the king, for (being kept secret, the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet. JOHNSON.

To show us so much gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey ;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz :
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him !

Queen. Ay, amen.

[*Exeunt ROS. GUIL. and some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord ? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king :
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail⁵ of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that ; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors ;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.⁶

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main ;
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

[5] The trail is the course of an animal pursued by the scent

[6] The fruit, the desert after the meat.

JOHNSON.

JOHNSON.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Vol. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Gives a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprize;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;

And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:†
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt* VOLT. *and* COR

Pol. This business is well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate⁷
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.

[7] The king's intemperance is never suffered to be forgotten.

[8] To expostulate for to inquire or discuss.

JOHNSON.

WARBURTON.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.

That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true, 'tis pity ;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true : a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him then : and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect ;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect ;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause :
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Perpend.

I have a daughter ; have, whilst she is mine ;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this : Now gather, and surmise.

—*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
Ophelia,*—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase ; *beautified* is a vile
phrase ; but you shall hear.—Thus :

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile ; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire ;

[*Reads.*

Doubt, that the sun doth move :

Doubt truth to be a liar ;

But never doubt, I love.

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers ; I have not art
to reckon my groans : but that I love thee best, O most best,
believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me :

And more above,⁹ hath his solicitings,

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she

Receiv'd his love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,

[9] Moreover, besides.

JOHNSON.

: my dear majesty your queen here, think,
 I had play'd the desk, or table-book ;¹
 r given my heart a working, mute and dumb ;
 r look'd upon this love with idle sight ;
 'hat might you think ? no, I went round to work,²
 nd my young mistress thus did I bespeak ;
ord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere ;
his must not be : and then I precepts gave her,
 'hat she should lock herself from his resort,
 dmit no messengers, receive no tokens.
 'hich done, she took the fruits of my advice ;³
 nd he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
 ell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;
 'hence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;
 'hence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,
 nto the madness wherein now he raves,
 nd all we mourn for.⁴

King. Do you think, 'tis this ?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,) *hat I have positively said, 'Tis so,*
'hen it prov'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise :

[Pointing to his head and shoulder.

' circumstances lead me, I will find
 'here truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 'ithin the centre.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together,
 here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him :
 e you and I behind an arras then ;
 ark the encounter : if he love her not,
 nd be not from his reason fallen thereon,
 et me be no assistant for a state,
 ut keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

[1] If I had locked up this secret in my own breast, as closely as it were confined in a desk or table-book. MALONE.

[2] Roundly, without reserve. So Polonius, in the third act, "—be round with him." STEEVENS.

[3] She took the fruit of advice when she obeyed advice, the advice was then made fruitful. JOHNSON.

[4] See Illustrations, Vol. X.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away ;
I'll board him presently :—O, give me leave.—

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.]

How does my good lord Hamlet ?

Ham. Well, God-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord ?

Ham. Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir ; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter ?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'the sun : conception is a blessing ; but not as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that ? *[Aside.]* Still harping on my daughter :—yet he knew me not at first ; he said, I was a fishmonger : He is far gone, far gone : and, truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love ; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words !

Pol. What is the matter, my lord ?

Ham. Between who ?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir : for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards ; that their faces are wrinkled ; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum ; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams : All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down ; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in it.

[Aside.] Will you walk out of the air, my lord ?

Ham. Into my grave ?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are ! a happiness that often mad-

hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosaically be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly give the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

m. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

L. Fare you well, my lord.

m. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

L. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

s. God save you, sir! [*To POLONIUS. Ex. POL.*]

il. My honour'd lord!—

s. My most dear lord!—

m. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern?—Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

s. As the indifferent children of the earth.

il. Happy, in that we are not overhappy:

fortune's cap we are not the very button.

m. Nor the soles of her shoe?

s. Neither, my lord.

m. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

il. 'Faith, her privates we.

m. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true: 'tis a strumpet. What news?

s. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

m. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not so true.

Let me question more in particular: What have my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

il. Prison, my lord!

m. Denmark's a prison.

s. Then is the world one.

m. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, dungeons, and dungeons; Denmark being one o'the worst.

s. We think not so, my lord.

m. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

s. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

m. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and

count myself a king of infinite space, were it have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition very substance of the ambitious is merely the a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies ; and archs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' Shall we to the court ? for, by my fay, I cannot

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter : I will not sort you rest of my servants : for, to speak to you like man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore.

Ros. To visit you, my lord ; no other occasion

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks. I thank you : and sure, dear friends, my thanks dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for ? Is it inclining ? Is it a free visitation ? Come, come, ly with me : come, come ; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord ?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You for ; and there is a kind of confession in your looks your modesties have not craft enough to colour the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord ?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me know you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the courtesy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-present and by what more dear a better proposer could you withal, be even and direct with me, whether we were sent for, or no ?

Ros. What say you ?

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you :⁴ [you love me, hold not off.]

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why ; so shall my answer prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to

[4] Shakespeare seems here to design a ridicule of those declarations of wealth and greatness, that seem to make happiness consist in poverty

[5] I have a glimpse of your meaning. STEEVENS.

and queen moult no feather. I have of late⁶ (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises : and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form, and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! and yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? man delights not me, nor woman neither ; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said *Man delights not me* ?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten⁷ entertainment the players shall receive from you : we coted⁸ them on the way, and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome ; his majesty shall have tribute of me : the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target : the lover shall not sigh gratis : the humorous man shall end his part in peace : the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere :⁹ and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they ?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel ? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city ? Are they so follow'd ?

[6] This is an admirable description of a rooted melancholy sprung from thick-ness of blood ; and artfully imagined to hide the true cause of his disorder from the penetration of these two friends, who were set over him as spies.

WARBURTON.

[7] Sparing ; like the entertainments given in Lent.

STEEVENS.

[8] To cote is to overtake.

STEEVENS.

[9] Those who are asthmatical, and to whom laughter is most uneasy. This is the case, as I am told, with those whose lungs are tickled by the sere or scrum.

STEEVENS.

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an airy of children, little eyases,¹ that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted?² Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?³ will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy:⁴ there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.⁵

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark;⁶ and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: 'he appurtenance of welcome is

[1] See Illustrations, Vol. X.

[2] Paid. From the French *escot*; a shot or reckoning.

JOHNSON.

[3] Quality—profession. Will they follow the *profession* of players no longer than they keep the voices of boys?

JOHNSON.

[4] To provoke any animal to rage, is to *tarre* him.

JOHNSON.

[5] They not only carry away the world, but the world-bearer too: Alluding to the story of Hercules's relieving Atlas.

WARBURTON.

The allusion may be to the Globe playhouse on the Bankside, the sign of which was *Hercules carrying the Globe*.

STEEVENS.

[6] I do not wonder that the new players have so suddenly risen to reputation, my uncle supplies another example of the facility with which honour is conferred upon new claimants.

JOHNSON.

fashion and ceremony : let me comply with you in this garb ; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome : but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord ?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west : when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen !

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern ;—and you too ;—at each ear a hearer : That great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them ; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players ; Mark it.—You say right, sir : o'Monday morning ; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz !

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited : Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.⁷ For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou !

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord ?

Ham. Why—*One fair daughter, and no more,*

The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

[*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah ?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord ?

[7] The tragedies of Seneca were translated into English by Thomas Newton. One comedy of Plautus, the *Menachmi*, was likewise translated and published in 1595.
STE EVENS.

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God wot,*^a and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was,*—The first row of the pious chanson will show you more ;^b for look, my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters ; welcome, all :—I am glad to see thee well :—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend ! Why, thy face is valanced^c since I saw thee last ; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark ?—What ! my young lady and mistress ! By'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.^d Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.^e—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see : We'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality ; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my lord ?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above once : for the play, I remember, pleased not the million : 'twas caviare to the general ;^f but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excellent play ; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury ; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection ;^g but called it, an honest method,^h as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved : 'twas *Æneas'* tale to Dido ; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter : If it live in your memory, begin at this line ; let me see, let me see ;—

[8] The old song from which these quotations are taken, is printed in the 2d and 3d edit. of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English poetry*. STEEVENS.

[9] The *pious chansons* were a kind of Christmas carols, containing some scriptural history thrown into loose rhymes, and sung about the streets by the common people when they went at that season to solicit alms. STEEVENS.

[1] Fringed with a beard. The valance is the fringes or drapery hanging round the tester of a bed. MALONE.

[2] A *chioppine* is a high shoe or clog, worn by the Italians. STEEVENS.

[3] That is, *cracked too much for use*. This is said to a young player who acted the parts of women. JOHNSON.

[4] The caviare is the spawn of the sterlett, a fish of the sturgeon kind, which seldom grows above thirty inches long. It is found in many of the rivers of Russia, but the Volga produces the best and in the greatest plenty.

[5] Convict the author of being a fantastical affected writer. STEEVENS.

[6] *Honest for chaute*. WARBURTON.

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—
 not so ; it begins with Pyrrhus.
The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Iath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal ; head to foot
Vow is he total gules ;⁷ horribly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons ;
lak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder : Roasted in wrath, and fire,
had thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks ;—So proceed you.
 'ol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken ; with good ac-
 t, and good discretion.

1 Play. Anon he finds him
 triking too short at Greeks ; his antique sword,
 rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
 lepugnant to command : Unequal match'd,
 'yrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage, strikes wide
 but with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
 the unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilion,
 seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
 toops to his base ; and with a hideous crash
 'akes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear : for, lo ! his sword
 Which was declining on the milky head
 of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick :
 o, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood ;
 and, like a neutral to his will and matter,
 did nothing.
 but, as we often see, against some storm,
 silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
 the bold winds speechless, and the orb below
 as hush as death : anon the dreadful thunder
 both rend the region : So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
 roused vengeance sets him new a work ;
 and never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
 on Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
 with less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
 now falls on Priam.—

⁷Gules is a term in the barbarous jargon peculiar to heraldry, and signifies red.

*Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune ! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power ;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bow the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends !*

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr
thee, say on :—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or
sleeps :—say on : come to Hecuba.

1 Play. *But who, ah wo ! had seen the mobled queen⁸*

Ham. The mobled queen ?

Pol. That's good ; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. *Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flax
With bisson rheum :⁹ a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood ; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up ;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced :
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch the burning eye of heaven
And passion in the gods.*

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, &
has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well ; I'll have thee speak out the rest
this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players w
bestowed ? Do you hear, let them be well used ; for th
are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time. Af
your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than th
ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their dese

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better : Use every m
after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping ? Use th
after your own honour and dignity : The less they c
serve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them

Pol. Come, sirs. [*Exit POL. with some of the Playe*

[8] *Mobled* or *mabled* signifies *veiled*. So Sandys, speaking of the Tur
women, says, "their heads and faces are mabled in fine linen, that no more is to
seen of them than their eyes." *Travels*. WARBURTON.

The ordinary morning head dress of ladies has always been called a *mob cap*.
[9] *Bisson*, or *besen*, i. e. blind. A word still in use in some parts of the north
England. STEEVENS.

Ham. Follow him, friends : we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend ; can you play the murder of Gonzago ?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert i't ? could you not ?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord ; and look you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*—My good friends, [*to Ros. and GUIL.*] I'll leave you till night : You are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord ! [*Exe. Ros. and GUIL.*]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you :—Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her workings all his visage wann'd ;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit ? And all for nothing !
For Hecuba !

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have ? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear^a with horrid speech
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant ; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward ?
Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?
Tweaks me by the nose ? gives me the lie i'the throat,
As deep as to the lungs ? Who does me this ?
Ha !

[1] The word *aspect* (as Mr. Farmer rightly observes) was in Shakespeare's time accented on the second syllable. STEEVENS.

[2] The ear of all mankind. So before,—*Caviare to the general*, that is, to the multitude. JOHNSON.

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!^[3]
 Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
 A scullion!
 Eye upon't! foh! About my brains!^[4] Humph! I have
 heard,
 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
 I'll tent him^[5] to the quick; if he do blench,^[6]
 I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
 May be a devil; and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)
 Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
 More relative than this: The play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.*

King. And can you, by no drift of conference
 Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
 Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;

[3] Kindless---unnatural.

JOHNSON.

[4] *Puts, to your work.* Brain, go about the present business.

JOHNSON.

[5] *Tent him*—search his wounds. [6] *Blench*, i. e. shrink.

JOHNSON.

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded ;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well ?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question ; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime ?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way :⁷ of these we told him :
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it : They are about the court ;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true :
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart ; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. [*Exe. Ros. and GUIL.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too :
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither ;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia :⁸

Her father, and myself (lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge ;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the great affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you :—
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness : so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen*]

[7] *O'er-raught*—is over-reached, that is, over-took. JOHNSON.

[8] To *affront*—is only to meet directly. JOHNSON.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here :—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves :—Read on this book ; [*To Oph.*
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true ! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience !
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,⁹
Than is my deed to my most painted word :
O heavy burden !

[*Aside*

Pol. I hear him coming ; lets withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt King and Pol.*

*Enter HAMLET.*¹

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,²
Must give us pause : There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus³ make
With a bare bodkin ?⁴ who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;⁵
But that the dread of something after death,—

[9] That is, compared with the thing that helps it. JOHNSON.

[1] See Illustrations, Vol. X.

[2] *Mortal coil*—turmoil, bustle. WARBURTON.

[3] *Quietus*—the term for a sheriff's acquittance. STEEVENS.

[4] *Bodkin*—the ancient term for a small dagger. STEEVENS.

[5] *To grunt*, is the true reading, but can scarcely be borne by modern ears. JOHNSON.

The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now !
The fair Ophelia :—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.⁶

Oph. Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day ?

Ham. I humbly thank you ; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver ;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I ;

I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did ;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,
Take these again ; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

Oph. My lord ?

Ham. Are you fair ?

Oph. What means your lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.⁷

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty ?

Ham. Ay, truly ; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness ; this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

[6] This is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect, that he is to personate madness, but makes her an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

[7] The true-reading seems to be this, "If you be honest and fair, you should admit your honesty to no discourse with your beauty." This is the sense evidently required by the process of the conversation. JOHNSON.

Ham. You should not have believed me : for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it : I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery ; Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest ; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me : I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious ; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in : What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven ! We are arrant knaves, all ; believe none of us : Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father ?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him ; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens !

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry ; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery : farewell : Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go ; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him !

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough ; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another : You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance :⁸ Go to ; I'll no more of't ; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword ;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,⁹
The observ'd of all observers ! quite, quite down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;

[8] You mistake by wanton affectation, and pretend to mistake by ignorance.

[9] The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves. JOHNSON.

That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
 Blasted with ecstasy :¹ O, woe is me !
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Re-enter King and POLONIUS.

King. Love ! his affections do not that way tend ;
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
 Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
 O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;
 And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
 Will be some danger : Which for to prevent,
 I have, in quick determination,
 Thus set it down ; He shall with speed to England,
 For the demand of our neglected tribute :
 Haply, the seas, and countries different,
 With variable objects, shall expel
 This something-settled matter in his heart ;
 Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't ?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet I do believe,
 The origin and commencement of his grief
 Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia ?
 You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said ;
 We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please ;
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
 To show his griefs ; let her be round with him ;
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference : If she find him not,
 To England send him ; or confine him, where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so :
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the same. Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it
 to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as
 many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier
 spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with
 your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very
 torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your
 passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that

[1] The word *ecstasy* was anciently used to signify some degree of alienation of mind. STEEVENS.

may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings;¹ who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod:² Pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.⁴ Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely,⁵ that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them:⁶ for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too;

[2] The *groundlings*—The meaner people then seem to have sat below, as they now sit in the upper gallery, who, not well understanding poetical language, were sometimes gratified by a mimical and mute representation of the drama, previous to the dialogue. JOHNSON.

In our early playhouses, the pit had neither floor nor benches. Hence the term of *groundlings* for those who frequented it. STEEVENS.

[3] *Termagant* was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent, in the old moralities. PERCY.—The character of *Herod*, in the ancient mysteries, was always a violent one. STEEVENS.

[4] *Resemblance*, as in a print. JOHNSON.

[5] *Profanely* seems to relate, not to the praise which he has mentioned, but to the censure which he is about to utter. Any gross or indelicate language was called *profane*. JOHNSON.

[6] The clown very often addressed the audience, in the middle of the play, and entered into a contest of railery and sarcasm with such of the audience as chose to engage with him. MALONE.

though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered : th'u's villanous ; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. *[Exeunt Players.]*

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENGRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord ? will the king hear this piece of work ?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.— *[Exit POLON.]*
Will you two help to hasten them ?

Both. Ay, my lord. *[Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.]*

Ham. What, ho ; Horatio !

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter :

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and clothe thee ? Why should the poor be flatter'd ?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp ;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,⁷
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself : for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks : and blest are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,⁸
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please : Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king ;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul

[7] I believe the sense of *pregnant* in this place is, *quick, ready.* JOHNSON.

[8] According to the doctrine of the four humours, *desire* and *confidence* were seated in the blood, and *judgment* in the phlegm, and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character. JOHNSON.

Observe my uncle : if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen ;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy.⁹ Give him heedful note :
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face ;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord :

If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play ; I must be idle :
Get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS.

OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet ?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith ; of the camelion's dish : I eat
the air, promise-crammed : You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet ; these
words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.¹ My lord,—you play'd once
in the university, you say ? [To POLONIUS.]

Pol. That did I, my lord ; and was accounted a good
actor.

Ham. And what did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was killed i'the cap-
itol : Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf
there.—Be the players ready ?

Ros. Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho ! do you mark that ? [To the King.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap ?

[Lying down at OPHELIA's feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap ?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters ?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord ?

[9] *Stithy* is a smith's anvil. JOHNSON.

[1] A man's words, says the proverb, are his own no longer than he keeps them
unspoken. JOHNSON.

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.² O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r-lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is. *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*³

*Trumpets sound. The dumb Show follows.*⁴

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love. [Exeunt.]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.⁵

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

[2] A suit trimmed with sables was in Shakespeare's time the richest dress worn by men in England; and wherever his scene might happen to be, the customs of his own country were still in his thoughts. By the statute of apparel, 24 Henry VIII. it is ordained, that none under the degree of an earl may use sables. It is well known this fur is not black. MALONE.

[3] Among the country May-games there was an hobby-horse, which, when the puritanical humour of those times opposed and discredited these games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an instance of the ridiculous zeal of the sectaries: from these ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two. WARBURTON.

[4] See Illustrations, Vol. X.

[5] *Miching*—secret, sneaking, lying hid. *Michers* are lurking vagabonds. Our author himself says, of prince Henry, "Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a mischief? Shall the son of England prove a thief?" WARBURTON.

Enter PROLOGUE.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow : the players cannot keep counsel ; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant ?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him : Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.⁶

Oph. You are naught, you are naught ; I'll mark the play.

Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring ?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King, and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round Neptune's salt wash, and 'Iellus' orb'd ground ; And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen, About the world have times twelve thirties been ; Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands, Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon Make us again count o'er, ere love be done ! But, woe is me, you are so sick of late, So far from cheer, and from your former state, That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust, Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must : For women fear too much, even as they love ; And women's fear and love hold quantity ; In neither ought, or in extremity. Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know ; And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so. Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ; Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too ; My operant powers their functions leave to do : And thou shalt live in this fair world behind, Honour'd, belov'd ; and, haply, one as kind

[6] The conversation of Hamlet with Ophelia, which cannot fail to disgust every modern reader, is probably such as was peculiar to the young and fashionable of the age of Shakespeare, which was, by no means, an age of delicacy. The poet is, however, blameable ; for extravagance of thought, not indecency of expression, is the characteristic of madness, at least, of such madness as should be represented on the stage.

For husband shalt thou——

P. Queen. O, confound the rest.
Such love must needs be treason in my breast :
In second husband let me be accurst !
None wed the second; but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love ;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak :
But, what we do determine, oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory ;
Of violent birth, but poor validity :
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree ;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt .⁷
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy :⁸
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament :
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye ; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change :
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies ;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend :
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend ;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do so contráry run,
That our devices still are overthrown ;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own .
So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light !

[7] The performance of a resolution, in which only the resolver is interested, is a debt only to himself, which he may therefore remit at pleasure. JOHNSON.

[8] What grief or joy enact or determine in their violence, is revolved in their statement. JOHNSON.

Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night !
 To desperation turn my trust and hope !
 An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !⁶
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy !
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

Ham. If she should break it now,—— [*To Ophelia*]

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me but
 awhile ;

*My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep.* [*Sleep*]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain ;

And never come mischance between us twain ! [*Exit*]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument ? is there no
 fence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest ; no
 fence i'the world.

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The mouse-trap.¹ Marry, how ? Tropicall
 This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna
 Gonzago is the duke's name ; his wife, Baptista : y
 shall see anon ; 'tis a knavish piece of work : But wh
 of that ? your majesty, and we that have free souls,
 touches us not : Let the galled jade wince, our withe
 are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love,
 I could see the puppets dallying.²

Oph. Your are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my ed

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, m
 derer ;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Com

[9] May my whole liberty and enjoyment be to live on hermit's fare in a pri
Anchor is for anchoret. JOHNSON.

[1] He calls it the mouse-trap, because it is—
 "the thing

"In which he'll catch the conscience of the king."

STEEVENS.

[2] This refers to the interpreter who formerly sat on the stage at all motion
 puppet shows, and interpreted to the audience. STEEVENS.

he croaking raven

1 bellow for revenge.

uc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
agreeing ;

federate season, else no creature seeing ;

u mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

1 Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

natural magic and dire property,

wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.

am. He poisons him i'the garden for his estate. His
e's Gonzago : the story is extant, and written in very
ce Italian : You shall see anon, how the murderer
the love of Gonzago's wife.

ph. The king rises.

am. What ! frightened with false fire !

ueen. How fares my lord ?

ol. Give o'er the play.

ing. Give me some light :—Away !

ol. Lights, lights, lights !

[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO

am. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play :

For some must watch, while some must sleep ;

Thus runs the world away.—

ld not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,⁴ (if the rest
y fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provincial
s on my razed shoes,⁵ get me a fellowship in a cry of
ers, sir ?⁶

or. Half a share.⁷

am. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself : and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.⁸

Feathers were much worn on the stage in Shakespeare's time. MALONE.
When shoe strings were worn, they were covered where they met in the mid-
dle by a ribband, gathered into the form of a rose. So in an old song,

" Gil-de-roy was a bonny boy,

Had roses tull his shoon."⁹

JOHNSON.

Provincial roses—roses of Provence, a beautiful species, much cultivated.

WARTON.

A troop or company of players.

MALONE.

The actors in our author's time had not salaries as at present. The whole re-
venue of each theatre were divided into shares, of which the proprietors or Ac-
tresses, as they were called, had some ; and each actor had one or more shares, or
a share, according to his merit. MALONE.

This word, I take to be of Hamlet's own substituting. The verses, repeated,
to be from some old ballad ; in which, rhyme being necessary, I doubt not but
the verse ran thus ; A very, very—jackass. THEOBALD.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.⁹—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!

[9] Hamlet was going on to draw the consequence, when the courtiers entered.
JOHNSON.

—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration ? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us ?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.¹

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper ? You do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark ?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, *While the grass grows*,²—the proverb is something musty.

*Enter the Players with Recorders.*³

O, the recorders :—let me see one.—To withdraw with you :—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil ?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe ?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying : govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony ; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me ? You would play upon me ; you would seem to know my stops ; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery ; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass : and there is much music, excel-

[1] By these hands. The phrase is taken from our church catechism, where the catechumen in his duty to his neighbour is taught to keep his hands from picking and stealing. WHALLEY.

[2] While the grass grows the horse starves.

[3] A large kind of flute. STEEVENS.

lent voice, in this little organ ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir !

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale ?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.⁴—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

[*Exit* *Pol.*

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* *Ros. Guil. Hor. &c.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night ;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world : Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day⁵
Would quake to look on. Soft ; now to my mother.—
O, heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
Let me be cruel, not unnatural :
I will speak daggers to her, but use none :
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites :
How in my words soever she be shent,⁶
To give them seals⁷ never, my soul, consent !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the same. Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you ;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,

[4] Perhaps a term in archery ; as far as the bow will admit of being bent without breaking. DOUCE.

[5] The day rendered hateful or bitter by the commission of some act of mischief.

[6] To reprove harshly, to treat with rough language. STEEVENS.

[7] Give them seals—put them in execution. WARBURTON.

And he to England shall along with you :
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.

Guil. We will ourselves provide :
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it : it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet :
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process ; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home :
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage.⁸ Fare you well my liege :
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord. [*Exit Pol.*
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder !—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

[8] By some opportunity of secret observation.

And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
 To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence ?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up ;
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !—
 That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law : But 'tis not so above :
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
 Try what repentance can : What can it not ?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
 O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
 O limed soul ; that struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd ! Help, angels, make assay !
 Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe ;
 All may be well ! *[Retires and kneels.]*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying,
 And now I'll do't ;—and so he goes to heaven
 And so am I reveng'd ? That would be scann'd :
 A villain kills my father ; and, for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heaven.
 Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread ;

[9] He that does not amend what can be amended, retains his offence. The king kept the crown from the right heir. JOHNSON.

[1] What can repentance do for a man that cannot be penitent, for a man who has only a part of penitence, distress of conscience, without the other part, resolution of amendment ? JOHNSON.

With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;
 And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven ?
 But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him : And am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
 No.

Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent :
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;
 Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;
 At gaming, swearing ; or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't :
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven :
 And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
 As hell, whereto it goes.* My mother stays :
 This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.

The King rises, and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
 Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same. Enter Queen and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight Look, you lay nome to
 him :
 Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with ;
 And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
 Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here :
 Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you ;
 Fear me not :—withdraw, I hear him coming.
 [POLONIUS hides himself.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother ; what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

[2] To *hent* is used by Shakespeare for to seize, to catch, to lay hold on. *Hent* is, therefore, *hold, seizure*. Lay hold on him, sword, at a more horrid time. JOHNSON.

[3] This speech, in which Hamlet, represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered. JOHNSON.

This speech of Hamlet, as Dr. Johnson observes, is horrible indeed ; yet some moral may be extracted from it, as all his subsequent calamities were owing to this savage refinement of revenge. M. MASON.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet ?

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;

And,—would it were not so !—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not
You go not, till I set you up a glass [budge ;

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder me ?
Help, help, ho !

Pol. [*behind.*] What, ho ! help !

Ham. How now ! a rat ? [*Draws.*] Dead, for a ducat,
dead. [*HAMLET makes a pass through the arras.*]

Pol. [*behind.*] O, I am slain. [*Falls and dies.*]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay, I know not :

Is it the king ?

[*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth* POLONIUS.]

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this !

Ham. A bloody deed ;—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king !

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell !

[*To* POLONIUS.]

I took thee for thy better ; take thy fortune :

Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands : Peace ; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff ;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
tongue

In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;

Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul ;⁴ and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words : Heaven's face doth glow ;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?⁵

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow :
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station like the herald Mercury,⁶
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man :
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows :
Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?
You cannot call it, love ; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment ; And what judgment
Would step from this to this ? Sense, sure, you have,
Else, could you not have motion : But, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd : for madness would not err ;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind ?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

[4] *Contraction for marriage-contract.*

WARBURTON.

[5] The meaning is, *What is this act, of which the discovery or mention, cannot be made, but with this violence of clamour ?*

JOHNSON.

[6] *Station, in this instance, does not mean the spot where any one is placed, but the act of standing.*

STEVENS.

[7] That is, I suppose, the same as *Blindman's buff*.

STEVENS.

And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge ;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more :
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
And there I see such black and grained spots,⁸
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed ;⁹
Stew'd in corruption ; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty sty ;—

Queen. O, speak to me no more ;
These words, like daggers enter in mine ears ;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain :
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord :—a vice of kings !¹
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket !²

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king
Of shreds and patches :³—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards !—What would your gracious figure !

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command ?⁴
O, say !

Ghost. Do not forget : 'This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look ! amazement on thy mother sits :
O, step between her and her fighting soul ;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works ;

[8] *Grained*—dyed in grain.

[9] *Enseamed*—greasy.

JOHNSON.

[1] *Vice of kings*—a low mimic of kings. The vice is the fool of a farce ; from whence the modern *funch* is descended. JOHNSON.

[2] The usurper came not to the crown by any glorious villany that carried danger with it, but by the low cowardly theft of a common pilferer.

WARBURTON.

[3] This is said, pursuing the idea of the *vice of kings*. The vice was dressed as a fool, in a coat of party-coloured patches. JOHNSON.

[4] That, having suffered time to slip, and passion to cool, let's go, &c.

JOHNSON

Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,⁵
Starts up and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy⁶
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;

[5] The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or sensation; yet those very hairs, as if they had life, start up, &c. POPE.

[6] Ecstasy, in this place, and many others, means a temporary alienation of mind, &c. STEEVENS.

And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker.⁷ Forgive me this my virtue :
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg ;
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night : but go not to my uncle's bed ;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who 'all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this ;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on : Refrain to-night ;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence : the next more easy ;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night !
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to* POLONIUS

I do repent : But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night !—
I must be cruel, only to be kind :
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
But one word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do ?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do :
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed ;
Pinch wanton on your cheek ; call you, his mouse ;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know :
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,⁸
Such dear concernings hide ? who would do so ?

[7] Do not, by any new indulgence, heighten your former offences. JOHNSON
[8] Gib was a common name for a cat. STEEVENS.

No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly ; and, like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
 And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
 What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England ; you know that ?

Queen. Alack,
 I had forgot ; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd : and my two school-fel-
 lows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,³—
 They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my way,
 And marshal me to knavery : Let it work ;
 For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petar : and it shall go hard,
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 And blow them at the moon : O, 'tis most sweet,
 When in one line two crafts directly meet.⁴—
 This man shall set me packing.
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room :—
 Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
 Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you :—
 Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally ; HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.⁵—*The same.* Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ
 and GUILDENSTERN.

King. THERE's matter in these sighs ; these profound
 heaves ;
 You must translate : 'tis fit we understand them :
 Where is your son ?

[3] That is, adders with their fangs, or poisonous teeth undrawn. It has been the practice of mountebanks to boast the efficacy of their antidotes by playing with vipers, but they first disabled their fangs. JOHNSON.

[4] Still alluding to a countermining.

MALONE.

[5] This play is printed in the old editions without any separation of the acts. The division is modern and arbitrary ; and is here not very happy, for the pause is made at a time when there is more continuity of action than in almost any other of the scenes JOHNSON.

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[*To Ros. and GUIL. who go out*

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night !

King. What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier : In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat ! a rat !*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed !

It had been so with us, had we been there :
His liberty is full of threats to all ;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man : but, so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit ;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd :
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure ; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away !

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence : and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho ! Guildenstern !

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid :
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.
Go, seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends ;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done : so, haply, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,

And hit the woundless air.—O come away !
My soul is full of discord, and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same. Enter HAMLET.

Ham.—Safely stowed,—[*Ros. &c. within. Hamlet ! lord Hamlet !*] But soft,—what noise ? who calls on Hamlet ? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body ?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis ; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what ?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge !—what replication
should be made by the son of a king ?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir ; that soaks up the king's countenance,
his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the
king best service in the end : he keeps them, like an ape,⁶
in the corner of his jaw ; first mouthed, to be last swal-
lowed : When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but
squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : A knavish speech sleeps in a
foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and
go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not
with the body. The king is a thing——

Guil. A thing, my lord ?

Ham. Of nothing : bring me to him. Hide, fox, and
all after.⁷

[*Exeunt.*]

[6] The quarto has *apple*, which is generally followed. The folio has *ape*, which Sir T. Hanmer has thus illustrated :

"It is the way of monkeys in eating, to throw that part of their food, which they take up first, into a pouch they are provided with on each side of their jaw, and there they keep it till they have done with the rest." JOHNSON.

Apple in the quarto is a mere typographical error. The meaning is clearly "as an *ape* does an *apple*." RITSON.

[7] There is a play among children called "Hide, fox, and all after."

HANMER.

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same. Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose ?
Yet must not we put the strong law on him :
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes ;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause : Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now ? what hath befallen ?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my lord ; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper ? Where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten : a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet : we fat all creatures else, to fat us ; and we fat ourselves for maggots : Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service ; two dishes, but to one table ; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas !

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king ; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this ?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius ?

Ham. In heaven ; send thither to see : if your messenger find him not there, seek him i'the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. *[To some Attendants.*

Ham. He will stay till you come. *[Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness : Therefore, prepare thyself ;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England ?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come ; for
England !—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother : Father and mother is man and wife :
man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my mother. Come,
for England. *[Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed aboard ;
Delay it not ; I'll have him hence to-night :
Away ; for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair : Pray you, make haste.

[Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense ;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set^a
Our sovereign process ; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me : Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Plain in Denmark. Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, for me greet the Danish king ;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras

[a] Our poet has here, I think, used an elliptical expression : "thou mayest not coldly set by our sovereign process" thou mayest not set little by it, or estimate it lightly. See many other instances of similar ellipses in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 8.

Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exe. FORTINBRAS, and Forces.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these ?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir,

I pray you ?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who

Commands them, sir ?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier ?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw :
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace ;
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*]

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord ?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed ? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,⁹
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be

[9] Large discourse--such latitude of comprehension, such power of reviewing the past, and anticipating the future. JOHNSQN.

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
 A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
 And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
 Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do* ;
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
 To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me :
 Witness, this army of such mass, and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender prince ;
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
 Makes mouths at the invisible event ;
 Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
 To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
 Is, not to stir without great argument ;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my reason, and my blood,¹
 And let all sleep ? while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
 Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot²
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
 To hide the slain ?—O, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth ! [Exit.

SCENE V.

Elsinore. A Room in the Castle. Enter Queen and HORATIO.

Queen. —I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate ; indeed, distract ;
 Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have ?

Hor. She speaks much of her father ; says, she hears,
 There's tricks i'the world ; and hems, and beats her heart ;
 Spurns enviously at straws ;³ speaks things in doubt,
 That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

[1] Provocations which excite both my reason and my passions to vengeance.
 JOHNSON. [2] A piece or portion. REED.

[3] *Envy* is much oftener put by our poet, and those of his time, for direct *aversion*, than for *malignity conceived at the sight of others' excellence*. So in *K. Henry VIII.* "—you turn the good we offer into *envy*." STEEVENS.

The hearers to collection ;⁴ they aim at it,
 And boteh the words up fit to their own thoughts ;
 Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
 Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.⁵

Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with ; for she
 may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds :

Let her come in.

[*Exit* HORATIO.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss :
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO *with* OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark ?

Queen. How now, Ophelia ?

Oph. *How should I your true love know⁶*
From another one ?

By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.⁷

[*Singing.*

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song ?

Oph. Say you ? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady, [Sings.
He is dead and gone ;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

O, ho !

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,——

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow, [Sings.

[4] As Mr. Mason observes, "endeavour to collect some meaning from them." So in *Cymbeline*, last scene,

"——whose containing

"Is so from sense to hardness, that I can

"Make no collection of it." STEEVENS.

[5] Though her meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a mischievous interpretation to it. WARBURTON.

[6] There is no part of this play in its representation on the stage, more pathetic than this scene, which I suppose proceeds from the utter insensibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes. A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effect. In the latter the audience supply what she wants, and with the former they sympathize. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

[7] This is the description of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love intrigues were carried on under that mask. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the subjects of their plots. The cockle-shell hat was one of the essential badges of this vocation : for the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion. WARBURTON.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.*

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you!⁸ They say, the owl was a baker's daughter.⁹ Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

*Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;¹
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

*By Gis,² and by Saint Charity,³
Alack, and fye for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock,⁴ they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:*

[He answers.]

*So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.*

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient:

[8] Heaven reward you. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

"Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
"And the gods yield you for't!"

THEOBALD.

[9] See Illustrations, Vol. X.

[1] To *don* is to *do on*, to put on; *doff* is to *do off*. To *dup* is to *do up*, to lift up the latch. JOHNSON.

[2] I believe this word to be a corrupted abbreviation of *Jesus*, the letters I. H. S. being anciently all that was set down to denote that sacred name, on altars, the covers of books, &c. RIDLEY.

[3] *St. Charity* is a known saint among the Roman Catholics. STEEVENS.

[4] This is likewise a corruption of the sacred name. Many instances are given in a note at the beginning of the fifth act of the *Second Part of Henry IV*. STEEV.

but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i'the cold ground : My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies ; good night, sweet ladies : good night, good night. *[Exit.]*

King. Follow her close ; give her good watch, I pray you. *[Exit HORATIO.]*

O ! this is the poison of deep grief ; it springs
All from her father's death : And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions ! First, her father slain ;
Next, your son gone ; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove : The people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death ; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: Poor Ophelia,
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment ;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France :
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death ;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Give me superfluous death !⁵ *[A noise within]*

Queen. Alack ! what noise is this ?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.

Where are my Switzers ? Let them guard the door :
What is the matter ?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord ;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,⁶
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers ! The rabble call him, lord ;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

[5] Such a piece as assassins use, with many barrels. It is necessary to apprehend this, to see the justness of the similitude. *WARBURTON.*
See Illustrations, Vol. X.

[6] The lists are the barriers which the spectators of a tournament must not pass. *See note on Othello, act. IV. sc. 1. JOHNSON.*

The ratifiers and props of every word,
 They cry, *Choose we : Laertes shall be king !*
 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king !

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry !
 O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.⁷

King. The doors are broke. *[Noise within.]*

Enter LAERTES, armed : Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king ?—Sirs, stand you all without

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will. *[They retire without the door.]*

Laer. I thank you :—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
 Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me
 bastard ;

Cries, cuckold, to my father ; brands the harlot
 Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow⁸
 Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
 That thy rebellion looks so giant-like ?—
 Let him go, Gertrude ; do not fear our person ;
 There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
 That treason can but peep to what it would,
 Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
 Why thou art thus incens'd ;—Let him go, Gertrude ;—
 Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father ?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead ? I'll not be juggled with :
 To hell, allegiance ! vows, to the blackest devil !
 Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit !
 I dare damnation : To this point I stand,—
 That both the worlds I give to negligence,
 Let come what comes ; only I'll be reveng'd
 Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you ?

Laer. My will, not all the world's :
 And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,

^[7] Hounds run *counter* when they trace the trail backwards. JOHNSON.

^[8] Unsmirched brow, i. e. *clean*, not defiled. STEVENS.

They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Lear. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him barefac'd on the bier;*

Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:

And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my-dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him
a-down-a.* O how the wheel becomes it!⁹ it is the false
steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;

[9] By the wheel, she means the burden of the song.

[1] See Illustrations, Vol. X.

Pray you, love, remember : And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness ; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines :—there's rue for you ; and here's some for me :—we may call it, herb of grace o'Sundays :—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy :—I would give you some violets ; but they withered all, when my father died :—They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,— [Sings.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again ? [Sings.

And will he not come again ?

No, no, he's dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll :

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan ;

God'a mercy on his soul !

And of all christian souls !^a I pray God. God be wi' you :

[Exit OPHELIA.]

Laer. Do you see this, O God ?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me :
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction ; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so ;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,^a

[2] *God'a mercy on his soul !*

And of all christian souls ! This is the common conclusion to many of the ancient monumental inscriptions. STEEVENS.

[3] The practice is uniformly kept up to this day of hanging the sword, helmet, gauntlet, spurs and tabard (i. e. coat whereon the armorial ensigns were anciently depicted, from whence the term *coat of armour*) over the grave of every knight. HAWKINS.

No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall ;

And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.

I pray you, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the same. Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me ?

Serv. Sailors, sir ;

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 Sail. He shall sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir ; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England ; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*reads.*] *Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king ; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase : Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour ; and in the grapple I boarded them : on the instant, they got clear of our ship ; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy ; but they knew what they did ; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent ; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb ; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter.* These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England : Of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.*

He that thou knowest thine,

HAMLET.

[4] The bore is the caliber of a gun, or the capacity of the barrel. The matter, says Hamlet, would carry heavier words. JOHNSON.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters,
 And don't the speedier, that you may direct me
 To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the same. Enter King and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal;
 And you must put me in your heart for friend;
 With you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
 That he, which hath your noble father slain,
 Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears.—But tell me,
 Why you proceeded not against these feats,
 So crimeful and so capital in nature,
 As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
 You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O, for two special reasons;
 Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
 But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother,
 Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
 (My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
 She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
 That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
 I could not but by her. The other motive,
 Why to a public count I might not go,
 Is, the great love the general gender bear him:
 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
 Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
 Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
 Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
 Would have reverted to my bow again,
 And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
 A sister driven into desperate terms;
 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,⁵
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: You must not
 think,
 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:

[5] The common race of the people.

JOHNSON.

[6] If I may praise what has been, but is now to be found no more. JOHNSON.

I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :
This to your majesty ; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say : I saw them not ;
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them :—
Leave us.

[Exit Messenger.]

[Reads.] *High and mighty, you shall know, I am
naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave
see your kingly eyes : when I shall, first asking your pardon
thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and most
strange return.*

HAMLET.

What should this mean ! Are all the rest come back ?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,*—
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone :*
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come ;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord ;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall :
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe ;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd ;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.

ou have been talk'd of since your travel much,
and that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
as did that one ; and that, in my regard,
as the unworthiest siege.⁷

Laer. What part is that, my lord ?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Supporting health and graveness.⁸—Two months since,
there was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
and they can well on horseback : but this gallant
had witchcraft in't ; he grew unto his seat ;
and to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
as he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast : So far he topp'd my thought
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Came short of what he did.⁹

Laer. A Norman, was't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well : He is the brooch, indeed,
and gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you ;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you : the scrimers of their nation,¹
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them : Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.

[7] Of the lowest rank. *Siege* for seat, place. JOHNSON. So in *Othello*,

"——— I fetch my birth

"From men of royal *siege*."

STEEVENS.

[8] *Importing*, here may be, not inferring by logical consequence, but producing by
physical effect. A young man regards show in his dress, an old man health.

JOHNSON.

[9] I could not contrive so many proofs of dexterity as he could perform. JOHNS.

[1] *Scrimers*—fencers. From *escrimeur*, Fr. a fencer.

JOHNSON.

Now, out of this,——

Laer. What out of this, my lord ?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you ?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why ask you this ?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father ;
But that I know, love is begun by time ;²
And that I see, in passages of proof,³
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it ;
And nothing is at a like goodness still ;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,⁴
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
We should do when we would ; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing.⁵ But, to the quick o'the ulcer :
Hamlet comes back ; What would you undertake,
To show yourself in deed your father's son
More than in words ?

Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize ;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber :
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home :
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads : he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils ; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated,⁶ and, in a pass of practice,

[2] This is obscure. The meaning may be, love is not innate in us, and coessential to our nature, but begins at a certain time from some external cause, and being always subject to the operations of time, suffers change and diminution. JOHNS.

[3] In transactions of daily experience. JOHNSON.

[4] I would believe, for the honour of Shakespeare, that he wrote *plethora*. But I observe that the dramatic writers of that time frequently call a fulness of blood a *plurisy*. WARBURTON.

[5] A sigh that makes an unnecessary waste of the vital flame. It is a notion very prevalent, that sighs impair the strength, and wear out the animal powers. JOHNS.

[6] Unbated, i. e. not blunted as foils are by a button fixed at the end. MALONE.

Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't :

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,

So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,

Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,

Collected from all simples that have virtue

Under the moon, can save the thing from death,

That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my point

With this contagion ; that, if I gall him slightly,

It may be death.⁷

King. Let's further think of this ;

Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,

May fit us to our shape : if this should fail,

And that our drift look through our bad performancē,

'Twere better not assay'd ; therefore this project

Should have a back, or second, that might hold,

If this should blast in proof. Soft ;—let me see :—

We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning, —

I ha't :

When in your motion you are hot and dry,

(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)

And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him

A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,

If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,

Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise ?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen ?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow :—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd ! O, where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;

There with fantastic garlands did she make

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,

But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them :

There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds

Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;

When down her weedy trophies, and herself,

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide ;

[7] It is a matter of surprise, that no one of Shakespeare's numerous and able commentators has remarked, with proper warmth and detestation, the villainous assassin-like treachery of Laertes in this horrid plot. There is the more occasion that he should be here pointed out an object of abhorrence, as he is a character we are, in some preceding parts of the play, led to respect and admire. RITSON.

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up :
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes ;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element : but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears : But yet
It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord !
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

[*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude :
How much I had to do to calm his rage !
Now fear I, this will give it start again ;
Therefore, let's follow.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Churchyard. Enter two Clowns, with Spades, &c.*

1 *Clown.* Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is ; therefore make her grave straight : the crowner hath set on her, and finds it christain burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence ?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo* ; it cannot be else. For here lies the point : If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act : and an act hath three branches ; it is, to act, to do, and to perform :⁸ Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water ; good : here stands the man ; good : If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes ;

[8] Ridicule on scholastic divisions without distinction ; and of distinctions without difference. W. B. BURTON.

Mark you that : but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself : Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 Clo. But is this law ?

1 Clo. Ay, marry is't ; crowner's-quest law.

2 Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't ? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 Clo. Why, there thou say'st : And the more pity ; that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christian.⁹ Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers ; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 Clo. Was he a gentleman ?

1 Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clo. Why, he had none.

1 Clo. What, art a heathen ? How dost thou understand the scripture ? The scripture says, Adam digged : could he dig without arms ? I'll put another question to thee : if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

2 Clo. Go to.

1 Clo. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter ?

2 Clo. The gallows-maker ; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith ; the gallows does well : But how does it well ? it does well to those that do ill : now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church ; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again ; come.

2 Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter ?

1 Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

1 Clo. To't.

2 Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it ; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating ; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker ;

[9] An old English expression for fellow-christian.

the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit 2 Clown

1 Clown digs, and sings.

*In youth, when I did love, dīd love,
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove
O, methought, there was nothing meet.*

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom bath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. *But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.* [Throws up a scull.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo. *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,* [Sings.

For—and a shrouding-sheet:

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet. [Throws up a scull.

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a

[1] The scull that was my lord *Such-a-one's*, is now my lady *Worm's*. JOHNSON.
[2] See Illustrations.

thy shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ?
 Oph ! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of
 land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his
 able vouchers, his recoveries : Is this the fine of his
 land, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine
 full of fine dirt ? will his vouchers vouch him no
 more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the
 length and breadth of a pair of indentures ? the very con-
 veiances of his lands will hardly lie in this box ; and must
 the inheritor himself have no more ? ha ?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins ?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out as-
 surance in that. I will speak to this fellow :—Whose
 grave's this, sirrah ?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [Sings.
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed ; for thou liest in't.

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not
 yours : for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine :
 'tis for the dead, not for the quick ; therefore thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir ; 'twill away again, from me
 o you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for ?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then ?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't ?

1 Clo. One, that was a woman, sir ; but, rest her soul,
 he's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is ! We must speak by
 the card, or equivocation will undo us.³ By the lord,
 for oratio, these three years I have taken note of it ; the
 tongue is grown so picked,⁴ that the toe of the peasant comes
 so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How
 long hast thou been a grave-maker ?

1 Clo. Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day

[3] The card is the sea chart, still so termed by mariners : and the word is after-
 wards used by *Ovid* in the same sense. RITSON.

We must speak with the same precision and accuracy as is observed in mark-
 ing the true distances of coasts, the heights, courses, &c. in a sea-chart, which in
 our poet's time was called a card. MALONE.

[4] See Illustrations.

that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since ?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that ? every fool can tell that : It was that very day that young Hamlet was born : 'tis that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England ?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad : he shall recover his wits there ; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why ?

1 Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there ; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad ?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely ?

1 Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground ?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark ; I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot ?

1 Clo. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year ; a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another ?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while ; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it ?

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was ; Whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue ! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This ?

[*Takes the scull.*]

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how

5] By this scene it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old, and knew Yorick well, who had been dead twenty two years. And yet in the beginning of the play he is spoken of as a very young man, one that designed to go back to school, i. e. the University of Wittenberg. The Poet in the fifth act forgets what he wrote in the first. BLACKSTONE.

abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite chap-fallen ? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that.—Pr'y-thee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord ?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o'this fashion i'the earth ?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so ? pah ! [*Throws down the scull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole ?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot ; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it : As thus ; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust ; the dust is earth ; of earth we make loam : And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel ?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :

O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw !

But soft ! but soft ! aside ;—Here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c. in procession ; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following ; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers : Who is this they follow ?

And with such maimed rites !⁶ This doth betoken,

The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand

Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some estate :⁷

Couch we a while, and mark. [*Retiring with HOR.*]

Laer. What ceremony else ?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth : Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else ?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd

[6] Imperfect obsequies.

[7] Some person of high rank

JOHNSON.

As we have warranty : Her death was doubtful ;
 And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
 She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
 Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers,
 Shards,⁹ flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her :
 Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,⁹
 Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of bell and burial.'

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

' 1 *Priest.* No more be done !

We should profane the service of the dead,
 To sing a *requiem*,⁹ and such rest to her
 As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i'the earth ;—
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
 When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet : Farewell !

[*Scattering flowers*]
 I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife ;
 I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
 And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 Depriv'd thee of !—Hold off the earth a while,
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

[*Leaps into the grave*]
 Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead ;
 Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
 To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
 Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand

[8] Broken pots, or tiles, called *pot-sherds*, *tile-sherds*. So, in Job ii. 8. "And took him a posherd (i. e. a piece of a broken pot) to scrape himself withal."

[9] I have been informed by an anonymous correspondent, that *crants* is a German word for *garlands*, and I suppose it was retained by us from the Saxons to carry garlands before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them over her grave, as is still the practice in rural parishes. JOHNSTON.

[1] *Burial*, here signifies interment in consecrated ground. WARBURTON.
 [2] A *requiem* is a mass performed in Popish churches for the rest of the soul of a person deceased. STEEVENS.

Like wonder-wounded hearers ? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul ! *[Leaps into the grave.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well. *[Grappling with him.*

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat ;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear : Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet !

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme.
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son ! what theme ?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia ; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her ?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou'lt do :
Woul't weep ? woul't fight ? woul't fast ? woul't tear thy-
self ?

Woul't drink up Esil ?³ eat a crocodile ?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine ?
To outface me with leaping in her grave ?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I :
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us ; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart ! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness :
And thus a while the fit will work on him ;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,⁴
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir ;

[3] *Weisel* is a considerable river which falls into the Baltic ocean. STEEVENS.

[4] The young nestlings of the pigeon, when first disclosed, are callow, only covered with a yellow down : and for that reason stand in need of being cherished by the warmth of the hen, to protect them from the chillness of the ambient air, for a considerable time after they are hatched. HEATH.

What is the reason that you use me thus ?
 I lov'd you ever : But it is no matter ;
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exit.

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[Exit. HOR.

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech ;
[To LAERTES.

We'll put the matter to the present push.—
 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
 This grave shall have a living monument :
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Castle. Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir : now shall you see the
 other ;—

You do remember all the circumstance ?

Hor. Remember it, my lord !

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
 That would not let me sleep : methought, I lay
 Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.* Rashly,
 And prais'd be rashness for it,—Let us know,
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
 When our deep plots do pall : and that should teach us,
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will.*

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
 My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
 Grop'd I to find out them : had my desire ;
 Finger'd their packet ; and, in fine, withdrew
 To mine own room again : making so bold,
 My fears forgetting manners, to unseal

[4] *Mutines*—the French word for seditious or disobedient fellows in the army or fleet. *Bilboes*—the ship's prison. JOHNSON.

See Illustrations.

[5] Hamlet, delivering an account of his escape, begins with saying, *That he rashly*.—and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakness of human wisdom. I rashly—praised be rashness for it—*Let us not think these events casual, but let us know, take notice and remember, that we sometimes succeed by indiscretion, when we fail by deep plots, and infer the perpetual superintendence and agency of the Divinity.* The observation is just, and will be allowed by every human being, who shall reflect on the course of his own life. JOHNSON.

Their grand commission ; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery ; an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho ! such bugs and goblins in my life,⁶—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,⁷
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible ?

Ham. Here's the commission ; read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed ?

Hor. Ay, beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,
"Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play ;—I sat me down ;
Devis'd a new commission ; wrote it fair :
I once did hold it, as our statists do,⁸
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning ; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service.¹ Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary ;
As love between them like the palm might flourish ;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities ;
And many such like as's of great charge,²—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement farther, more, or less,

[6] With such causes of terror, rising from my character and designs. JOHNSON.
A bug was no less a terrific being than a goblin. We call it at present a bugbear.
STEEVENS.

[7] Bated, for allowed. WARBURTON.

[8] Or, in old English, signified before. MALONE.

[9] A statish is a statesman. STEEVENS.

Most of the great men of Shakespeare's times, whose autographs have been preserved, wrote very bad hands ; their secretaries very neat ones. BLACKSTONE.

"I have, in my time, (says Montaigne) seen some, who by writing did earnestly get both their titles and living, to disavow their apprenticeship, marre their pen, and affect the ignorance of so vulgar a qualitic." Florio's translation, 1603, p. 125.
RITSON.

[1] This yeomanly qualification was a most useful servant, or yeoman to me ; that is, did me eminent service. The ancient yeomen were famous for their military valour. STEEVENS.

[2] Ases heavily loaded. A quibble is intended between *as* the conditional particle, and *as* the beast of burthen. JOHNSON.

He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant ;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal ;
Folded the writ up in form of the other ;
Subscrib'd it ; gave't the impression ; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known :³ Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight ; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment ;

They are not near my conscience ; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow :⁴
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this !

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon ?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother ;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes ;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage ; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm ?⁵ and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil ?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short : the interim is mine ;
And a man's life's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself ;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his : I'll count his favours ;
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace ; who comes here ?

[3] A *changeling* is a child which the fairies are supposed to leave in the room of that which they steal. JOHNSON.

[4] *Insinuation*, for corruptly obtruding themselves into his service. WARBURT.

[5] To requite him, to pay him his due. JOHNSON.

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. You lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?⁶

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough;⁷ but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit: Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion——

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you remember——

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences,⁸ of very soft society, and great showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry,⁹ for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.¹

Ham. 'Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy

[6] A water-fly skips up and down upon the surface of the water, without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler. JOHNS.

[7] A kind of jackdaw. JOHNSON.

[8] Full of distinguishing excellencies.

JOHNSON.

[9] The general preceptor of elegance; the card by which a gentleman is to direct his course, the calendar by which he is to choose his time, that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable. JOHNSON.

[1] You shall find him containing and comprising every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation. JOHNSON.

[2] This is designed as a specimen, and ridicule of the court jargon amongst the *precious* of that time. The sense in English is, "Sir, he suffers nothing in your account of him, though to enumerate his good qualities particularly would be endless; yet when we had done our best, it would still come short of him. However,

the arithmetic of memory ; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article ; and his infusion of such dearth³ and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror ; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir ? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath ?

Osr. Sir ?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue ? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman ?

Osr. Of Laertes ?

Hor. His purse is empty already ; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant——

Ham. I would, you did, sir ; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me ;—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is——

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence ;⁴ but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon ; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.⁵

Ham. What's his weapon ?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons ; but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses : against the which he has impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers,⁶ and so : Three of the carriages, in

in strictness of truth, he is a great genius, and of a character so rarely to be met with, that to find any thing like him we must look into his mirror, and his imitators will appear no more than his shadows." WARBURTON.

[3] *Dearth* is *dearness*, value, price. JOHNSON.

[4] I dare not pretend to know him, lest I should pretend to an equality : no man can completely know another, but by knowing himself, which is the utmost extent of human wisdom. JOHNSON.

[5] *In his meed*—in his excellence. JOHNSON.

[6] Under this term were comprehended four graduated straps, &c. that hung down in a belt on each side of its receptacle for the sword. I write this with a most gorgeous belt, at least as ancient as the time of James I. before me. It is of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold, and had belonged to the Somerset family.

STEEVENS.

faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.⁷

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german⁸ to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [Exit.]

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well, to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.⁹

Ham. He did comply with his dug,¹ before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty

[7] Dr. Warburton very properly observes, that in the old books the gloss or comment was usually printed on the margent of the leaf. STEEVENS.

[8] *More German*—more akin. JOHNSON.

[9] I see no peculiar propriety in the image of the lapwing. Osr. did not run till he had done his business. We may read—*This lapwing ran away*.—That is, *this fellow was full of unimportant bustle from his birth*. JOHNSON.

[1] Shakespeare seems to have used *comply* in the sense in which we use the verb *complement*. See before, Act II. sc. ii; “—let me *comply* with you in this part.” TYRWHITT.

collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions ; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall : He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time ?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure : if his fitness speaks, mine is ready ; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment² to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so ; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice ; I shall win at the odds.³ But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart : but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,——

Ham. It is but foolery ; but it is such a kind of gain-giving,⁴ as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it : I will forestall their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury ; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not now, yet it will come : the readiness is all : Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave be-times ? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir : I have done you wrong ;
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

[2] Mild and temperate conversation.

JOHNSON.

[3] I shall succeed with the advantage that I am allowed.

MALONE.

[4] Gain-giving is the same as misgiving.

STEEVENS.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.⁵

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,⁶

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,

I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honour,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,

To keep my name ungorg'd: But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;

And will this brother's wager frankly play.—

Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i'the darkest night,

Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin

Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both:—

[5] I wish Hamlet had made some other defence; it is unsuitable to the character of a good or a brave man to shelter himself in falsehood. JOHNSON.

[6] This was a piece of satire on fantastical honour. Though nature is satisfied, yet he will ask advice of older men of the sword, whether artificial honour ought to be contented with Hamlet's submission. STEEVENS.

But, since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well : These foils have all a length
[*They prepare to play*]

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table :—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire ;

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath ;

And in the cup an union shall he throw ;⁷

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn ; Give me the cups ;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the cannoneer without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,

Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin ;—

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord.

[*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink : Hamlet, this pearl is thine ;⁸
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound ; and cannon shot off within.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

Come.—Another hit ; What say you ? [*They play*]

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows :

[7] *Stoup* is a common word in Scotland at this day, and denotes a pewter vessel, resembling our wine measure ; but of no determinate quantity, that being ascertained by an adjunct, as *gallon-stoup*, *pint-stoup*, *mutchkin-stoup*, &c. The vessel in which they fetch or keep water is also called the *water-stoup*. A *stoup* of wine is therefore equivalent to a pitcher of wine. RITSON.

[8] An *union* is the finest sort of pearl, and has its place in all crowns and coronets. THEOBALD.—To swallow a pearl in a draught seems to have been equally common to royal and mercantile prodigality. It may be observed, likewise, that pearls were supposed to possess an exhilarating quality. STEEVENS.

[9] Under pretence of throwing a pearl into the cup, the King may be supposed to drop some poisonous drug into the wine. Hamlet seems to suspect this, when he afterwards discovers the effects of the poison, and tauntingly asks him,—“Is the union here ?” STEEVENS.

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,——

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord ;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup ; it is too late. [*Aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam ; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes : You do but dally ;
pray you, pass with your best violence ;
am afeard, you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so ? come on.

[*They play.*]

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET ; then, in scuffling, they change
rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

[*The Queen falls.*]

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho !

Hor. They bleed on both sides :—How is it, my lord ?

Osr. How is't, Laertes ?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osrice ;
am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen ?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear
Hamlet !—

The drink, the drink ;—I am poison'd !

[*Dies.*]

Ham. O villainy !—Ho ! let the door be lock'd :

Treachery ! seek it out.

[*LAERTES falls.*]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet : Hamlet, thou art slain ;

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

For thee there is not half an hour's life ;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Contaminated, and envenom'd : The foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me ; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again : Thy mother's poison'd ;

Can no more ; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point

Is blown too !—

Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the King.*]

Osr. & Lords. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion :—Is the union here?

Follow my mother.

[*King dies.*]

Laer. He is justly serv'd ;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet ;

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee ;

Nor thine on me !

[*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it ! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio :—Wretched queen, adieu !—

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—

But let it be :—Horatio, I am dead ;

Thou liv'st ; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it ;

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—

Give me the cup ; let go ; by heaven I'll have it.—

O God !—Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me ?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity a while,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story.— [*March afar off, and shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this ?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio ;

The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit ;

I cannot live to hear the news from England :

But I do prophecy the election lights

On Fortinbras ; he has my dying voice ;

So tell him, with the occurrents, more or less,

Which have solicited,—The rest is silence.

[*Dies.*]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart :—Good night, sweet prince ;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !¹

Why does the drum come hither ? [*March within.*]

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this sight ?

Hor. What is it, you would see ?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc !²—O proud death !
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck ?

1 Amb. The sight is dismal ;
And our affairs from England come too late :
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead :
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you ;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd ; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view ;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things come about : so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts ;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause ;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads : all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune ;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more :

[1] See Illustrations.

[2] To cry on was to exclaim against. I suppose, when unfair sportsmen destroyed more quarry or game than was reasonable, the censure was to cry, *Havock*.
JOHNSON.

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild ; lest more mischance,
On plots, and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains

Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally : and, for his passage,
The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies :—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[A dead march.]

*[Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies ; after
which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.]*

**OTHELLO,
MOOR OF VENICE.**

OBSERVATIONS.

OTHELLO.] The story is taken from *Cynthio's Novels*.

POPE.

I have not hitherto met with any translation of this novel (the seventh in the third decad) of so early a date as the age of Shakespeare ; but undoubtedly many of those little pamphlets have perished between his time and ours.

It is highly probable that our author met with the name of *Othello* in some tale that has escaped our researches ; as I likewise find it in Reynold's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, standing in one of his Arguments as follows : " She marries *Othello*, an old German soldier." This History (the eighth) is professed to be an *Italian* one. Here also occurs the name of *Iago*.

It is likewise found, as Dr. Farmer observes, in " The History of the famous Euordanus Prince of Denmark, with the strange Adventures of IAGO Prince of Saxonie ; bl. l. 4to. London, 1605."

It may indeed be urged that these names were adopted from the tragedy before us : but I trust that every reader who is conversant with the peculiar style and method in which the work of honest John Reynolds is composed, will acquit him of the slightest familiarity with the scenes of Shakespeare.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 6, 1621, by Thomas Walkely.

STEEVENS.

I have seen a French translation of *Cynthio*, by Gabriel Chappuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one ; and I suspect, through this medium, the work came into English.

FARMER.

This tragedy I have ascribed (but on no very sure ground) to the year 1611. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

MALONE.

The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of *Othello*, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge ; the cool malign-

nity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance ; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance on her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation ; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is, from the first scene to the last, hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind, betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend ; and the virtue of Emilia is such as we often find, worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villanies.

The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story ; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incident been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity.

JOHNSON.

[7] I believe the sense of *pregnant* in this place is, *quick, ready*. JOHNSON.

[8] According to the doctrine of the four humours, *desire* and *confidence* were seated in the blood, and *judgment* in the phlegm, and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character. JOHNSON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice.

BRABANTIO, a senator.

Two other Senators.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, the Moor :

CASSIO, his lieutenant ;

IAGO, his ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus

Clown, servant to Othello.

Herald.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BIANCA, a courtesan, mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the first act, in Venice ; during the rest of the play, at a seaport in Cyprus.



OTHELLO



OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA

ACT V. SCENE II.

Design by Thurston

Eng. by J. Bennett & Whittell

OTHELLO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Street. Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.*

Roderigo.

TUSH, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me :—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of
the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off capp'd to him ;¹—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place :
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,²
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators ; for, *certes*, says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he ?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ;³
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls⁴ can propose
As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,

[1] To cap is to salute by taking off the cap. It is still an academic phrase.

M. MASON.

[2] Circumstance here signifies *circumlocution*.

REED.

[3] See Illustrations.

[4] Venice was originally governed by *consuls* : and consuls seems to have been commonly used for *counsellors*, as afterwards in this play. By *toged* perhaps is meant *peaceable*, in opposition to the *warlike* qualifications of which he had been speaking.

MALONE.

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election :
 And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus ; and on other grounds
 Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
 By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster ;
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I, (God bless the mark !) his Moor-ship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hang-
 man.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service
 Preferment goes by letter,⁵ and affection,
 Not by the old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
 Whether I in any just term am affin'd
 To love the Moor ?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you ;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doating on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender ; and, when he's old, cashier'd
 Whip me such honest knaves : Others there are,
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their
 coats,

Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;
 And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :
 In following him, I follow but myself ;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart

[5] It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with *counters*. So in *The Winter's Tale*, "Fifteen hundred shorn—What comes the wool to?—I cannot do't without *counters*." MALONE.

[6] By recommendation from powerful friends. JOHNSON.

[7] The meaning is, Do I stand within any such terms of propinquity or relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him? JOHNSON.

a compliment extern,* 'tis not long after
 ut I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 or daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
 he can carry't thus !

Iago. Call up her father,
 house him : make after him, poison his delight,
 reclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen,
 and, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
 plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,
 let throw such changes of vexation on't,
 as it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house ; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
 when, by night and negligence, the fire
 is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho ! Brabantio ! signior Brabantio, ho !

Iago. Awake ! what, ho ! Brabantio ! thieves ! thieves !
 thieves !

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !
 Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
 What is the matter there ?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd ?

Bra. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are robb'd ; for shame, put on
 your gown ;
 Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul ;
 even now, very now, an old black ram
 is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise ;
 wake the snorting citizens with the bell,
 or else the devil will make a grandsire of you :
 arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?

Bra. Not I ; What are you ?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome :

have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors.
 A honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
 My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness,

[8] In that which I do only for an outward show of civility. JOHNSON.

Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice
My house is not a grange.⁹

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will no
serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do
you service, you think we are ruffians: You'll have you
daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have you
nephews neigh to you: you'll have coursers for cousins
and gennets for Germans.¹

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter
and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even² and dull watch o'the night,
'Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,—
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;

[9] In Lincolnshire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone house, farm which stands solitary a *grange*. So in *Measure for Measure*, "—at the good grange resides this dejected Mariana." T. WARTON.

[1] *Nephew*, in this instance has the power of the Latin word *nepos*, and signifi a grandson, or any lineal descendant. The alliteration in this passage caused Shal spears to have recourse to it. A *jennet* is a Spanish horse. STEEVENS.

[2] This *odd-even* is the interval between twelve at night, and one in the morning. HENLEY.

Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where : Straight satisfy yourself :
If she be in her chamber, or your house
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !
Give me a taper ;—call up all my people :—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already :—
Light, I say ! light ! *[Exit, from above.]*

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you :
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moor : For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him ; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business : In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you may surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search ;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. *[Exit.]*

Enter, below, BRABANTIO and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;
And what's to come of my despised time,³
Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her ?—O, unhappy girl !—
With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a father ?—
How didst thou know 'twas she ?—O, thou deceiv'st me
Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get more tapers ;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you ?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven !—how got she out !—O treason of the blood !—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,

[3] *Despised time*, is, time of no value : time in which

"There's nothing serious in mortality,

"The wine of life is drawn, and the mere dregs

"Are left this vault to brag of." *Macbeth.*

By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd ?⁴ Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing ?

Rod. Yes, sir ; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor ?

Rod. I think, I can discover him ; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call ;
I may command at most ;—Get weapons, ho !
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo ;—I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Street. Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,⁵
To do no contriv'd murder ; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married ? for, be sure of this,—
That the magnifico is much beloved ;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's ;⁶ he will divorce you ;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on),
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite :
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,

[4] By which the faculties of a young virgin may be infatuated, and made subject to illusions and false imagination :

-----"wicked dreams abuse

"The curtain'd sleep."

Macbeth.

JOHNSON.

[5] This expression to common readers appears harsh. *Stuff* of the conscience is, substance, or essence of the conscience. *Stuff* is a word of great force in the Teutonic languages. The elements are called in Dutch *Hoofd stoffen*, or head stuffs. JOHN

[6] See Illustrations.

(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege;⁷ and my demerits⁸
May speak, unbanned,⁹ to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition¹
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with torches.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest it rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat: the gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,

[7] Men who have sat upon royal thrones. Siege is used for seat by other authors. STEEVENS.

[8] *Demerits* has the same meaning in our author, and many others of that age, as *merits*. STEEVENS.

[9] Mr. Fuseli explains the passage as follows: "I am his equal or superior in rank; and were it not so, such are my demerits, that, *unbanned*, without the addition of patrician or senatorial dignity, they may speak to as proud a fortune, &c. At Venice the *bonnet*, as well as the *toge*, is a badge of aristocratic honours to this day." STEEVENS.

[1] Free from domestic cares. A thought natural to an adventurer. JOHNSON.

And go with you.

[Exit

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here ?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack ;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made forever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who ?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to——Come, captain, will you go ?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and *Officers of night, with torches and weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio :—general, be advis'd ;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola ! stand there !

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief ! [*They draw on both sides.*

Iago. You, Roderigo ! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter ?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her—

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy :
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou ; to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms ;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That waken motion :—I'll have it disputed on ;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser

[2] A carack is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value ; perhaps what we now call a galloon. JOHNSON.

[3] That is, be cool ; be cautious ; be discreet.

JOHNSON.

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant :—
Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest :
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison : till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied ;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him ?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council ; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the duke in council !
In this time of the night !—Bring him away :
Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own :
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Council-Chamber. *The Duke, and Senators,*
sitting at a table ; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,⁴
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd ;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred :
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases where the aim reports,⁵
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

[4] Composition, for consistency concordancy

WARBURTON

[5] Where men report not by certain knowledge, but by aim and conjecture.

JOHNSON.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*within.*] What ho ! what ho ! what ho !

Enter an Officer with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now ? the business ?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes :
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change ?

1 Sen. This cannot be,

By no assay of reason ;⁶ 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze : When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk ;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,⁷
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in :—if we make thought of this,
We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first ;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Isle of Rhodes,
Have there injoined them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought :—How many, as you guess ?

Mess. Of thirty sail : and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Lucchesé, is he not in town ?

[6] Bring it to the test, examine it by reason as we examine metals by the assay, it will be found counterfeit by all trials. JOHNSON.

[7] He may carry it with less dispute, with less opposition.

MALONE.

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us ; wish him post-post-haste . despatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and *Officers*.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you Against the general enemy Ottoman.*

—I did not see you ; welcome, gentle signior ; [*To BRA.* We lack'd your counsel and your help to night.

Bra. So did I yours : Good your grace, pardon me ; Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business, Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the general care Take hold on me ; for my particular grief Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature, That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows, And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter ?

Bra. My daughter ! O, my daughter !

Sen. Dead ?

Bra. Ay, to me ;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks :⁹ For nature so preposterously to err, Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense, Sans witchcraft could not——

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding, Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself, And you of her, the bloody book of law You shall yourself read in the bitter letter, After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.

Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,

[8] It was usual for the Venetians to employ strangers, and even Moors, in their wars. REED.—It is part of the policy of the Venetian state never to entrust the command of an army to a native. MALONE.

[9] Rymer has ridiculed this circumstance as unbecoming, both for its weakness and superstition, the gravity of the accuser, and the dignity of the tribunal : but his criticism only exposes his own ignorance. The circumstance was not only exactly in character, but urged with the greatest address, as the thing chiefly to be insisted on. For by the Venetian law, the giving love potions was very criminal, as Shakespeare without question well understood. And therefore in the preceding scene, Brabantio calls them

“—arts inhibited and out of warrant.”

WARBURTON.

Though I believe Shakespeare knew no more of this Venetian law than I do, yet he was well acquainted with the edicts of that sapient prince King James the first, “against practicers of arts inhibited and out of warrant.”

STEEVENS.

Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke & Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?

[To OTHELLO]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak;—

[1] Weak show of slight appearances. JOHNSON.-----So modern is generally used by Shakespeare. MALONE.

Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?
 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth ?

Oth. I beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
 And let her speak of me before her father :
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them ; you best know the place.

[*Exe. IAGO and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have pass'd.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents, by flood, and field
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And portance in my travel's history :
 Wherein of antres vast,² and desarts idle,³
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
 heaven,
 It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders.⁴ These things to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,

[2] *Antres*, French, *caves* and *dens*. See Illustrations, Vol. X.

[3] This word is used in another passage in this act, "...either to have it still
 with idleness, or manured with industry."⁵ MALONE.

[4] See Illustrations, Vol. X.

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcel she had something heard,
 But not intently : I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs ;
 She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
 She wish'd, she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me ;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best :
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak ;
 If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress ;
 Do you perceive in all this noble company,
 Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty :
 To you, I am bound for life, and education ;
 My life, and education, both do learn me
 How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,
 I am hitherto your daughter : But here's my husband
 And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you !—I have done :—
 Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;
 I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
 Come hither, Moor :
 I here do give thee that with all my heart,
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
 I am glad at soul I have no other child ;
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself ;⁵ and lay a sentence,
 Which, as a grise,⁶ or step, may help these lovers
 Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief,
 He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;
 We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears ;
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
 These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
 But words are words ; I never yet did hear,
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.*
 I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation
 makes for Cyprus :—Othello, the fortitude of the place is
 best known to you : And though we have there a substi-
 tute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign
 mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you

[5] I. e. Let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

[6] *Grize* from degree. A *grize* is a step. So in Timon,
 "—for every *grize* of fortune
 "Is smooth'd by that below."

STEEVENS.

[7] But the moral precepts of consolation, which are liberally bestowed on occasion of the sentence. JOHNSON.

[8] *A heart pierced through the ear*, is a heart which (to use our poet's words elsewhere) has granted a penetrable entrance to the language of consolation. MALONE.
 See Illustrations, Vol. X.

you must therefore be content to slubber⁹ the gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down.¹ I do agnize²
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
Due reference of place, and exhibition ;³
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear ;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes⁴
May trumpet to the world ; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord :⁵
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;⁶
And to his honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support

[9] To slubber is to obscure. STEEVENS.

[1] A driven bed, is a bed for which the feathers are selected, by driving with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy. JOHNSON.

[2] Agnize, acknowledge, confess, avow. STEEVENS.

[3] Exhibition is allowance. The word is at present used only at the universities.

[4] Breach of common rules and obligations. JOHNSON.

[5] Quality here means profession. MALONE.

[6] It must raise no wonder, that I loved a man of an appearance so little engaging ; I saw his face only in his mind ; the greatness of his character recommended him to his form. JOHNSON.

By his dear absence : Let me go with him

Oth. Your voices, lords :—'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven ; I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite ;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my distinct and proper satisfaction ;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind :
And heaven defend your good souls,⁷ that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me : No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation !

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going : the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it ; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord ?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.

—*Othello, leave some officer behind,*
And he shall our commission bring to you ;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient ;
A man he is of honesty, and trust ;
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good-night to every one.—And, noble signior, [*To BRA.*]
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,⁸
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor ; have a quick eye to see ;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

[⁷] To defend is to forbid. From defendre, Fr. STEEVENS.
[⁸] *Delighted* is used by Shakespeare in the sense of *delighting* or *delightful*. See
Cymbeline, act v.

"Whom best I love, I cross, to make my gift,

"The more delayed *delighted*."

TYRWHITT.

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee ;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her ;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exe.* OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.]

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it.
Why, thou silly gentleman !

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment ;
and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our
physician.

Iago. O villanous ! I have looked upon the world for
four times seven years ! and since I could distinguish be-
tween a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that
knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would
drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen,⁹ I would
change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess it is my shame to be
so fond ; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue ? a fig ! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus,
or thus. Our bodies are our gardens ; to the which, our
wills are gardeners : so that if we will plant nettles, or
sow lettuce ; set hyssop, and weed up thyme ; supply it
with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many ; ei-
ther to have it steril with idleness, or manured with indus-
try ; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies
in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale
of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and
baseness of our natures would conduct us to most pre-
posterous conclusions : But we have reason to cool our ra-
ging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts ; where-
of I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission
of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself ? drown
cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend,

[9] A *Guinea-hen* was anciently the cant term for a prostitute.

and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse ; follow these wars ; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard ;¹ I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse ;—nor he his to her : it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration ;²—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills ;—fill thy purse with money : the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,³ shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth : when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must : therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst : If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian⁴ and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her ; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself ! It is clean out of the way : seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue ?

Iago. Thou art sure of me ;—Go, make money :—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor : My cause is hearted ; thine hath no less reason : Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him : if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse ; go ; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'the morning ?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to ; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo ?

[1] Thus, in Don Quixote, Cardenio defeated his favour by cutting off his beard, and the Barber his, by putting one on. HENLEY.

[2] We may read, *It was a violent commencement*, and thou shalt see an answerable sequel. An opposition of terms seems intended. JOHNSON.

[3] That viscous substance which the pod of the locust contains, is, perhaps, of all others, the most luscious. From its likeness to honey, in consistency and flavour, the locust is called the *hony-tree* also. Its seeds, enclosed in a long pod, lie buried in the juice. HENLEY.

[4] *Erring*, for *errant*. So in *Hamlet*:

"Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies to his confine."

STEEVENS.

Rod. What say you ?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to ; farewell : put money enough in your purse. [Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse :
 For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
 If I would time expend with such a snipe,
 But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office : I know not if't be true ;
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well ;
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man : Let me see now ;
 To get his place, and to plume up my will ;
 A double knavery,—How ? how ?—Let me see :—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife :—
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected ; fram'd to make women false
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so ;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are.
 I have't,—it is engender'd :—Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Seaport Town in Cyprus. A Platform. Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.*

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea ?

1 Gent. Nothing at all . it is a high-wrought flood ;
 I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
 Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortise ? what shall we hear of this ?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet :
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,

The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds ;
 The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
 Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
 And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.*
 I never did like molestation view
 On th' enchain'd flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
 Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd ;
 It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords ! our wars are done ;
 The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
 That their designment halts : A noble ship of Venice
 Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
 On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How ! is this true ?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
 A Veronesé ; Michael Cassio,
 Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
 Is come on shore : the Moor himself's at sea,
 And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't ; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort,

Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
 And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
 With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray heaven he be ;
 For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
 Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho !
 As well to see the vessel that's come in,
 As throw out our eyes for brave Othello ;
 Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
 An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so ;
 For every minute is expectancy
 Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle
 That so approve the Moor ; O, let the heavens
 Give him defence against the elements,
 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea !

Mon. Is he well shipp'd ?

[5] Alluding to the star *Aretophylax*, which literally signifies the guard of the bear. STEEVENS.

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance ;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail !

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise ?

4 Gent. The town is empty ; on the brow o'the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy ;
Our friends, at least. [*Guns heard*]

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall.

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd ? [*E*]

Cas. Most fortunately : he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragon's description, and wild fame ;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now ? who has put in

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed :
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she ?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago ;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath ;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort !—O, behold,
Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.
The riches of the ship is come on shore !
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees :—
Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of heaven,

Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round !

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd ; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear ;—How lost you company ?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship : But, hark ! a sail.

[*Cry within; A sail, a sail! Then guns heard.*

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel ;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.—

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Good ancient, you are welcome ;—Welcome, mistress :

[*To EMILIA.*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners ; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesies. [*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much ;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep :

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on ; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries,⁶ devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fye upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk ;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st
praise me ?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't ;
For I am nothing, if not critical.⁷

Des. Come on, assay :—There's one gone to the harbour?

[8] When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity. JOHNS
[7] Critical, that is, censorious. JOHNSON.

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how would'st thou praise me ?

Iago. I am about it ; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all : But my muse labours,
And thus she is delivered.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd ! How if she be black and witty ?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish ?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair ;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh
i'the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her
that's foul and foolish ?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance !—thou praisest the worst best.
But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving wo-
man indeed ? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did
justly put on the vouch of very malice itself ?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud ;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay ;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may* ;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly ;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind ;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer !

[8] To put on the vouch of malice—is, to assume a character vouched by the testimony of malice itself. JOHNSON.

[9] To exchange a delicacy for a coarser fare. See *Q. Elizabeth's Household Book*, &c. "Item, the master cooks have to see all the salmon's tails," &c. STEEV.

[11] After enumerating the perfections of a woman, Iago adds, that if ever there was such a one as he had been describing she was at the best of no other use, than to suckle children, and keep the accounts of a household. The expressions, *to suckle fools and chronicle small beer*, are only instances of the want of natural

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee³ in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantship, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy!⁴ 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—*[Trumpet.]* The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello?

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:

affection, and the predominance of a critical censoriousness in Iago, of which he allows himself to be possessed. STEEVENS.

[3] *Profane*—gross of language. *Liberal*, for licentious. JOHNSON.

[5] *Gyve*—i. e. catch, shackle. POPE.

[4] *Spoken* when Cassio kisses his hand, and Desdemona courtsies. JOHNSON.

And this, and this, the greatest discords be, *[Kissing her.]*
That e'er our hearts shall make !

Iago. O, you are well-tun'd now !
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. *[Aside.]*

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
News, friends ; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle ?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :
Bring thou the master to the citadel ;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[Exe. OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come
thither. If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men,
being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more
than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night
watches on the court of guard.—First, I must tell thee
this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him ! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus,⁵ and let thy soul be instruct-
ed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the
Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies :
And will she love him still for prating ? let not thy dis-
creet heart think it. Her eye must be fed ; and what
delight shall she have to look on the devil ? When the
blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should
be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appe-
tite,—loveliness in favour ; sympathy in years, manners,
and beauties ; all which the Moor is defective in. Now,
for want of these required conveniences, her delicate
tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the
gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor ; very nature will in-
struct her in it, and compel her to some second choice.
Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and un-
forced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree
of this fortune, as Cassio does ? a knave very voluble ;
no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form

^[5] Lay thy finger thus—on thy mouth, to stop it while thou art listening to a wi-
ser man. JOHNSON.

of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisities in him, that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.⁶

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: If she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moot: Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutabilities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish! —But, sir, be you rul'd by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not; —I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;

[6] Qualities, disposition of mind.

That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit :
 The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
 Is of a constant, loving, noble nature ;
 And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
 A most dear husband. Now I do love her too ;
 Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
 I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
 But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leap'd into my seat : the thought whereof
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral,⁷ gnaw my inwards ;
 And nothing can or shall content my soul,
 Till I am even with him, wife for wife ;
 Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I cherish
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip ;⁸
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,⁹—
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too ;
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd ;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen,¹ till us'd. [E.]

SCENE II.—*A Street. Enter a Herald with a proclamation*
People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, imposing the mere² perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph ; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addition leads him ; for, besides these beneficial news, it the celebration of his nuptials : So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open ;³ a

[7] This is philosophical. Mineral poisons kill by corrosion. JOHNSON.

[8] A phrase from the art of wrestling. JOHNSON.

[9] Rank garb, I believe means, grossly, i. e. without mincing the matter. ST

[1] An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs ; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities and never knows his own purpose but at the time of execution. JOHNSON.

[2] Mere in this place signifies entire. STEEVENS.

[3] All rooms or places in the castle, at which refreshments are prepared, or ved out. So in *Macbeth* :

"Sent forth great largess to your officers."

STEEVENS.

there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello ! [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Hall in the Castle. Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night : Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do ; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest. Michael, good-night : To-morrow, with our earliest, Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ; [To DES. That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.— Good-night. [Exeunt OTH. DES. and Attendants. Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago : we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 'tis not yet ten o'clock : Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona ; whom let us not therefore blame ; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her : and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye ; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago ; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking : I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends ; but one cup : I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too,⁴ and, behold, what innovation it makes here : I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man ! 'tis a night of revels ; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they ?

Iago. Here at the door ; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't ; but it dislikes me. [Exit CASSIO.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
'To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep ; and he's to watch :
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements' of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle :—But here they come :
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO ; with him, MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.⁶

Mon. Good faith, a little one ; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho !

And let me the canakin clink, clink ; [Sings.]

And let me the canakin clink :

A soldier's a man ;

A life's but a span ;

Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys !

[Wine brought in.]

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting : your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho !—are nothing to your English.

[4] *Craftily qualified*—Silly mixed with water. JOHNSON.

[5] As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum* ; as quick in opposition as fire and water. JOHNSON.

[6] A *rouse* appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large. STEEVENS

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,⁷

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all to dear,

With that he call'd the tailor—lown.⁸

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride, that pulls the country down,

Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.]

Mon. To the platform, master's; come, let's set the watch.

[7] These stanzas are taken from an old song, which the reader will find recovered and preserved in a curious work lately printed, intitled—*Relicks of Ancient Poetry*, consisting of old heroic ballads, songs, &c. JOHNSON.

[8] Lown—sorry fellow, paltry wretch. JOHNSON.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before ;—
 He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
 And give direction : and do but see his vice ;
 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
 The one as long as the other : 'tis pity of him.
 I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
 On some odd time of his infirmity,
 Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep :
 He'll watch the horologe a double set,
 If drink rock not his cradle.⁹

Mon. It were well,
 The general were put in mind of it.
 Perhaps, he sees it not ; or his good nature
 Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
 And looks not on his evils ; Is not this true ?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo ? *[Aside.]*
 I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go. *[Exit Rod]*

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
 Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
 With one of an ingraft infirmity :¹
 It were an honest action, to say
 So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island :
 I do love Cassio well ; and would do much
 To cure him of this evil. But hark ! what noise ?
[Cry within,—Help ! help !]

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal !

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant ?

Cas. A knave !—teach me my duty !
 I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.²

Rod. Beat me !

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue ? *[Striking RODERIGO.]*

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant ; *[Staying him]*
 I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
 Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

[9] If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours. JOHNSON.

[1] An infirmity rooted, settled in his constitution. JOHNSON.

[2] A twiggen bottle is a wickered bottle. STEEVENS.

Cas. Drunk!

[*They fight.*]

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

[*Aside to Rod. who goes out.*]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed! [*Bell rings.*]

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant! hold;

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' death.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

[*men,—*]

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,—sir, Montano,—gentle—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,

(As if some planet had unwitted men)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds;

And 'would in action glorious I had lost

These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger ;
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
 While I spare speech, which something now offends me ;—
 Of all that I do know : nor know I aught
 By me that's said or done amiss this night,
 Unless self-charity be sometime a vice ;
 And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
 When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
 My blood begins my safer guides to rue ;
 And passion, having my best judgment collied,³
 Assays to lead the way : If I once stir,
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul route began, who set it on ;
 And he that is approv'd in this offence,⁴
 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall lose me.—What ! in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,
 In night, and on the court and guard of safety !
 'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it ?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
 Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
 Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near :
 I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
 Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
 Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
 Montano and myself being in speech,
 There comes a fellow, crying out for help ;
 And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
 To execute upon him : Sir, this gentleman
 Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause ;
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
 Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)
 The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose ; and I return'd the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath ; which, till to-night,
 I ne'er might say before : When I came back,

[3] To *colly*—anciently signified to besmut, to blacken with coal. Othello means that passion has discoloured his judgment. STEEVENS.

[4] He that is convicted by proof of having been engaged in this offence. STEEVENS.

(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report :—

But men are men; the best sometimes forget :—

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—

As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—

Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,

From him that fled, some strange indignity,

Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,

Making it light to Cassio :—Cassio, I love thee ;

But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up ;—

I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear ?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting : Come away to bed.

—Sir, for your hurts,

Myself will be your surgeon : Lead him off.

[To MONTANO, who is led off.]

Iago, look with care about the town ;

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

—Come, Desdemona ; 'tis the soldier's life,

To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound ; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving : You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man ! there are ways to recover the general again : You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice ; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion : sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough. How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It has pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she

[5] A phrase signifying to act foolishly and childishly.

is requested : This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter ; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

[*ness.*

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kind-

Cas. I think it freely ; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me : I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good-night, lieutenant ; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good-night, honest Iago.

[*Exit CASSIO.*

Iago. And what's he then, that says,—I play the villain ? When this advice is free, I give, and honest, Probab⁶ to thinking, and (indeed) the course To win the Moor again ? For 'tis most easy 'The inclining⁷ Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit ; she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements.⁸ And then for her To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,— His soul is so enfetter'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain, To counsel Cassio to this parallel course.⁹ Directly to his good ? Divinity of hell ! When devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shows, As I do now : For while this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,— That she repeals him for her body's lust ; And, by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch ; And out of her own goodness make the net, That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo ?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound

[6] Thus the old editions. There may be such a contraction of the word *probable*, but I have not met with it. STEEVENS.

[7] Inclining here signifies compliant. MALONE.

[8] Liberal, bountiful as the elements, out of which all things are produced.

[9] A course level, and even with his design.

JOHNSON.

that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent ; I have been to-night exceedingly well cud-gelled ; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains : and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience !—
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees ?
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft ;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well ? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio :
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe.¹
Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning ;
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :
Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :
Nay, get thee gone. [*Ex. Rod.*] Two things are to
be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;
I'll set her on ;
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife :—Ay, that's the way ;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle. Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.*

Cas. MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief ; and bid—good-morrow, general. [*Music.*]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i'the nose thus ?

1 Mus. How, sir, how !

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments ?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

[1] Of many different things, all planned with the same art, and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Every thing cannot be done at once ; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to despair of slow events any more than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits grow fair against the sun. JOHNSON.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir ?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you : and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again : but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away : Go ; vanish into air ; away. [*Exe. Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend ?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee : if the gentlewoman, that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech : Wilt thou do this ?

Clo. She is stirring, sir ; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then ?

Cas. Why, no ; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife : my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently ;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.*

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant : I am sorry
For your displeasure ; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it ;
And she speaks for you stoutly : The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity ; and that, in wholesome wisdom, [you ;
He might not but refuse you : but, he protests, he loves

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the saf'st occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in ;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle. Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;
And, by him, do my duties to the state :
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't ?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Before the Castle. Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do. I know it grieves my husband.
As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you : You do love my lord :
You have known him long ; and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,

My general will forget my love and service.'

Des. Do not doubt that ; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place : assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;
I'll watch him tame,⁴ and talk him out of patience ;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit : Therefore be merry, Cassio :
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, well,
Do your discretion.

[*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. Ha ! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say ?

Iago. Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife ?

Iago. Cassio, my lord ? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord ?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure

Oth. Who is't, you mean ?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take ;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face :
I pr'ythee, call him back.

[3] He may either of himself think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my re-admission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten. JOHNSON.

[4] It is said that the ferocity of beasts, insupportable and irreclaimable by any other means, is subdued by keeping them from sleep. JOHNSON.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Des. Ay, sooth ; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me ;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper ?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home ;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night ; or Tuesday morn ;
Or Tuesday noon, or night ; or Wednesday morn ;—
I pray thee, name the time ; but let it not
Exceed three days : in faith, he's penitent ;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples⁵
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check : When shall he come ?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you ; and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do
To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he will ;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon ;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm ;
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person : Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing :
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you ? No : Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona : I will come to thee
straight.

[5] The severity of military discipline must not spare the best men of the army, when their punishment may afford a wholesome example. JOHNSON.

Des. Emilia, come :—Be it as your fancies teach you ;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. *[Exit, with EMIL.]*

Oth. Excellent wretch !⁶ Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,

*Chaos is come again.*⁷

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love ?

Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask ?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought ;

No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed ?

Oth. Indeed ! ay, indeed :—Discern'st thou aught in
that ?

Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my lord ?

Oth. Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know

Oth. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord ?

Oth. Think, my lord !

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something ;

I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'st not that,

When Cassio left my wife ; What didst not like ?

And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed ?*

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit : If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

[6] The meaning of the word *wretch* is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. Othello considering Desdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, soft and timorous by her sex, and by her situation absolutely in his power, calls her, *excellent wretch !* It may be expressed,
Dear, harmless, helpless excellence. JOHNSON.

[7] When my love is for a moment suspended by suspicion, I have nothing in my mind but discord, tumult, perturbation and confusion. JOHNSON.

There is another meaning possible: *When I cease to love thee, the world is at an end ; i. e. there remains nothing valuable or important.* STEEVENS.

He means I think, to say, and ere I cease to love thee, the world itself shall be reduced to its primitive chaos. MALONE.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost ;

And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then,

I think that Cassio is an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this :

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me ;

Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful.⁸

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—

Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses ; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly coniects,
You'd take no notice ; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance :—

[8] *Leet* (says Jacob, in his Law Dictionary) is otherwise called a *law-day*. The poet's meaning appears plainly to be: Who has a breast so little apt to form his opinions of others, but that foul suspicion will sometimes mix with his fairest and most candid thoughts, and erect a court in his mind, to inquire of the offences apprehended. STEEVENS.

It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean ?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

Oth. O misery !

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;
But riches, fineless,⁹ is as poor as winter,¹
To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ? No : to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd : Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,²
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;
For she had eyes, and chose me : No, Iago ;
I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;

[9] Unbounded, endless, unnumbered treasures.

JOHNSON.

[1] Finely expressed : winter producing no fruits.

WARBURTON.

[2] *Exsufflicate* I think is used in the sense of swollen, and appears to have been formed from *sufflatus*.

MALONE.

And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this ; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me :—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure :
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd ; look to't :
I know our country's disposition well ;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
'They dare not show their husbands ; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,³
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then ;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak,⁴—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft :—But I am much to blame ;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love ;—But, I do see you are mov'd :—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues,⁵ nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

[3] This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those, who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act, by which kindness is sought, puts an end to confidence. The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another ; and those who have shown, that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue. JOHNSON.

[4] *Close as oak*, means *close as the grain of the oak*. To seel a hawk, is to sew up his eyelids. STEEVENS.

5] Issues, for conclusions.

WARBURTON.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend :—
My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd :—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point :—As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree ;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :
Foh ! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,⁶
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me ; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her : though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell :

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;
Set on thy wife to observe : Leave me, *Iago*.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.]

Oth. Why did I marry ? This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time :
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means :
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment?
With any strong or vehement opportunity ;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And know's all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings : If I do prove her haggard,⁸

[6] *Will*, is for wilfulness. It is so used by Ascham. A rank will is self-will overgrown and exuberant. JOHNSON.

[7] Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office.

JOHNSON.

[8] A haggard hawk is a wild hawk, a hawk irreclaimable.

JOHNSON.

Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,⁹
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
 To prey at fortune.¹ Haply, for I am black;
 And have not those softs parts of conversation
 That chamberers have: or, for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
 She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
 Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
 For other's uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
 Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
 When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
 I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
 Your dinner, and the generous islanders
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin² is too little;

[He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.]
 Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt OTH. and DESD.]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
 My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token,
 (For he conjur'd her, she would ever keep it,)
 That she reserves it evermore about her,

[9] *Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist. HANMER.

[1] The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was let down the wind, and from that time shifted for herself, and preyed at fortune. JOHNSON.

[2] Ray says, that a pocket handkerchief is so called about Sheffield in Yorkshire. STEVENS.

To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,³
 And give it Iago :
 What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I ;
 Nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now ! what do you here alone ?

Emil. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me ?—It is a common thing.

Emil. Ha !

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all ? what will you give me now
 For that same handkerchief ?

Iago. What handkerchief ?

Emil. What handkerchief ?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;
 That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her ?

Emil. No, faith ; she let it drop by negligence ;
 And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
 Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench ; give it me.

[earnest

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been so
 To have me filch it ?

Iago. Why, what's that to you ? [Snatching it.

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
 Give it me again : Poor lady ! she'll run mad,
 When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't : I have use for it.
 Go, leave me.

[Exit EMILIA.

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
 And let him find it : Trifles, light as air,
 Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
 The Moor already changes with my poison :—
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
 Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste ;
 But, with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so :—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora,⁴

[3] That is copied. Her first thoughts are to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona. But the sudden coming in of Iago, in a merry humour, makes her alter her resolution, to please him. The same phrase occurs between Cassio and Bianca, sc. iv. BLACKSTONE.

[4] The mandragoras or mandrake has a soporific quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. STEEVENS.

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha ! ha ! false to me ?

To me ?

Iago. Why, how now, general ? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt ! begone ! thou hast set me on the rack :—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord ?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust ?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me .
I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all,⁵ had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known : O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind ! Farewell content !
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner ; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
And O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

Iago. Is it possible ?—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore ;
Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ; [*Taking him by*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul, *the throat.*
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see it ; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on : or, woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,

[5] That is, the most abject and vilest of the camp. Pioneers were generally de-graded soldiers, appointed to the office of pioneer, as a punishment for misconduct.

Never pray more : abandon all remorse ;
 On horror's head horrors accumulate :
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
 Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O heaven defend me !
 Are you a man ? have you a soul, or sense ?—
 God be wi' you ; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
 That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice !—
 O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
 I thank you for this profit ; and, from hence,
 I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay :—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise ; for honesty's a fool,
 And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
 I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not ;
 I'll have some proof : Her name, that was as fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
 As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
 I'll not endure it.—'Would, I were satisfied !

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :
 I do repent me, that I put it to you.
 You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ? nay, I will.

Iago. And may : But, how ? how satisfied, my lord ?
 Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on ?
 Behold her tupp'd ?

Oth. Death and damnation ! O !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
 To bring them to that prospect : Damn them then,
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
 More than their own ! What then ? how then ?
 What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ?
 It is impossible, you should see this,
 Were they as prime as goats,⁶ as hot as monkeys,
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
 As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
 If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

[6] *Prime* is prompt, from the Celtic or British *prim*.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office :

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;
One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—*O, sweet creature !* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips : then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd ; and then
Cry'd,—*Cursed fate ! that gave thee to the Moor !*

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion ;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done ;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one ; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that : but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives ;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago ;
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven :
'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,†

[†] *Hearted throne*, is the heart on which thou wast enthroned. So in *Twelfth Night*

"It gives a very echo to the seat,
"Where love is thron'd." MALONE.

To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues !

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood !

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and to the Hellespont ;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneels.
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [Kneels.

Witness, you ever-burning lights above !
You elements that clip us round about !
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service ! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.*

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't :
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ; 'tis done, at your request :
But, let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The same. Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies ?

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man ?

[8] Iago devotes himself to wronged Othello, and says, *Let him command whatever bloody business, and in me it shall be an act, not of cruelty, but of tenderness to obey him ; not of malice to others, but of tenderness for him.* JOHNSON.

Clown. He is a soldier ; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to ; where lodges he ?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clown. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report ?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him ; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither : tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit ; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *[Exit.]*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia ?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzadoes. And, but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who, he ? I think, the sun, where he was born, Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord ?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady :—*[Aside.]* O, hardness to dissemble !—

How do you, Desdemona ?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand : This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart ;— Hot, hot, and moist : This hand of yours requires A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, Much castigation, exercise devout ; For here's a young and sweating devil here, That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand, A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ; For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand : The hearts of old, gave hands ;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck ?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me ;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault :

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people : she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies : She, dying, gave it me ;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so : and take heed of't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;
To lose or giv't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible ?

Oth. 'Tis true : there's magic in the web of it :
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work :
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;
And it was died in mummy,⁹ which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed ! is't true ?

Oth. Most veritable ; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

Oth. Is't lost ? is't gone ? speak, is it out of the way ?

Des. Heaven bless us !

[9] The balsamic liquor running from mummies was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic virtues. We are now wise enough to know, that the qualities ascribed to it are all imaginary ; and yet this fanciful medicine still holds a place in the principal shops where drugs are sold. STEEVENS.

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost ; But what an if it were ?

Oth. Ha !

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now ;
This is a trick, to put me from my suit ;
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief : my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come ;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love ;
Shar'd dangers with you ;——

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. In sooth,

You are to blame.

Oth. Away !

[Exit OTHELLO.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous ?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief :
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man :
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you ! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way ; 'tis she must do't ;
And, lo, the happiness ! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio ? what's the news with you ?

Cas. Madam, my former suit : I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Entirely honour ; I would not be delay'd :
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again ;
But to know so must be my benefit ;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content ;
And shut myself up in some other course,

To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune ;
My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.¹
So help me, every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best ;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,²
For my free speech ! You must a while be patient :
What I can do, I will ; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare : let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry ?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother ;—And can he be angry ?
Something of moment, then : I will go meet him ;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*]

Des. I pry'thee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,—
Either from Venice ; or some unhatch'd practice,³
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit : and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so ;
For let our finger ache,
And it endues our other healthful members
Even to that sense of pain.⁴ Nay, we must think,
Men are not gods ;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.⁵—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am,)⁶
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state-matters, as you think ;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day ! I never gave him cause.

[1] In favour—in look, in countenance.

[3] Some treason that has not taken effect.

[4] I believe it should be rather, *Subdues* our other healthful members to a sense of pain. JOHNSON. [5] That is, the nuptial feast. A Saxon word. STEEVENS.

[6] Unhandsome warrior—unfair assailant.

[2] Within the shot of his anger. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so ;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous : 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind !

Emil. Lady, amen !

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout :
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship. [*Exe. DESD. and*

Enter BIANCA.

[*EMIL.*

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio !

Cas. What make you from home ?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?

I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What ! keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?

Eight score eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times ?

O weary reckoning !

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca ;

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd ;

But I shall, in a more continue time,⁷

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her DESDEMONA's handkerchief.*

Take me this work out.⁸

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this ?

This is some token from a newer friend.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause :

Is it come to this ? Well, well.

Cas. Woman, go to !

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous now,

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance :

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it ?

Cas. I know not, sweet : I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well ; ere it be demanded,

(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied :

Take it, and do't ; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you ! wherefore ?

Cas. I do attend here on the general ;

[⁷] Time less interrupted, time which I can call more my own.

JOHNSON.

[⁸] The meaning is not, Pick out the work and leave the ground plain ; but Copy this work in another handkerchief.

JOHNSON.

And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you ?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little ;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here : but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good ; I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.*

Iago. WILL you think so ?

Oth. Think so, Iago ?

Iago. What,
To kiss in private ?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm ?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm ?
It is hypocrisy against the devil :
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip :
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then ?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord ; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too ;
May she give that ?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen ;
They have it very oft, that have it not :
But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it :—
Thou saidst,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that ?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong ?
Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab——

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iago. He hath, my lord ; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What ? what ?

Iago. Lie——

Oth. With her ?

Iago. With her, on her ; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her ! lie on her !—We say, lie on her,
when they belie her : Lie with her ! that's fulsome.—
Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess,
and be hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and
then to confess :—I tremble at it. Nature would not in-
vest herself in such shadowing passion, without some in-
struction. It is not words, that shake me thus :—Pish !—
Noses, ears, and lips :—Is it possible ?—Confess !—Hand-
kerchief !—O devil !——

[Falls in a trance.]

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are caught
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho ! my lord !

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say ! Othello !—How now, Cassio ?

Cas. What is the matter ?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy ;
This is his second fit ; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear :

The lethargy must have his quiet course :
If not, he foams at mouth ; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs :
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight ; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.

[Exit Cas.]

—How is it, general ? have you not hurt your head ?

Oth. Dost thou mock me ?

Iago. I mock you ! no, by heaven :
'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it ?

Iago. Good sir, be a man ;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you : there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,¹
Which they dare swear peculiar ; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know ;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise ; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart ;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.²
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief,
(A passion most unsuited such a man,)
Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy ;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,³
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face ;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife ;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago ?

I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
But (dost thou hear ?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss ;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[*OTHELLO withdraws.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one ;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain

[1] *Unproper* for common. WARBURTON.

[2] *List, or lists, is barriers, bounds.* Keep your temper, says Iago, within the bounds of patience. COLLINS.

[3] *Hide yourself* in a private place. JOHNSON.

From the excess of laughter :—Here he comes :—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
And his unbookish jealousy⁴ must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant ?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*]
How quickly should you speed ?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff !

Oth. Look, how he laughs already ! [*Aside.*]

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue ! I think, I'faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [*Aside.*]

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio ?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er : Go to ; well said, well said. [*Aside.*]

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her :

Do you intend it ?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha !

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman ? do you triumph ?⁵ [*Aside.*]

Cas. I marry her !—what ? a customer !⁶ I pr'ythee,
bear some charity to my wit ; do not think it so unwholesome.
Ha, ha, ha !

Oth. So, so, so, so : They laugh that win. [*Aside.*]

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me ? Well. [*Aside.*]

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out : she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery,
not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me ; now he begins the story. [*Aside.*]

Cas. She was here even now ; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians ; and thither comes this bauble ; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck ;—

[4] *Unbookish*, for ignorant.

WARBURTON.

[5] Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph*, which was a Roman ceremony, brought Roman into his thoughts. *What*, says he, you are now triumphing as great as a Roman.

JOHNSON.

[6] A common woman, one that invites custom.

STEEVENS.

[7] Have you made my reckoning ? have you settled the term of my life. See illustrations.

JOHNSON.

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were : his gesture imports it. *[Aside*

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me ; so haies, and pulls me ; ha, ha, ha !—

Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.— *[Aside.*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me ! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew !⁸ marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me ?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you ! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now ? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work ?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there ! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work ? There,—give it your hobby-horse : wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca ? how now ? how now ?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief ! *[Asi.*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may : an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. *[Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there ?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you ; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come ; Will you ?

Iago. Go to ; say no more. *[Exit CASSIO.*

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago ?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice ?

Oth. O, Iago !

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

Iago. Yours, by this hand : and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife ! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing :—
A fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

[8] *Fitchew*, a pole-cat. So in *King Lear* :

"The *fitchew*, nor the soiled horse," &c.

A pole-cat was anciently one of the cant terms for a strumpet.

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned tonight ; for she shall not live : No, my heart is turned to stone ; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature : she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her ! I do but say what she is :—so delicate with her needle !—An admirable musician ! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear !—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention !—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times :—And then, of so gentle a condition !

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain : But yet the pity of it, Iago !—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago !

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend ; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes :—Cuckold me !

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer !

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago ; this night :—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again :—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good : the justice of it pleases ; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker : You shall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same ?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke : and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general !

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a packet.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the packet, and reads*]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior ;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you : How does lieutenant Cassio ?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord an unkind breach : but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that ?

Des. My lord ?

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—* [Reads]

Lod. He did not call ; he's busy in the paper.

Des. there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio ?

Des. A most unhappy one ; I would do much to atone them,⁹ for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Are you wise ?

Des. What, is he angry ?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him ; or, as I think, they do command him home, reputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed ?

Des. My lord ?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello ?

Oth. Devil !

[Striking her.]

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice, though I should swear I saw it : 'Tis very much ; take her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil !

that the earth could teem with woman's tears, each drop she falls would prove a crocodile :—out of my sight !

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

[Going.]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady :—do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,—

Des. My lord ?

Oth. What would you with her, sir ?

Lod. Who, I, my lord ?

Oth. Ay ; you did wish, that I would make her turn : or, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,

[9] *Atone them*—make them one ; reconcile them. The expression is formed by : condescence of the word *at one*, the verb to *set*, or some equivalent being omitted. Thus in the *Acts* : “—he showed himself to them as they strove, and would *ve set them at one again*.” And in *The Beehive of the Romish Church* : “—through which God is made *at one* with us, and hath forgiven us our *sins*.” HENLEY.

And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;
 And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
 Very obedient ;—Proceed you in your tears.—
 Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion !—
 I am commanded home :—Get you away ;
 I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
 And will return to Venice ;—Hence, avaunt ! [*Ex. DESD.*
 Cassio shall have my place.' And,—sir, to-night,
 I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkies ! [*Ex.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
 Call—all-in-all sufficient ?—this the noble nature
 Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid virtue
 The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
 Could neither graze, nor pierce ?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe ? is he not light of brain ?

Iago. He is that he is ; I may not breathe my censure.
 What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
 I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife !

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well ; Yet 'would I knew,
 That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use ?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
 And new-create this fault ?

Iago. Alas, alas !

It is not honesty in me, to speak
 What I have seen and known. You shall observe him ;
 And his own courses will denote him so,
 That I may save my speech : Do but go after,
 And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle. Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then ?

Emil. Nor ever heard ; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm ; and then I heard
 Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

[1] Perhaps this is addressed to Desdemona, who had just expressed her joy on hearing Cassio was deputed in the room of her husband. Her innocent satisfaction in the hope of returning to her native place, is construed by Othello, into the pleasure she received from the advancement of his rival. STEEVENS.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,
Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch hath put this in your head,

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !

For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither :—go.

[*Exit EMIL*]

She says enough ;—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets ;
And yet she'll kneel, and pray ; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will ?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your eyes ;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ?

Oth. [*To EMIL.*] Some of your function, mistress ;

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;

Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come :

Your mystery, your mystery ;—nay, despatch. [*Ex. EMIL.*]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import ?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?

Des. Your wife, my lord ; your true

And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double-damn'd,

Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord ? with whom ? How am I false ?

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the hand of Scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;²
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!³

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee.—'Would, thou hadst ne'er
been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

[2] That is, *treasured up*; the *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined.

[3] At such an object do thou, *Patience*, thyself *change colour*; at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub*, as thou art, *look as grim as hell*. JOHNSON.

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it : What committed !
Impudent strumpet !

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet ?

Des. No, as I am a christian :

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore ?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible ?

Des. O, heaven forgive us !

Oth. I cry you mercy, then ;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell ; You ! you ! ay, you !
We have done our course ; there's money for your pains ;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive ?—
How do you, madam ? how do you, my good lady ?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord ?

Des. With who ?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam ?

Des. Who is thy lord ?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none : Do not talk to me, Emilia ;
I cannot weep ; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding-sheets,—remember ;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed ! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse ?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ? How is it with
you ?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks :

He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady ?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore ; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.⁴

Iago. Why did he so ?

Des. I do not know ; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep : Alas the day !

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore ? Would it not make one weep ?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it !

How comes this trick upon him ?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander ; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fye, there is no such man ; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him !

Emil. A halter pardon him ! and hell gnaw his bones .
Why should he call her, whore ? who keeps her company ?
What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow : —
O, heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold ;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west !

Iago. Speak within door.⁵

Emil. O, fye upon him ! Some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,⁶
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

[4] *Callet* is a lewd woman : so called, says Dr. Gray, from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. STEVENS.

[5] Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house. JOHNSON.

[6] That is, *inside out*. JOHNSON.

Des. O, good Iago,
 What shall I do to win my lord again ?
 Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,
 I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :—
 If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
 Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed ;
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form ;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will,—though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore ;
 It does abhor me now I speak the word.
 To do the act that might the addition earn,
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content ; 'tis but his humour ;
 The business of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [Trumpets.]
 Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !
 And the great messengers of Venice stay :
 Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.

[Exe. DESD. and EMILIA.]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo ?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago ;
 and rather (as it seems to me now,) keep'st from me all
 convenience, than suppliest me with the least advantage
 of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it. Nor am
 I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have
 foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much ; for your words,
 and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out
 of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to
 deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a vo-

tarist : You have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance ; but I find none.

Iago. Well ; go to ; very well.

Rod. Very well ! go to ! I cannot go to, man ; nor 'tis not very well : By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy ; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona : If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee ; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo : Thou hast taken against me a most just exception ; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared ; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it : if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it ? is it within reason, and compass ?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true ? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no ; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident ; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him ?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place ; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do ?

Iago. Ay ; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him ;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune : if

will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to
out between twelve and one,) you may take him at
r pleasure ; I will be near to second your attempt,
he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at
out go along with me ; I will show you such a neces-
in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to
it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night
ws to waste : about it.

Lod. I will hear further reason for this.

ago. You shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Other Room in the Castle. Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO,
DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me ; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night ; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir ?—O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant ; I will be returned
thwith : dismiss your attendant there ; look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord. [*Exe. OTH. LOD. and Attend.*]

Emil. How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent ;

hath commanded me to go to bed,

d bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me !

Des. It was his bidding ; therefore, good Emilia,

re me my nightly wearing, and adieu :

e must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him !

Des. So would not I ; my love doth so approve him,

at even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—

pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one.—Good father ! how foolish are our minds !

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me

one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara ;

she was in love ; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,

and did forsake her : she had a song of—willow,

here be women do abuse their husbands
in gross kind ?

I. There be some such, no question.

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

I. Why, would not you ?

No, by this heavenly light !

I. Nor I neither by this heavenly light ;
I do't as well i'the dark.

Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world ?

I. The world is a huge thing : 'Tis a great price
for small vice.

Good troth, I think thou would'st not.

I. By my troth, I think I should ; and undo't,
I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing
joint-ring ; nor for measures of lawn, nor for
petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition :
for the whole world,—Why, who would not make
his husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch ? I
venture purgatory for't.

Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the
world.

I. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world ; and,
the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own
and you might quickly make it right.

I do not think there is any such woman.

I. Yes, a dozen ; and as many
advantage, as would store the world they play'd for.
I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
which do fall : Say, that they slack their duties,
and our treasures into foreign laps ;
or break out in peevish jealousies,
imposing restraint upon us ; or, say, they strike us,
without our former having in despite ;
or we have galls ; and, though we have some grace,
yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know,
that wives have sense like them ; they see, and smell,
and have their palates both for sweet and sour,
as husbands have. What is it that they do,
which they change us for others ? Is it sport ?
No, it is ; And doth affection breed it ?
No, it doth ; Is't frailty, that thus errs ?
No, it is too : And have not we affections ?
No, for sport ? and frailty, as men have ?
No, let them use us well : else, let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night. Heaven me such usage send,

Not to pick bad from bad ; but, by bad, mend ! *[Exe.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street. Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.*

Iago. HERE, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he come.

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;
Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy sword.
[Retires to a little distance.]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed ;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons :—
'Tis but a man gone :—Forth, my sword ; he dies.

[Goes to his stand.]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat^a almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona ;
It must not be : if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril :
No, he must die :—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he ;—Villain, thou diest.

[Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at CASSIO.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st ;

[8] A quat, in the midland counties, is a pimple, which by rubbing is made to smart, or is rubbed to sense. Roderigo is called a quat by the same mode of speech, as a low fellow is now termed, in low language, a scab. To rub to the sense, is to rub to the quick. JOHNSON.

I will make proof of thine. [*Draws and wounds Rod.*

Rod. O, I am slain! [*IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exits.*

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder!
[*Falls*

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark; 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace:—Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[*Exit*

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder!
murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night:¹
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and
weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries out
murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

[9] No passengers? Nobody going by? JOHNSON.

[1] A thick cloudy night, in which an ambush may be laid.

JOHNSON.

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To LOD. and GRA.*]

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain! [*Iago stabs Rod.*]

Rod. O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!—

! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i'the dark!—Where be these bloody
thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; here's Cassio hurt
By villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—

Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to
seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas ! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo ? no :—Yes, sure ; O heaven ! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice ?

Iago. Even he, sir ; did you know him ?

Gra. Know him ? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano ? I cry you gentle pardon ;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio ?—O, a chair, a chair !

Gra. Roderigo !

Iago. He, he, 'tis he :—O, that's well said ;—the chair.

[*A chair brought in.*]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence ;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress, [*To BIA.*]
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend : What malice was between you ?

Cas. None in the world ; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To BIAN.*] What, look you pale ?—O, bear him
out o'the air.— [*CASSIO and ROD. borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen :—Look you pale, mistress ?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye ?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon :—

Behold her well ; I pray you, look upon her ;

Do you see, gentlemen ? Nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter ; what's the matter,
husband ?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd ;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night :—
What, do you shake at that ?

Bian. He supp'd at my house ; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so ? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fye, fye upon thee, strumpet !

Bian. I am no strumpet ; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I ? foh ! fye upon thee !

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd ;

—Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night,

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber : DESDEMONA in bed asleep. A light burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
 It is the cause.* Yet I'll not shed her blood ;
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster. [*Takes off his sword.*
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and then put out the light :
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me :—but once put out thine,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat,
 That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It needs must wither :—I'll smell it on the tree.—
 O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade [*Kissing her.*
 Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after :—one more, and this the last :
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears : This sorrow's heavenly ;
 It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there ? Othello ?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to-bed, my lord ?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by :

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;
No,—Heaven forefend !—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing ?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, Heaven

Have mercy on me !

Oth. Amen, with all my heart !

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph !

Des. And yet I fear you ; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so : Why I should fear, I know not
Since guiltiness I know not ; but yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame :

These are portents ; but yet, I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still !

Des. I will so. What's the matter ?

Oth. That handkerchief which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul ;
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury ; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently :

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me !

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too !—I never did
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love ; I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice :⁴

I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;

I never gave it him :—Send for him hither,

And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He'll not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas ! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to my face ?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet !

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

Emil. [*within.*] My lord, my lord ! What ho ! my lord !
my lord !

Oth. What noise is this ?—not dead ! not yet quite dead ?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful ;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

Emil. [*within.*] What ho ! my lord, my lord !

Oth. Who's there ?

Emil. O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes ;—'tis Emilia :—by and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death ;

The noise was high.—Ha ! no more moving ?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in ? Were't good ?

I think, she stirs again :—No.—What's the best ?

[4] This line is difficult. *Thou hast hardened my heart, and maketh me kill thee with the rage of a murderer, when I thought to have sacrificed thee to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim.*—I am glad that I have ended my review of this dreadful scene, it is not to be endured. JOHNSON.

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife :
My wife ! my wife ! what wife ?—I have no wife :
O, insupportable ! O heavy hour !
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon ; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*within.*] I do beseech you I may speak with you,
O, good my lord !

Oth. I had forgot thee : O, come in, Emilia :—
Soft,—by and by :—Let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou ? What's the matter with thee now ?

[*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What ? now ?

Emil. But now, my lord !

Oth. It is the very error of the moon ;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd !
And Cassio kill'd ?

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd ? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd !

Emil. Alas ! what cry is that ?

Oth. That ! what ?

Emil. Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice :—
Help ! help, ho ! help !—O lady, speak again !
Sweet Desdemona ! O, sweet mistress, speak !

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed ?

Des. Nobody ; I myself ; farewell :
Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell.

[*Dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd ?

Emil. Alas, who knows ?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so ; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell ;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil !

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false ; O, she was heavenly true !

Oth. Cassio did tup her ; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity ; Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband ?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock ?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband ?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first ;

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband ?

Oth. What needs this iterance, woman ? I say, thy husband.

Emil. O mistress ! villany hath made mocks with love !

—My husband say, that she was false ?

Oth. He, woman ;

I say, thy husband ; Do'st understand the word ?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha !

Emil. Do thy worst :

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,

Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,

As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !

As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed,—

I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives :—Help ! help ho ! help !

floor has kill'd my mistress ; Murder ! murder !

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

i. What is the matter !—How now, general ?

il. O, are you come, Iago ? you have done well, men must lay their murders on your neck.

i. What is the matter ?

il. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :

ys, thou told'st him that his wife was false :

v, thou did'st not, thou'rt not such a villain ;

, for my heart is full.

i. I told him what I thought ; and told no more what he found himself was apt and true.

il. But did you ever tell him, she was false ?

i. I did.

il. You told a lie ; an odious, damned lie ;

my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie :—

lse with Cassio !—Did you say with Cassio ?

i. With Cassio, mistress ; Go to, charm your tongue.

il. I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound to speak ;

istress here lies murder'd in her bed.

O heavens forefend !

il. And your reports have set the murder on.

Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true, indeed.

. 'Tis a strange truth.

i. O monstrous act !

il. Villany, villany, villany !

upon't,—I think,—I smell't ;—O villany !

ght so then ;—I'll kill myself for grief.—

ny, villany !

i. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

il. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak ;

roper I obey him, but not now :—

ance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

O ! O ! O !

[Hanging over his wife.]

il. Nay, lay thee down, and roar ;

ou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

er did lift up eye.

O, she was foul !—

[Rising.]

re did know you, uncle : There lies your niece,

breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd :

r, this act shows horrible and grim.

. Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father's dead ;

atch was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain : did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful : but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed ; Cassio confess'd it :
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand ;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out ;—I hold my peace, sir ? no :
No, I will speak as liberal as the air ;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his wife.*]

Gra. Fye !

Your sword upon a woman ?

Emil. O thou dull Moor ! That handkerchief thou
speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband ;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore !

Emil. She give it Cassio ! no, alas ; I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not ; I do not, gentlemen :
O murd'rous coxcomb ! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife ? [*Iago stabs EMIL. then runs out.*]

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder ?—Precious villain !

Gra. The woman falls ; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay ; O, lay me by my mistress' side !

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mont. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor :
Come, guard the door without ; let him not pass,
But kill him rather ; I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave. [Exit MON. and GRA.]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every whipster gets my sword :—
But why should honour outlive honesty ?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady ?
Hark, can'st thou hear me ? I will play the swan,
And die in music ;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste ; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor ;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [Dies.]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper ;²—
O, here it is :—Uncle, I must come forth.

? m Gra. [within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear ;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

anv Gra. What is the matter ?

Oth. Behold ! I have a weapon ;
A better never did itself sustain
the Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop :—But, O vain boast
Who can control his fate ? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear :
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires ;—Where should Othello go ?—
Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starr'd wench !
u Pale as thy smock ? when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl ?
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave !—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight !
Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !—

[9] See Illustrations, Vol. X.

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?

Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a chair,*
and *Officers, with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable;
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,

[1] To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven. JOHNSON.

Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain ;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in, and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff !—

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's ?

Cas. I found it in my chamber :
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool ! fool ! fool !

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
That I was cast : And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us ;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his : You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state :—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it ;
No more of that :—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean,³ threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdu'd eyes
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum : Set you down this :
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,

[3] See Illustrations, Vol. X.

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus.

[Stabs himself.]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that's spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee ;—No way but this,

[Falling upon DESDEMONA.]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[Dies.]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !

Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;

[To IAGO.]

This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;—

Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;

The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it !

Myself will straight aboard ; and, to the state,

This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[Exeunt.]

PERICLES,
PRINCE OF TYRE.

1600, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the folio edition of Shakespeare's plays ; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was printed not by Blount, but by Henry Gosson ; who had anticipated the other, by getting a hasty transcript of a playhouse copy. There is, I believe, no play of Shakespeare's, perhaps I might say in the English language, so correct as this. The most corrupt of Shakespeare's dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself ; metre is seldom attended to ; verse is frequently as prose, and the grossest errors abound in almost every page. I mention these circumstances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more notice of this drama than would have been justifiable. If copies of it now extant had been less disfigured by negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the first edition in 1609, which have been carefully preserved and augmented in all the subsequent impressions, all arose from its having been frequently exhibited on stage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the new mired play of PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE* ; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular romance. M^A

This play is so uncommonly corrupted by the printers &c. that it does not so much seem to want illustra-

me. In the latter I urged such arguments as then appeared to me to have weight, to prove that it was the entire work of Shakespeare, and one of his earliest compositions. Mr. Steevens on the other hand maintained, that it was originally the production of some elder playwright, and afterwards improved by our poet, whose hand was acknowledged to be visible in many scenes throughout the play. On a review of the various arguments which each of us produced in favour of his own hypothesis, I am now convinced that the theory of Mr. Steevens was right, and have no difficulty in acknowledging my own to be erroneous.

This play was entered on the Stationers' books, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a bookseller of eminence, and one of the publishers of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works. It was printed with his name in the title-page, in his life-time ; but this circumstance proves nothing ; because by the knavery of booksellers other pieces were also ascribed to him in his life-time, of which he indubitably wrote not a line. Nor is it necessary to urge in support of its genuineness, that at a subsequent period it was ascribed to him by several dramatic writers. I wish not to rely on any circumstance of that kind ; because in all questions of this nature, internal evidence is the best that can be produced, and to every person intimately acquainted with our poet's writings, must in the present case be decisive. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in his undisputed plays, some of the incidents, the situation of many of the persons, and in various places the colour of the style, all these combine to set the seal of Shakespeare on the play before us, and furnish us with internal and irresistible proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him. The greater part of the three last acts may, I think, on this ground be safely ascribed to him ; and his hand may be traced occasionally in the other two divisions.

To alter, new-model, and improve the unsuccessful dramas of preceding writers, was, I believe, much more common in the time of Shakespeare than is generally supposed. This piece having been thus new-modelled by our poet, and enriched with many happy strokes from his pen, is unquestionably entitled to that place among his works which it has now obtained.

MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *king of Antioch.*

PERICLES, *prince of Tyre.*

HELICANES, } *two lords of Tyre.*

ESCANES,

SIMONIDES, *king of Pentapolis.¹*

CLEON, *governor of Tharsus.*

LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mitylene.*

CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus.*

THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch.*

PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon.*

LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza. Marshall*

A Pandar, and his Wife.

BOULT, *their servant.*

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.

DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*

THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*

MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*

DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishmen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various countries.

[1] This is an imaginary city, and its name might have been borrowed from romance. STEEVENS.

1

2

PERICLES



PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Drawn by B. K. Carter

Engraved by P. M. M. M. M. M.

PERICLES.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER. Before the Palace of Antioch

TO sing a song of old was sung,¹
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales ;²
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives :
'Purpose to make men glorious ;
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This city then, Antioch the great
Built up for his chiefest seat ;
The fairest in all Syria ;
(I tell you what mine authors say :)
'This king unto him took a pheere,³
Who died and left a female heir,

1] I do not know that *old* is by any author used adverbially. We might read :
To sing a song of old was sung,——

. that of old, &c.

but the poet is so licentious in the language which he has attributed to Gower
this piece, that I have not ventured to make any change. MALONE.

2] I. e. says Dr. Farmer, by whom this emendation was made, *church-ales*.
MALONE.

3] This word, which is frequently used by our old poets, signifies a mate or com-
panion. The old copies have—*peer*. MALONE.

So buxom, blithe, and full of face,⁴
 As heaven had lent her all his grace ;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke :
 Bad father ! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By custom, what they did begin,
 Was, with long use, account no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 — Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow :
 Which to prevent, he made a law,
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)
 — That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life :
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify.⁵
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I.

*Antioch. A Room in the Palace. Enter ANTIOCHUS,
 PERICLES, and Attendants.*

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
 The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [Music.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
 For the embracements even of Jove himself ;
 At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,
 To knit in her their best perfections.

[4] Completely, exuberantly beautiful. A full fortune, in *Othello*, means a complete, a large one. MALONE.

[5] Gower must be supposed here to point to the heads of those unfortunate wights, which were fixed on the gate of the palace at Antioch. MALONE.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!⁶
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever rais'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.⁷
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,——

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.⁸
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare

[6] She comes (says Pericles) adorned with all the colours of the spring; the Graces are proud to enroll themselves among her subjects; and the king, (i. e. the chief) of every virtue that ennobles humanity, impregnates her mind:

*Graces her subjects, in her thoughts the king
Of every virtue, &c.*

In short she has no superior in beauty, yet still she is herself under the dominion of virtue. STEEVENS.

[7] This is a bold expression:——*testy wrath* could not well be a mild companion to any one; but by *her mild companion*, Shakespeare means the companion of her mildness. M. MASON.

[8] *Thy whole heap*, thy body, must suffer for the offence of a part, thine eye. The word *bulk* like *heap* in the present passage, was used for body by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. MALONE.

This body, like to them, to what I must :⁹
 For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us, life's but breath ; to trust it, error.
 I'll make my will then ; and as sick men do,
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did ;
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
 And all good men, as every prince should do ;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came ;
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.]

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
 Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then ;
 Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
 As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous !
 In all, save that, I wish thee happiness !

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
 Nor ask advice of any other thought
 But faithfulness and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
 On mother's flesh, which did me breed :
 I sought a husband, in which labour,
 I found that kindness in a father.
 He's father, son, and husband mild,
 I mother, wife, and yet his child.
 How they may be, and yet in two,
 As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last : but O you powers !
 That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
 Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?
 —Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill :
 But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt,
 For he's no man on whom perfections wait,

[9] That is,—to prepare this body for that state to which I must come. MALONE.

That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
 You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings ;
 Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
 Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken ;
 But, being play'd upon before your time,
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime :
 Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
 For that's an article within our law,
 As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd ;
 Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;
 'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
 He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown ;
 For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,¹
 Blows dust in others eyes, to spread itself ;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear :
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
 Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is wrong'd
 By man's oppression ; and the poor worm doth die for't.
 Kings are earth's gods : in vice their law's their will ;
 And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill ?
 It is enough you know ; and it is fit,
 What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
 All love the womb that their first beings bred,
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head ! he has found the
 meaning ;—
 But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,
 Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
 Your exposition misinterpreting,
 We might proceed to cancel of your days ;

[1] That is, which blows dust, &c. The man who knows of the ill practices of princes, is unwise if he reveals what he knows ; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes.—When the blast is over, the eye that has been affected by the dust, suffers no farther pain, but can see as clearly as before ; so by the relation of criminal acts, the eyes of mankind (though they are affected, and turn away with horror, are opened, and see clearly what before was not even suspected : but by exposing the crimes of others, the relater suffers himself ; as the breeze passes away, so the breath of the informer is gone ; he dies for his temerity. Yet, to stop the course or ventilation of the air, would hurt the eyes ; and to prevent informers from divulging the crimes of men would be prejudicial to mankind. Such, I think, is the meaning of this obscure passage. MALONE.

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :
 Forty days longer we do respite you ;
 If, by which time our secret be undone,
 This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son :
 And, until then, your entertain shall be,
 As doth besit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exe. ANTIOCHUS, his Daughter, and Attendants.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin !
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight,
 If it be true that I interpret false,
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
 Where now you're both a father and a son,²
 By your utimely claspings with your child,
 (Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father ;)
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
 By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
 Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.³
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin.
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which
 mean
 To have his head.
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner :
 And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.

[2] *Where* in this place has the power of *whereas*.

STEEVENS.

[3] The expression is here, as in many other places in this play, elliptical ;
dom sees, that those who do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night,
 shun any course in order to preserve them from being made public. MAL.

Who attends on us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy :

And for your faithfulness we will advance you.

Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold ;

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him ;

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,

Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

Thal. My lord,

'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough ;

Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mes. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit Mes.*]

Ant. As thou

Wilt live, fly after : and, as an arrow, shot

From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark

His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,

Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I

Can get him once within my pistol's length,

I'll make him sure : so farewell to your highness. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Thaliard, adieu ! till Pericles be dead,

My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*Tyre. A Room in the Palace. Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS,
and other Lords.*

Per. Let none disturb us : Why this charge of thoughts ?

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,

By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,

In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,

(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet !

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,

Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here :

Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,

Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,

That have their first conception by mis-dread,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
 And what was first but fear what might be done,
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
 And so with me ;—the great Antiochus
 ('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;
 Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
 If he suspect I may dishonour him :
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known ;
 With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;
 Our men be vanquish'd, e'er they do resist,
 And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence ;
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,
 (Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
 Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
 And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
 Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience
 tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him :
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
 To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing ;
 Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
 Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
 When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life :
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares o'erlook
 What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
 And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
 Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence

They have their nourishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself ;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise ;
Sit down, sit down ; thou art no flatterer :
I thank thee for it ; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid !
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do ?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus ;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then : I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder ;
The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest ;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth : but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector ; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous ; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years :
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him ;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence :
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,

Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came ;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any ; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ;

But should he wrong my liberties in absence——

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, nor ask thine oath ;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both :
But in our orbs, we'll live so round and safe,
'That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.⁴

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace. Enter THALIARD.*

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles ; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home : 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being

[4] This sentiment is not much unlike that of Falstaff: "I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life ; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince."

o ask what he would of the king, desired he might
 none of his secrets.⁴ Now do I see he had some
 on for it : for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is
 id by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush,
 come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
 ther to question of your king's departure.

seal'd commission, left in trust with me,

and speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Hel. How ! the king gone !

[Aside.

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,

as it were, unlicens'd of your loves,

would depart, I'll give some light unto you.

ing at Antioch——

Hel. What from Antioch ?

[Aside.

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,) *]*

ask some displeasure at him ; at least he judg'd so :

doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,

show his sorrow, would correct himself ;

puts himself unto the shipman's toil,

in whom each minute threatens life or death.

Hel. Well, I perceive

[Aside.

all not be hang'd now, although I would ;⁶

since he's gone, the king it sure must please,

scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—

I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre !

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Hel. From him I come

and message unto princely Pericles ;

since my landing, as I have understood

your lord has took himself to unknown travels,

my message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since

intended to our master, not to us :

Who this wise fellow was, may be known from the following passage in Bar-
 rishe's *Souldier's Wishe to Britons Welfare*, 1604, p. 27 : "I will therefore com-
 mend the poet *Philisides*, who being demeaned by King *Listimachus*, what favour
 ght doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answer to the King, that
 majestie would never impart unto me any of your secrets." STEEVENS.

So, *Autolycus*, in *The Winter's Tale* : "If I had a mind to be honest, I see,
 ne would not suffer me; she drops bounties into my mouth." MALONE.

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [Exit

SCENE IV.

*Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's House. Enter CLEO
DIONYZA, and Attendants.*

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of other's griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
'Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)
For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jett'd and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our chang
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,

[7] To jet is to strut, to walk proudly. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "Contemplant
a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!"

Were all too little to content and please,
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
 As houses are defil'd for want of use,
 They are now starv'd for want of exercise :
 Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it ;
 Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,⁹
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life :
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
 Is not this true ?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
 And her prosperities so largely taste,
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears !¹
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs. •

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor ?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
 For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
 A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
 That may succeed as his inheritor ;²
 And so in ours : some neighbouring nation,
 Taking advantage of our misery,
 Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,

[9] I would read—*nurse*. A fondling is still called a *nursling*. STEEVENS.

[1] A kindred thought is found in *King Lear* :

“ ——— Take physic, pomp !

“ Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

“ That thou may'st shake the superflux to them, ;

“ And show the heavens more just.” MALONE.

[2] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ ——— sorrows never come as single spies,

“ But in battalions.” STEEVENS.

Again, *ibidem*,

“ One woe doth tread upon another's heels,

“ So fast they follow.” MALONE.

To beat us down, the which are down already ;
 And make a conquest of unhappy me,
 Whereas no glory's got to overcome.³

Lord. That's the least fear ; for, by the semblance
 Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
 And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,
 Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.⁴
 But bring they what they will, what need we fear ?
 The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.
 Go tell their general, we attend him here,
 To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
 And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[*Exit*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist ;⁵
 If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
 Let not our ships and number of our men,
 Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
 We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
 And seen the desolation of your streets :
 Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
 But to relieve them of their heavy load ;
 And these our ships you happily may think
 Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
 With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
 Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
 And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you !
 And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise ;
 We do not look for reverence, but for love,
 And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,

[3] *Whereas*, it has been already observed, was anciently used for *where*.

MALONE.

[4] Perhaps we should read—*him who is*, and regulate the metre as follows :

Thou speak'st

Like him who is untutor'd to repeat, &c.

The sense is—*Deceived by the pacific appearance of this navy, you talk like one, who has never learned the common adage, "that the fairest outsiders are most to be suspected."*

STEEVENS.

[5] If he stands on peace. A Latin sense.

MALONE.

Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
 The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !
 Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept ; feast here a while,
 Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
 is child, I wis, to incest bring ;
 A better prince, and benign lord,
 Prove awful both in deed and word.
 Be quiet then, as men should be,
 Till he hath pass'd necessity.
 I'll show you those in troubles reign,
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
 The good in conversation
 (To whom I give my benizon,)
 Is still at Tharsus, where each man
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can :⁶
 And, to remember what he does,
 Gild his statue glorious :
 But tidings to the contrary
 Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?

Dumb show. *Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON ; all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES ; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON ; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.*

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
 Not to eat honey, like a drone,
 From others' labours ; forth he strive
 To killen bad, keep good alive ;

[6] *Thinks all is writ he spoken can* : Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were holy writ. "As true as the gospel," is still common language.

And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
 And hid intent, to murder him ;
 And that in Tharsus was not best
 Longer for him to make his rest :
 He knowing so, put forth to seas,
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease ;
 For now the wind begins to blow ;
 Thunder above, and deeps below,
 Makes such unquiet, that the ship
 Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split ;
 And he, good prince, having all lost,
 By waves from coast to coast is tost ;
 All perishen of man, of pelf,
 Ne aught escapen but himself ;⁷
 Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad :
 And here he comes : what shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower ; this long's the text.⁸ [Exit

SCENE I.

Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea Side. Enter PERICLES wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven !
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember earthly man
 Is but a substance that must yield to you ;
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you ;
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
 And having thrown him from your watry grave,
 Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

[7] Our ancestors had a plural number in their tenses which is now lost out of the language ; e. g. in the present tense,

I escape	We escapen
Thou escapest	Ye escapen
He escapeth	They escapen.

But it did not, I believe, extend to the preter-imperfects, otherwise than thus : They *didde* [for *did*] escape. PERCY.

[8] The meaning of this may be—*Excuse old Gower from telling you what follows*
The very text to it has proved of too considerable length already. STEEVENS.

Enter Three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche !

2 *Fish.* Ho ! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What Patch-breech, I say !

3 *Fish.* What say you, master ?

1 *Fish.* Look thou stirrest now ! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled ?⁹ they say, they are half fish, half flesh : a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land ; the great ones eat up the little ones : I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale ; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man ?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too. and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides ?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men ;
And from their watry empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect !—

[9] Captain Cook, in his second voyage to the South Sea, mentions the playing of porpuises round the ship as a certain sign of a violent gale of wind. M. MASON.

Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.'

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast——

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

1 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all: for if all your

[1] The preceding speech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fisherman. Either somewhat is omitted that cannot now be supplied, or the whole passage is obscured by more than common depravation. It should seem that the prince had made some remark on the badness of the day. Perhaps the dialogue originally ran thus:

"Per. Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;"

"The day is rough and thwarts your occupation."

"2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be not a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it." STEEVENS.

beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exeunt two of the Fishermen.]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects He gains the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires, I'd wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.³

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 Fish. Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself: And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,) Keep it my Pericles, it hath been a shield

[3] Things must be (says the speaker) as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt.—Thus far the passage is clear. The Fisherman may then be supposed to begin a new sentence—His wife's soul—but here he is interrupted by his comrades. He might otherwise have proceeded to say—The good will of a wife indeed is one of the things which is difficult of attainment. A husband is in the right to strive for it, but after all his pains may fail to secure it.—I wish his brother fishermen had called off his attention before he had time to utter his last three words. STEEVENS.

'*Twixt me and death ; (and pointed to this brace ;)*³
For that it sav'd me, keep it ; in like necessity,
Which God protect thee from ! it may defend thee.
 It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it ;
 Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
 Took it in rage, though calm'd, they give't again :
 I thank thee for't ; my shipwreck's now no ill,
 Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir ?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
 For it was sometime target to a king ;
 I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
 And for his sake, I wish the having of it ;
 And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
 Where with't I may appear a gentleman ;
 And if that ever my low fortunes better,
 I'll pay your bounties ; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady ?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee
 good on't !

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 'twas we that
 made up this garment through the rough seams of the
 waters : there are certain condolences, certain vails. I
 hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence
 you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel.
 And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
 This jewel holds his bidding on my arm ;
 Unto thy value will I mount myself
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
 Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
 Of a pair of bases.⁴

2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide ; thou shalt have my best

[3] The brace is the armour for the arm. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

"I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 "And in my vant-brace put this wither'd brawn."

Avant bras. Fr.

STEEVENS.

[4] *Bases*, signified the housings of a horse, and may be used in that sense here.

MALONE.

It may be remarked, that Richardson in his notes on *Paradise Lost*, has the following explanation :—"Bases, from *Bas*, (Fr.) they fall low to the ground ; they are also called the housing, from *Housse*, bedaggl'd." STEEVENS.

own to make thee a pair ; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a gail to my will ;
'his day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

The same. A public Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c. Enter SIMONIDES, THAISIA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph ?

1-Lord. They are, my liege ;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready ; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so ; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself :
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.⁶

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.
Enter a Knight ; he passes over the Stage, and his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself ?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun ;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes.*

Who is the second, that presents himself ?

[5] A triumph, in the language of Shakespeare's time, signified any public show, such as a *Mask*, or *Revel*, &c. Thus, in *King Richard II.*:

" ——— hold those justs and triumphs ?"
gain, in *King Henry VI.*

" With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows."

STEEVENS.

[6] The idea of this scene appears to have been caught from the *Iliad*, Book III. where Helen describes the Grecian leaders to her father-in-law, Priam.

STEEVENS.

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;
 And the device he bears upon his shield
 Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady :
 The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que por fuerça.*⁷

[*The third Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the third ?

Thai. The third of Antioch ;
 And his device, a wreath of chivalry :
 The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*

[*The fourth Knight passes.*]

Sim. What is the fourth ?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down ;
 The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows, that beauty hath his power and
 will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds ;
 Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried :
 The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight
 himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

Thai. He seems a stranger ; but his present is
 A wither'd branch, that's only green at top ;
 The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral ;
 From the dejected state wherein he is,
 He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward
 show

Can any way speak in his just commend :
 For, by his rusty outside, he appears
 To have practis'd more the whipstock, than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
 To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
 Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

[7] That is, more by sweetness than by force. The author should have written *Mos per dulçura*, &c. *Piu* in Italian signifies more : but, I believe, there is no such Spanish word. MALONE.

[8] That is, the carter's whip. STEEVENS.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
 The outward habit by the inward man.⁹
 But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
 Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*
[Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.

SCENE III.

*The same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared. Enter
 SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.*

Sim. Knights,
 To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
 To place upon the volume of your deeds,
 As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
 Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
 Since every worth in show commends itself.
 Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
 You are my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
 To whom this wreath of victory I give,
 And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
 And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
 In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
 To make some good, but others to exceed;
 And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'the feast,
 (For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:
 Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love.
 For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
 That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
 Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
 These cates resist me, she not thought upon.¹

[9] That is, that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit.

MALONE.

[1] If this speech belongs to Pericles, he must mean to say, that when he ceases

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat !
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but
A country gentleman ;
He has done no more than other knights have done ;
Broken a staff, or so ; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was ;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy ;
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light ;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights ?

1 Knight. Who can be other, in this royal presence

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while ;
Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa ?

Thai. What is it
To me, my father ?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter ;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them : and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.²

to think of his mistress, his stomach fails him. As displeasing sensations are to diminish appetite, so pleasant ideas may be supposed to increase it.

MAL
[2] The sense appears to be this.—When kings, like insects, lie dead be our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the power acting bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have

Therefore to make's entrance more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.³

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold ;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How !

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
[*Aside.*

Sim. And further, tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles ;
My education being in arts and arms ;)—
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was, by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace ; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.

I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads ;⁴
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.

ed. The worthless monarch, and the idle gnat, have only lived to make an empty bluster ; and when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it :—a natural reflection on the death of an unserviceable prince, who having dispensed no blessings, can hope for no better character. STEEVENS.

[3] A standing-bowl was a bowl resting on a foot.

STEEVENS.

[4] I. e. the loud noise made by the clashing of their armour.

MALONE.

Come, sir ;
 Here is a lady that wants breathing too ;
 And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
 Are excellent in making ladies trip ;
 And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be denied

[*The Knights and Ladies dance*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp ;
 Thanks, gentlemen, to all ; all have done well,
 But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights conduct
 These knights unto their several lodgings :—Yours, sir,
 We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
 For that's the mark I know you level at :
 Therefore each one betake him to his rest ;
 To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

Tyre. *A Room in the Governor's House. Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.*

Hel. No, no, my Escanes ; know this of me,—
 Antiochus from incest liv'd not free ;
 For which, the most high gods not minding longer
 To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
 Due to this heinous capital offence ;
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
 When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
 In a chariot of inestimable value,
 A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
 Their bodies, even to loathing ; for they so stunk,
 That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just ; for though
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard
 To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter Three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
 Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me then : Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me ? and welcome : Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what ? wrong not the prince your love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane ;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out ;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there ;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election. [censure :⁴

2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane !

Hel. Try honour's cause ; forbear your suffrages :
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear choice i'the absence of your king ;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth ;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield ;
And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands ;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [Exeunt.

[5] i. e. the most probable in our opinion. Censure is thus used in *King Richard III.* "To give your censures in this weighty business." STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace. Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter, the Knights meet him.

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,⁶
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take our
leaves. [*Exeunt.*]

Sim. So

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night: my ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think, sir, of
My daughter?

[6] It were to be wished that Simonides (who is represented as a blameless character) had hit on some more ingenious expedient for the dissimulation of these wooers. Here he tells them as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own.

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not ?

Per. As a fair day in summer ; wond'rous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you ;

Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be ; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here !

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre ?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life.

[*Aside.*

O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter,⁷ and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence ;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor !

Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.

Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the king,)

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[*Aside.*

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.⁸

I came unto your court, for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state ;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No !—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue

[7] So, Brabantio, addressing himself to Othello :

"Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her."

STEEVENS.

[8] So, in *Hamlet* :

"That has no relish of salvation in't."

Again, in *Macbeth* :

"So well thy words become thee as thy wounds ;

"They smack of honour both."

MALONE.

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you ?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,

Who takes offence at that, would make me glad ?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory ?

I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame ;
I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent, bestow

Your love and your affections on a stranger ?

(Who, for ought I know to the contrary,

Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*J*]

Hear, therefore, mistress ; frame your will to mine,

And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,

Or I will make you—man and wife.—

Nay, come ; your hands and lips must seal it too.

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy ;—

And for a further grief,—God give you joy !

What, are you both pleas'd ?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed ?

Both. Yes, 'please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*E.*]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole ;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.⁹
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded ;—Be attent,

[9] So, in *Cymbeline* :

"The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense

"Repairs itself by rest."

MALONE.

And time that is so briefly spent,
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche ;¹
 What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show. Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES ; the Lords kneel to the former.² Then enter THAISA with child, and Lychorida. SIMONIDES shows his Daughter the letter ; she rejoices : she and PERICLES take leave of her Father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch,³
 Of Pericles the careful search
 By the four opposing coignes,⁴
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made, with all due diligence,
 That horse, and sail, and high expence,
 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
 (Fame answering the most strong inquire,)
 To the court of king Simonides
 Are letters brought, the tenour these :
 Antiochus and his daughter's dead ;
 The men of Tyrus, on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none :
 The mutiny there he hastes t'appease ;
 Says to them, if king Pericles
 Come not, in twice six moons, home,
 He obedient to their doom,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis

[1] So in the Chorus to *King Henry V.* (first folio):

"-----still be kind,

"And eche out our performance with your mind."

MALONE.

[2] The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him. MALONE.

[3] *Dearn* signifies lonely, solitary. A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half. STEEVENS.

[4] By the four opposite corner-stones that unite and bind together the great fabric of the world. The word is again used in *Macbeth* :

"-----No jutting, frieze,

"Bustress, or coigne of vantage, but this bird

"Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle."

In the passage before us, the author seems to have considered the world as a stupendous edifice artificially constructed. To seek a man in every corner of the globe, is still common language. MALONE.

Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps 'gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king :
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing ?
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :
 His queen with child makes her desire
 (Which who shall cross ?) along to go ;
 (Omit we all their dole and woe ;) *Lychorida*, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut ; but fortune's mood
 Varies again ; the grizzled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth
 That, as a duck for life that dives
 So up and down the poor ship drives,
 The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near !
 Doth fall in travail with her fear :
 And what ensues in this fell storm,
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.
 I will relate, action may
 Conveniently the rest convey :
 Which might not what by me is told.
 In your imagination hold
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-tost prince appears to speak.

[Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a Ship at Sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou, that hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having call'd them from the deep ! O still thy deaf'ning,
 Thy dreadful thunders ; gently quench thy nimble
 Sulphureous flashes !—O how, *Lychorida*,
 How does my queen ?—Thou storm, thou ! venomously
 Wilt thou spit all thyself ?—The seaman's whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard.—*Lychorida* !—*Lucina*, O
 Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs

Of my queen's travails !—Now, Lychorida——

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing

Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit, would die as I am like to do.

Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How ! how, Lychorida !

Lyc. Patience, good sir ; do not assist the storm.⁵

Here's all that is left living of your queen,—

A little daughter ; for the sake of it,

Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods !

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away ? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with yourselves.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life !

For a more blust'rous birth had never babe :

Quiet and gentle thy conditions !

For thou'rt the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy, what follows
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,

As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb : even at the first,

Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,⁶

With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it !

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir ? God save you.

Per. Courage enough : I do not fear the flaw ;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there ; thou wilt not, wilt thou ?
Blow, and split thyself.

[5] Our author uses the same expression, on the same occasion, in *The Tempest* : "You mar our labour ;—keep your cabins ; you do assist the storm." MALONE.

[6] I. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is used for gate or entrance in one of Shakespeare's historical plays. STEEVENS.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow
kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard ; the sea works
high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be
cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir ; with us at sea it still hath been
observed ; and we are strong in earnest. Therefore
briefly yield her ; for she must overboard straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen !

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear ;
No light, no fire : the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze ;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,⁷
Lying with simple shells. *Lychorida,*
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels ; and bid Nicander
Bring me the sattin coffer : lay the babe
Upon the pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her ; suddenly, woman.

[*Exit Lychorida.*]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this ?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre.⁸ When canst thou reach it ?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus : there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner ;
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

[7] Instead of a monument erected above thy bones, and perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head. STEEVENS.

[8] Change thy course, which is now for Tyre, and go to Tharsus.

SCENE II.

Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House. Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho !

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call ?

*Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men ;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.*

*Serv. I have been in many ; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.⁹*

*Cer. Your master will be dead, ere you return ;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [To PHILEMON.*

*[Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who
had been shipwrecked.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow, sir.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

*Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early ?*

*1 Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake ;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple ; pure surprize and fear
Made me to quit the house.*

2 Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early ;

[9] So, in *Macbeth* :

"Threescore and ten I can remember well ;
"Within the volume of which time I have seen
"Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this sore night
"Hath trifled former knowings."

Again, in *King Lear* :

"-----Since I was man,
"Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
"Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
"Remember to have heard."

Again, in *Julius Caesar* :

"I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
"Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
"The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
"To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds ;
"But never till to-night, never till now,
"Did I go through a tempest dropping fire."

MALONE.

L 2

'Tis not our husbandry.'

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, ha
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning¹ were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice,) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals stones ;²
And I can speak of the distur³ances
That nature works, and of her cures ; which give
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never——

Enter two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. So ; lift there.

Cer. What is that ?

Serv. Sir, even now,

[1] *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence. So, in *King Henry 4*

"For our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,"

"Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*."

See also *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iii.

MALONE.

[2] *Cunning* means here, *knowledge*.

MALONE.

So, in *Jeremiah*, ix. 17: "Send for cunning women that they may come."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"Sirrah, go hire me twenty *cunning* cooks."

STEEVEN

[3] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

"In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities."

STEE

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest ;
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look on it.

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight ;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.*

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd !—
Did the sea cast it up ?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open ;
Soft, soft !—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril ; so,—up with it.
O you most potent God ! what's here ? a corse !

1 Gent. Most strange !

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state ; balm'd and entrea-
sur'd

With bags of spices full ! A passport too !

Apollo, perfect me i'the characters ! [*Unfolds a scroll.*

Here I give to understand,

[*Reads.*

(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying,

She was the daughter of a king :

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity !

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe !—This chanc'd to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night ;
For look, how fresh she looks !—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within ;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

[4] This singular expression is again applied by our author to the sea, in *The Tempest*.

" You are three men of sin, whom destiny
" (That hath to instrument this lower world,
" And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
" Hath caused to belch up !"

MALONE.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.

Well said, well said ; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.⁴
'The vial once more ;—How thou stirr'st, thou block ?—
The music there.—I pray you give her air :—
Gentlemen,

This queen will live : nature awakes ; a warmth
Breathes out of her ; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again !

1 *Gent.* The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive ; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;⁶
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be ! *[She moves]*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I ? Where's my lord ? What world is this ?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange ?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours ;
Lend me your hands : to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen ; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come ;
And Æsculapius guide us !

[Exeunt, carrying THAISA away]

[5] Paulina in like manner in *The Winter's Tale*, when she pretends to bring Her-
mione to life, orders music to be played, to awake her from her trance. So also
the Physician in *King Lear*, when the King is about to wake from the sleep he has
fallen into, after his frenzy :

" Please you draw near ;—Louders the music there !" MALONE.

[6] So, in *The Tempest* :

" The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
" And say what thou seest yond ?" MALONE

SCENE III.

Tharsus. A Room in CLEON'S House. Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone ;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness ! The gods
Make up the rest upon you !

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.⁷

Dion. O your sweet queen !
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her
hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes !

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care ; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord :
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty :
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation !

Per. I believe you ;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,

[7] The sense of the passage should seem to be as follows.—All the malice of fortune is not confined to yourself. Though her arrows strike deeply at you, yet wandering from their mark, they sometimes glance on us ; as at present, when the uncertain state of Tyre deprives us of your company at Tharsus. STEEVENS.

Though I show will in't.* So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'the
shore ;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune,⁹ and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace

Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears :

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House. Enter CERIMON
and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer : which are now
At your command. Know you the character ?

Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time ; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say : But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.¹

[8] "Though I appear wilful and perverse by such conduct." MALONE.

[9] Insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile :

"Subdola pellacis ridet clementia ponti." *Lucretius.* STEEVENS.

[1] Until you die. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"The date is out of such prolixity."

The expression of the text is again used by our author in *The rape of Lucrece* :

"An *expir'd* date, cancell'd, ere well begun."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"——— and *expire* the term

"Of a despised life."

MALONE.

Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all ;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,
Welcom'd to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephess,
To Dian there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters ; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder.² But alack !
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage fight ;³ this maid
Hight Philoten : and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be :
Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk⁴
With fingers, long, small, white as milk ;
Or when she would with sharp needl wound
The cambric, which she made more sound

[2] Such an education as rendered her the center and situation of general wonder. We still use the *heart* of oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land in much such another sense. Shakespeare in *Coriolanus* says, that one of his ladies is—"the *spire* and *top* of praise." STEEVENS.

[3] I. e. the combats of Venus ; or *night*, which needs no explanation.

"Let heroes in the dusty field delight,

"Those limbs were fashion'd for a softer fight."

Dryden's version of Ovid's *Epistle from Helen to Paris*.

STEEVENS.

[4] *Sleided* silk is untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *sley* or *slay*.

PERCY.

By hurting it; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records with moan; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her Mistress Dian;⁵ still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina:⁶ so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter,
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath⁷
 Prest for this blow.⁸ The unborn event
 I do commend to your content:
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme,
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.

[5] To vail is to bow, to do homage. The author seems to mean—*When she would compose supplicatory hymns to Diana, or verses expressive of her gratitude to Dionyza.*

We might indeed read—*Hail to her mistress Dian*; i. e. salute her in verse.

STEEVENS.

That *Dian*, i. e. *Diana*, is the true reading, may, I think, be inferred from a passage in *The Merchant of Venice*; which may at the same time perhaps afford the best comment on that before us:

"Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;
 "With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 "And draw her home wit' music."

Again, in *A midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"To be a barren sister all your life,
 "Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon."

MALONE.

[6] i. e. highly accomplished, perfect. MALONE.

[7] *Pregnant is ready*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,—"

MALONE.

[8] *Prest is ready*; pret. Fr. MALONE.

SCENE I.

Tharsus. An open Place near the Sea-shore. Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do it :
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
 Inflame too nicely ; nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.⁹ Here
 Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
 Thou art resolv'd ?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
 To strew thy green with flowers :¹ the yellows, blues,
 The purple violets, and marigolds,
 Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
 While summer days do last.² Ah me ! poor maid,
 Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
 This world to me is like a lasting storm,
 Whirring me from my friends.³

Dion. How now, Marina ! why do you keep alone ?
 How chance my daughter is not with you ? Do not
 Consume your blood with sorrowing : you have

[9] So, in *King Richard III* :

"O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous,—

"The fitter for the King of Heaven." STEEVENS.

[1] By the *green*, as Lord Charlemont suggests to me, was meant "the green turf
 with which the grave of Lychorida was covered."

Weed in old language meant garment. MALONE.

[2] So, in *Cymbeline* :

"——— with fairest flowers,

"While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,

"I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack

"The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor

"The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins, no, nor

"The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander

"Out-sweeten'd not thy breath." MALONE.

[3] A bird that flies with a quick motion, accompanied with noise, is said to *whirr*
 away. Thus, Pope :

"Now from the brake the *whirring* pheasant springs." MALONE.

A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
 With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
 Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it
 Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,
 Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;—
 Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
 I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
 I love the king your father, and yourself,
 With more than foreign heart.* We every day
 Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
 Our paragon to all reports,† thus blasted,
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
 Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
 That excellent complexion, which did steal
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
 I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
 But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
 Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
 Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
 What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam. [Exit Dion]
 Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
 But cry'd, *good seamen!* to the sailors, galling

[4] I. e. ere the sea mar your walk upon the shore by the coming of tide, walk there with Leonine. We see plainly by the circumstance of the that Marina, when seized upon, was walking on the sea-shore; and she was not likely to reflect that there is little or no tide in the Mediterranean.

CHARLES

[5] With the same warmth of affection as if I was his countrywoman.

MAI

[6] Our fair charge, whose beauty was once equal to all that fame said of in *Othello*:

“—He hath achiev'd a maid,
 “*That paragons description and wild fame.*”

MALON.

His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes ;
 And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
 That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
 Wash'd off a canvas-climber :? *Ha!* says one,
Wilt out? and, with a dropping industry,
 They skip from stem to stern : the boatswain whistles,
 The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this ?

Mar. It was when I was born :
 Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
 I grant it : Pray ; but be not tedious,
 For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
 To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me ?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd ?
 Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
 I never did her hurt in all my life ;
 I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
 To any living creature : believe me, la,
 I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly :
 I trod upon a worm against my will,
 But I wept for it. How have I offended,
 Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
 My life imply her danger ?

Leon. My commission
 Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
 You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
 You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
 When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :
 Good sooth, it show'd well in you ; do so now :
 Your lady seeks my life ; come you between,
 And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
 And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain !

[*LEONINE runs away.*]

[7] A canvas climber is one who climbs the mast, to furl, or unfurl, the canvas or sails. So, in *King Henry V.*

"—and in them behold

"Upon the *hempen-tackle* ship-boys climbing."

STEEVENS.

2 *Pirate*. A prize ! a prize !

3 *Pirate*. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates, with MARINA.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes ;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go :
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further ;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel. Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't.

Boul't. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly ; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do ; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true : 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boul't. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market ?

Bawd. What else, man ? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true ; they are too unwholesome o'conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boul't. Ay, she quickly pooped him ; she made him roast-meat for worms : but I'll go search the market. [*Exit.*]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched.⁸ Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boulton.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boulton. Come your ways. [*To MARINA.*—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boulton. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boulton, has she any qualities?

Boulton. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boulton?

Boulton. I cannot be baited one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her

[8] A *hatch* is a half-door, usually placed within a street-door, admitting people into the entry of a house, but preventing their access to its lower apartments, or its stair case. Thus says the Syracusan Dromio in *The Comedy of Errors*, to the Dromio of Ephesus: "Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the *hatch*."

When the top of a *hatch* was guarded by a row of pointed iron spikes, no person could reach over and undo its fastening, which was always withinside, and near its bottom.

This domestic portcullis perhaps was necessary to our ancient brothels. Secured within such a barrier, Mrs. Overdone could parley with her customers; refuse admittance to the shabby visitor, bargain with the rich gallant, defy the beadle, or keep the constable at bay.

From having been therefore her usual defence, the *hatch* at last became an unequivocal denotement of her trade; for though the *hatch* with a *flat top* was a constant attendant on butteries in great families, colleges, &c. the *hatch* with *spikes* on it was peculiar to our early houses of amorous entertainment.—Nay, as I am assured by Mr. Walsh, (a native of Ireland, and one of the compositors engaged on the present edition of Shakespeare,) the entries to the Royal, Halifax, and Dublin bagnios in the city of Dublin, still derive convenience or security from *hatches*, the *spikes* of which are unsurmountable. STEEVENS.

what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt PANDER, and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boul't, take you the marks of her ; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity ; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boul't. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow ! (He should have struck, not spoke ;) or that these pirates, (Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard thrown me, to seek my mother !

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one ?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well ; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What ! do you stop your ears ?

Mar. Are you a woman ?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman ?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling : I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me !

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boul't's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market ?

Boul't. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs ; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee, tell me, how dost thou find

the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would havearken'd to their father's testament. There was a Spawd's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i'the hams?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,——

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,⁹ as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways ; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep ;
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose !

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana ? Pray you,
will you go with us ? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. A Room in CLEON'S House. *Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.*

Dion. Why, are you foolish ? Can it be undone ?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon !

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed.¹ O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o'the earth,
I'the justice of compare ! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too !
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy feat : what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child ?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.²
She died by night ; I'll say so. Who can cross it ?
Unless you play the impious innocent,³

[9] Thunder is not supposed to have an effect on fish in general, but on eels only, which are roused by it from the mud, and are therefore more easily taken.

WHALLEY.

[1] So, in *Macbeth* :

⁴ Wake Duncan with this knocking :—*Ay, would thou could'st !*⁵
In *Pericles* as in *Macbeth*, the wife is more criminal than the husband, whose repentance follows immediately on the murder. STEEVENS.

[2] So King John, on receiving the account of Arthur's death :

"We cannot hold mortality's strong hand :—

"Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?

"Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?

"Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?"

MALONE

[3] She calls him an impious simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife.

An innocent was formerly a common appellation for an idiot.

MALONE.

And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
 Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
 Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
 The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
 And open this to Pericles. I do shame
 To think of what a noble strain you are,
 And of how cow'd a spirit.⁴

Cle. To such proceeding
 Who ever but his approbation added,
 Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
 From honourable courses.⁵

Dion. Be it so then :
 Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
 Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
 She did disdain my child, and stood between
 Her and her fortunes : No man would look on her,
 But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;
 Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
 Not worth the time of day.⁶ It pierc'd me thorough ;
 And though you call my course unnatural,
 You not your child well loving, yet I find,
 It greets me, as an enterprize of kindness,
 Perform'd to your sole daughter.

[4] So, in *Macbeth* :

"For it hath cow'd my better part of man." STEEVENS.

Lady Macbeth urges the same argument to persuade her husband to commit the murder of Duncan, that Dionyza here uses to induce Cleon to conceal that of Marina.

"-----art thou afraid
 "To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 "As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
 "Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 "And live a coward in thine own esteem?
 "Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
 "Like the poor cat i'the adage?"

Again, after the murder she exclaims:

"My hands are of your colour, but I shame
 "To wear a heart so white." MALONE.

[5] A passage in *King John* bears no very distant resemblance to the present:

"-----If thou didst but consent
 "To this most cruel act, do but despair,
 "And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
 "That ever spider twisted from her womb
 "Will serve to strangle thee." MALONE.

[6] A *malkin* is a coarse wench. A kitchen-malkin is mentioned in *Coriolanus*. *Not worth the time of day*, is, not worth a *good-day*, or *good-morrow*; undeserving the most common and usual salutation. STEEVENS.

Cle. Heavens forgive it.

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons.⁷

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;⁸
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;
Making, (to take your imagination,)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i'the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story.⁹ Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,

[7] In *King Henry VIII.* we meet with a similar allusion:

"Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!"

Again, in *King John*:

"Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,

"With ladies' faces, and fierce dragon's spleens!"

MALONE.

[8] Perhaps the meaning may be—"You are one of those who superstitiously appeal to the gods on every trifling and natural event. But whatever may be the meaning, swear to the gods, is a very awkward expression. M. MASON.

[9] So, in the Chorus to *The Winter's Tale*:

"-----I slide

"O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd

"Of that wide gap."

MALONE.

Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
 Old Helicanus' goes along behind.
 Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have
 brought
 This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought ;'
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
 Like motes and shadows see them move awhile ;
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

*umb Show. Enter, at one door, PERICLES with his Train;
 CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PE-
 RICLES the Tomb of MARINA ; whereat PERICLES makes
 lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty pas-
 sion departs. Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show !
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ;
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears over-
 show'r'd,
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
 The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on MARINA'S Monument.

*The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
 Who wither'd in her spring of year
 She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;
 Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'the earth:
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :
 Wherefore she does, (and swears she'll never stint,)
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint.*

1] Think that his pilot had the celerity of thought, so shall your thought keep
 is with his operations. STEEVENS.

2] Now be pleased to know. STEEVENS.

3] She'll never cease. MALONE.

No visor does become black villany,
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By lady fortune ; while our scenes display
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy service. Patience then,
 And think you now are all in Mitylen. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel. Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like ?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there ! did you ever dream of such a thing.

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses : Shall we go hear the vestals sing ?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous ; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

The same. A Room in the Brothel. Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fye, fye upon her ; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees ; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me !

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now ? How a dozen of virginities ?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour !

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so ; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs.—How now, wholesome iniquity ? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon ?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well ; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose ; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What, pr'ythee ?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk ;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature ?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you ;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave : a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. *[To MARINA, whom she takes aside.*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly ? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done ?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet ; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, PANDER, and BOULT.*]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade ?

Mar. What trade, sir ?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession ?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young ? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven ?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it ? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am ?

Mar. Who is my principal ?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman ; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now ;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this ? how's this ?—Some more ;—be sage.

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungente fortune
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physic,—O, that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i'the purer air !

Lys. I did not think

Thou could'st have spoke so well ; ne'er dream'd thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee :
Perséver still in that clear way, thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee !

Mar. The gods preserve you !

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent ; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue,⁴ and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold ; here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness ! If thou hear'st from me,
It shall be for thy good.

[*As* *LYSIMACHUS* is putting up his purse, *BOULT* enters.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper ! Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away !

[*Exit* *LYSIMACHUS*.

Boult. How's this ? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me ?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now ! what's the matter ?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress ; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable !

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

[4] This expression occurs in *The Tempest* :
"-----thy mother was
"A piece of virtue."

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever !

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman ; and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball ; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away ; use her at thy pleasure : crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods !

Bawd. She conjures : away with her.—Would she had never come within my doors !—Marry hang you !—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women-kind ? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays !

[*Exit Bawd.*]

Boult. Come, mistress ; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me ?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be ?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change :

Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel

That hither comes inquiring for his tib ;

To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear

Is liable ; thy very food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me ? go to the wars, would you ? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one ?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth ;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman ;
Any of these ways are better yet than this :
For that which thou professest, a baboon,
Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.
O that the gods would safely from this place
Deliver me ! Here, here is gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain aught by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not, but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of ?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee : if I can
place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women ?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them.
But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's
no going but by their consent ; therefore I will make them
acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall
find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what
I can ; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays :

Deep clerks she dumbs ;⁵ and with her neeld com-
poses⁶

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry ;

That even her art sisters the natural roses ;

Her inkle,⁷ silk, twin with the rubied cherry ;

[5] So, in a *Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

"Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

"To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;

"Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

"Make periods in the midst of sentences,

"Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,

"And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

"Not paying me a welcome."

These passages are compared only on account of the similarity of expression, the sentiments being very different. Theseus confounds those who address him by his superior dignity ; Marina silences the learned persons with whom she converses, by her literary superiority.

MALONE.

[6] *Neeld for needle.*

[7] *inkle*, as I am informed, anciently signified a particular kind of *crown* or *worsted* with which ladies worked flowers, &c.

STEEVENS.

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place ;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him
 lost ;

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells ; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep :^a from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies.
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expence ;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
 In your supposing once more put your sight ;
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark :
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
 Shall be discover'd ; please you, sit, and hark.

[Exit.

SCENE I.

On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it ; PERICLES within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel. Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge ; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus ? he can resolve you. *[To the Sailor of Mitylene.*

O, here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene.

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will ?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen ! my lord calls.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call ?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard ; I pray you,
 To greet them fairly.

[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.

[^a] The citizens vied with each other in celebrating the feast of Neptune.

Enter, from thence **LYSIMACHUS** *and* **Lords**; *the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to out-live the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir: [**PERICLES discovered.**] this was
a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:⁹

[9] So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Make battery to our ears with the loud music."

She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—*

Erit Lord, in the Barge of LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. Sure, all's effectless ; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it ;—
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the Barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.*¹

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one !
Is't not a goodly presence ?²

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient :

[1] It may seem strange that a fable should have been chosen to form a drama upon, in which the greater part of the business of the last Act should be transacted at sea ; and wherein it should even be necessary to produce two vessels on the scene at the same time. But the customs and exhibitions of the modern stage give this objection to the play before us a greater weight than it really has. It appears, that, when *Pericles* was originally performed, the theatres were furnished with no such apparatus as by any stretch of the imagination could be supposed to present either a sea, or a ship ; and that the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port, in their *mind's eye* only. This licence being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the instance now before us walked off the stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina, without any sensible impropriety ; and the present drama, exhibited before such indulgent spectators, was not more incommodious in the representation than any other would have been.

MALONE.

[2] Is she not beautiful in her form ? So, in *King John* :

"Lord of thy presence, and no land beside."

MALONE.

If that thy prosperous-artificial feat³
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous ! [*MARINA sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music ?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir ! my lord, lend ear :——

Per. Hum ! ha !

Mer. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,⁴
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like : she speaks
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings :
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and aukward casualties⁵
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist ;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [*Aside.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine !—was it not thus ? what say you ?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—

[3] So in *Measure for Measure* :

"-----in her youth
"There is a prone and speechless dialect,
"Such as moves men ; besides, she hath a *prosperous art*
"When she will play with reason and discourse,
"And well she can persuade." MALONE.

[4] So, in *King Henry IV* :

"By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
"But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at." MALONE.

[5] *Aukward* is adverse. Our author has the same epithet in *The Second Part of King Henry VI* :

"And twice by aukward wind from England's bank
"Drove back again." STEEVENS.

You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the dock
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?⁶

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
'To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
'Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

[6] To owe in ancient language is to possess. So, in *Othello*:

"——— that sweet sleep

"That thou ow'dst yesterday."

The meaning of the compliments:—These endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heightened by being in your possession. They acquire additional value from their owner. Thus also one of Timon's flatterers:

"You mend the jewel by the wearing of it."

STEEVENS.

Per. Tell thy story ;
 If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
 Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
 Have suffer'd like a girl : yet thou dost look
 Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
 Extremity out of act.⁷ What were thy friends ?
 How lost thou them ? Thy name, my most kind virgin ?
 Recount, I do beseech thee ; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
 And thou by some incensed god sent hither
 To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
 Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient ;
 Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
 To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,
 Was given me by one that had some power ;
 My father, and a king.

Per. How ! a king's daughter ?
 And call'd Marina ?

Mar. You said you would believe me ;
 But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
 I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood ?
 Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy ?
 No motion ?—Well ; speak on. Where were you born ?
 And wherefore call'd Marina ?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
 For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea ? thy mother ?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king ;
 Who died the very minute I was born,
 As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
 Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little !
 This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep

[7] By her beauty and patient meekness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her up-lifted sword. So, in *King Henry IV* : Part II :

" And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm,

" That was uprear'd to execution."

Extremity (though not personified as here) is in like manner used in *King Lear*, for the utmost of human suffering :

" ———another,

" To amplify too much, would make much more,

" And top extremity." MALONE.

Did mock sad fools withal : this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well :—where were you
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story, [bred ?
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me ; 'twere best I did give

Per. I will believe you by the syllable [o'er
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave :—
How came you in these parts ? where were you bred ?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me ;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me : and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me ;
Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,
Whither will you have me ? Why do you weep ? It may be,
You think me an impostor ; no, good faith :
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus !

Hel. Calls my gracious lord ?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general : Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep ?

Hel. I know not ; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage ; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir ;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain ;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither.
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget ;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again !—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us : This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,) My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise ; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all ;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this ?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes ; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl ! But hark, what music ?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music ?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None ?

The music of the spheres : list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him ; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds !

Do ye not hear ?

Lys. Music ? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music :

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eye-lids ; let me rest.

[*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head ;

[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES is closed.*]

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and
attendant Lady.

SCENE II.

The same. PERICLES on the Deck asleep ; DIANA appearing to him as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus ; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife :
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe :
Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA disappears.]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,^a
I will obey thee !—Helicanus !

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon ; but I am
For other service first : toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails ; cfsoons I'll tell thee why.—
[To HELICANUS.]

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need ?

Lys. With all my heart, sir ; and when you come
ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina.

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.* [Exeunt.]

Gow. Now our sands are almost run ;

More a little, and then done.

This, as my last boon, give me,

(For such kindness must relieve me,)

That you aptly will suppose

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

[8] That is, regent of the silver moon.

What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
 The regent made in Mitylin,
 To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
 That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
 To fair Marina ; but in no wise,
 Till he had done his sacrifice,
 As Dian bade : whereto being bound,
 The interim, pray you, all confound.
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
 At Ephesus, the temple see,
 Our king, and all his company,
 That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your fancy's thankful boon.

[Exit..]

SCENE III.

The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus ; THAISA standing near the Altar, as high Priestess ;⁹ a number of Virgins of each side ; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending. Enter PERICLES, with his Train ; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian ! to perform thy just command,
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre ;
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed
 The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid-child, call'd Marina ; who, O goddess,
 Wears yet thy silver livery.¹ She at Tharsus
 Was nurs'd with Cleon ; whom at fourteen years
 He sought to murder : but her better stars
 Brought her to Mitylene ; against whose shore
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
 Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour !—

You are, you are—O royal Pericles !²—

[*She faints.*]

[9] Does this accord with Iachimo's description :

"Live, like Diana's priestess, 'twixt cold sheets?"

Diana must have been wofully imposed on, if she received the mother of Marina as a maiden votaress. STEEVENS.

[1] Her white robe of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity. PERCY.

[2] The similitude between this scene, and the discovery in the last Act of *The Winter's Tale*, will, I suppose, strike every reader. MALONE.

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shows a Ring.]

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present
kindness
Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen.³ O come, be buried

[3] This is a sentiment which Shakespeare never fails to introduce on occasions similar to the present. So, in *Othello*:

"-----If it were now to die

"'Twere now to be most happy," &c.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd,

"To die when I desire."

MALONE.

So, in the 39th Psalm:—"O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen."

STEEVENS.

A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to THAISA.*]

Per. Look, who kneels here ! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa ;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd and mine own !

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen !

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute,
Can you remember what I call'd the man ?
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation :

Embrace him, dear Thaisa ; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found ;
How possibly preserv'd ; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this man
Thro' whom the gods have shown their power ; that can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives ?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her ;
How she came placed here within the temple ;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana !
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form ;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,

Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him ! Yet there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days ;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward :
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty :
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them ; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending
[*Exit GOWER.*]

[4] It would be difficult to produce from the works of Shakespeare many couplets more spirited and harmonious than this. MALONE.

ADDENDA.

VOL. I.

SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE.

Page 4. *His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool.*] It appears that he had been an officer and bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon; and that he enjoyed some hereditary lands and tenements, the reward of his grandfather's faithful and approved services to King Henry VII.

THEOBALD.

The chief Magistrate of the Body Corporate of Stratford, now distinguished by the title of Mayor, was in the early charters called the High Bailiff. This office Mr. John Shakespeare filled in 1569, as appears from the following extracts from the books of the corporation, with which I have been favoured by the Rev. Mr. Davenport, Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon:

"Jan. 10, in the 6th year of the reign of our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth, John Shakespeare passed his Chamberlain's accounts.

"At the Hall holden the eleventh day of September, in the eleventh year of the reign of our sovereign lady Elizabeth. 1569, were present Mr. John Shakespeare, High Bailiff." [Then follow the names of the Aldermen and Burgesses.]

"At the Hall holden Nov. 19th, in the 21st year of the reign of our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth, it is ordained, that every Alderman shall be taxed to pay weekly 4d. saving John Shakespeare and Robert Bruce, who shall not be taxed to pay any thing; and every Burgess to pay 2d."

"At the Hall holden on the 6th of September in the 28th year of our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth.

"At this Hall William Smith and Richard Courte are chosen to be Aldermen in the places of John Wheeler, and John Shakespeare, for that Mr. Wheeler doth desire to be put out of the company, and Mr. Shakespeare doth not come to the halls, when they be warned, nor hath not done of long time."

From these extracts it may be collected, (as is observed by the gentlemen above mentioned, to whose obliging attention to my inquiries I am indebted for many particulars relative to our poet's family,) that Mr. John Shakespeare in the former part of his life was in good circumstances, such persons being generally chosen into the corporation; and from his being excused [in 1579] to pay 4d. weekly, and at a subsequent period (1586) put out of the corporation, that he was then reduced in his circumstances.

It appears from a note to W. Dethick's Grant of Arms to him in 1596, now in the College of Arms *Vincent*, Vol. 157, p. 24, that he was a justice of the peace, and possessed of lands and tenements to the amount of 500l.

Our poet's mother was the daughter and heir of Robert Arden of Wellingcote, in the county of Warwick, who, in the MS. above referred to, is called "a gentleman of worship." The family of Arden is a very ancient one; Robert Arden of Broomwich, being in the list of the gentry of this county, returned by the commissioners in the twelfth year of King Henry VI. A. D. 1433. Edward Arden was Sheriff to the county in 1568.—The woodland part of this county was anciently called *Arden*; afterwards softened to *Arden*. Hence the name.

MALONE.

P. 5. *He had bred him it is true, for some time, at a free-school.*] The free-school, I presume, founded at Stratford.

THEOBALD.

P. 6. —into that way of living which his father proposed to him] I believe that on leaving school Shakespeare was placed in the office of some country attorney or the seneschal of some manor court.

MALONE.

P. 6.—he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young] It is certain he did so; for by the monument in Stratford church erected to the memory of his daughter, Susannah, the wife of John Hall, gentleman, it appears that she was born in 1536, when her father could not be full 19 years old.

THEOBALD.

Susannah, who was our poet's eldest child, was baptised, May 23, 1583, Shakespeare therefore, having been born in April 1564, was nineteen months preceding her birth. Mr. Theobald was mistaken in supposing that a monument was erected to her in the church of Stratford. There is no memorial there in honour of either our poet's wife or daughter, except the tomb-stones, by which, however, the time of their respective deaths is ascertained.—His daughter, Susannah, died, not on the second, but the eleventh of July, 1643. Theobald was led into this error by Dugdale.

MALONE.

P. 6. *His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway.*] She was eight years older than her husband, and died in 1623, at the age of 67 years.

THEOBALD.

The following is the inscription on her tomb-stone in the church of Stratford:

"Here lieth interred the body of ANNE, wife of William Shakespeare, who departed this life the 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 years."

After this inscription follow six Latin verses not worth preserving.

MALONE.

P. 7. —*in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him.*] See the first Note in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Ibid. *He was received into the company—at first in a very mean rank.*] There is a stage tradition, that his first office was that of *Call-boy*, or prompter's attendant; whose employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage.

MALONE.

P. 8. —*she commanded him to continue it for one play more.*] This anecdote was first given to the public by Dennis, in the *Epistle Dedicatory* to his comedy entitled *The Comical Gallant*, 4to. 1702, altered from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

MALONE.

P. 9. —*to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public.*] In Mr. Rowe's first edition, after these words was inserted the following passage:

"After this, they were professed friends; though I do not know whether the other ever made him an equal return of gentleness and sincerity. Ben was naturally proud and insolent, and in the days of his reputation did so far take upon him the supremacy in wit, that he could not but look with an evil eye upon any one that seemed to stand in competition with him. And if at times he has affected to commend him, it has always been with some reserve; insinuating his uncorrectness, a careless manner of writing, and want of judgment. The praise of seldom altering or blotting out what he writ, which was given him by the players, who were the first publishers of his works after his death, was what Jonson could not bear: he thought it impossible, perhaps, for another man to strike out the greatest thoughts in the finest expression, and to reach those excellences of poetry with the ease of a first imagination, which himself with infinite labour and study could but hardly attain to."

I have preserved this passage because I believe it strictly true, except that in the last line, instead of *but hardly*, I would read—*never*.

In *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, Jonson is said to be "so slow an editor, that he were better betake himself to his old trade of bricklaying." The same piece furnishes us with the earliest intimation of the quarrel between him and Shakespeare: "Why here's our fellow Shakespeare put them [the university poets] all down, ay, and Ben Jonson too. O, that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit." Fuller, who was a diligent inquirer, and lived near enough the time to be well informed, confirms this account, asserting in his *Worthies*, 1662, that "many were the wit-combats" between Jonson and our poet.

It is a singular circumstance that old Ben should for near two centuries have stalked on the stilts of an artificial reputation; and that even at this day, of the very few who read his works, scarcely one in ten yet ventures to confess how little entertainment they afford. Such was the impression made on the public by the extravagant praises of those who knew more of books than of the drama, that Dryden in his *Essay on Dramatic Poesie*, written about 1687, does not venture to go further in his eulogium on Shakespeare, than by saying, "he was at least Jonson's equal, if not his superior;" and in the preface to his *Mock Astrologer*, 1671, he hardly dares to assert, what, in my opinion, cannot be denied, that "all Jonson's pieces, except three or four, are but *crambe bis octa*; the same humours a little varied, and written worse."

MALONE.

P. 10. *Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them.*] In Mr. Rowe's first edition this passage runs thus:

"Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, hearing Ben frequently reproach him with the want of learning and ignorance of the antients, told him at last, That if Mr.

Shakespeare," &c. By the alteration, the subsequent part of the sentence—"if he would produce," &c. is rendered ungrammatical. MALONE.

Ibid. He would undertake to show something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakespeare.] I had long endeavoured in vain to find out on what authority this relation was founded; and have very lately discovered that Mr. Rowe probably derived his information from Dryden: for in Gildon's *Letters and Essays*, published in 1684, fifteen years before this Life appeared, the same story is told; and Dryden, to whom an Essay in vindication of Shakespeare is addressed, is appealed to by the writer as his authority. As Gildon tells the story with some slight variations from the account given by Mr. Rowe, and the book in which it is found is now extremely scarce, I shall subjoin the passage in his own words:

"But to give the world some satisfaction that Shakespeare has had as great veneration paid his excellence by men of unquestioned parts, as this I now express for him, I shall give some account of what I have heard from your mouth, sir, about the noble triumph he gained over all the ancients, by the judgment of the ablest critics of that time.

"The matter of fact, if my memory fail me not, was this. Mr. Hales of Eton affirmed, that he would show all the poets of antiquity out-done by Shakespeare, in all the topics and common-places made use of in poetry. The enemies of Shakespeare would by no means yield him so much excellence; so that it came to a resolution of a trial of skill upon that subject. The place agreed on for the dispute was Mr. Hales' chamber at Eton. A great many books were sent down by the enemies of this poet; and on the appointed day my Lord Falkland, Sir John Suckling, and all the persons of quality that had wit and learning, and interested themselves in the quarrel, met there; and upon a thorough disquisition of the point, the judges chosen by agreement out of the learned and ingenious assembly, unanimously gave the preference to Shakespeare, and the Greek and Roman poets were adjudged to vail at least their glory in that, to the English Hero."

Dryden himself also certainly alludes to this story, which he appears to have related both to Gildon and Rowe in the following passage of his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 1667; and he as well as Gildon goes somewhat further than Rowe in his panegyric. After giving that fine character of our poet which Dr. Johnson has quoted in his preface, he adds, "The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it MUCH BETTER done by Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king's court [that of Charles I.] when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him."

Let ever-memorable Hales, if all his other merits be forgotten, be ever mentioned with honour, for his good taste and admiration of our poet. "He was," says Lord Clarendon, "one of the least men in the kingdom; and one of the greatest scholars in Europe." See a long character of him in Clarendon's *Life*, Vol. 1. p. 52.

MALONE.

P. 10. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion.] Gildon, without authority, I believe, says, that our author left behind him an estate of 300l. per ann. This was equal to at least 1000l. per ann. at this day; the relative value of money, the mode of living in that age, the luxury and taxes of the present time, and various other circumstances, being considered. But I doubt whether all his property amounted to much more than 200l. per ann. which yet was a considerable fortune in those times. He appears from his grand-daughter's will to have possessed in Bishopston, and Stratford Welcombe, four yard land and a half. A yard land is a denomination well known in Warwickshire, and contains from 30 to 60 acres. The average therefore being 45, four yard land and a half may be estimated at two hundred acres. As sixteen years purchase was the common rate at which the land was sold at that time, that is, one half less than at this day, we may suppose that these lands were let at seven shillings per acre, and produced 70l. per annum. If we rate the New-Place, with the appurtenances, and our poet's other houses in Stratford, at 60l. a year, and his house, &c. in the Blackfriars, (for which he paid 140l.) at 20l. a year, we have a rent-roll of 150l. per annum. Of his personal property it is not now possible to form any accurate estimate: but if we rate it at five hundred pounds, money then bearing an interest of ten per cent. Shakespeares total income was 300l. per ann.* In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which was written soon after the year 1600, three hundred pounds a year is described as an estate of such magnitude as to cover all the defects of its possessor:

* To Shakespeare's income from his real and personal property must be added 200l. per ann. which he probably derived from the theatre, while he continued on the stage.

"O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
 "Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year."

MALONE.

P. 10. —to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford.] In 1614 the greater part of the town of Stratford was consumed by fire; but our Shakespeare's house, among some others, escaped the flames. This house was first built by Sir Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighbourhood. Sir Hugh was Sheriff of London in the reign of Richard III. and Lord Mayor in the reign of King Henry VII. By his will he bequeathed to his elder brother's son his manor of Clopton, &c. and his house, by the name of the Great House in Stratford. Good part of the estate is yet [in 1733] in the possession of Edward Clopton, Esq. and Sir Hugh Clopton, Knt. lineally descended from the elder brother of the first Sir Hugh.

The estate had now been sold out of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when Shakespeare became the purchaser: who having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to *New Place*, which the mansion-house, since erected upon the same spot, at this day retains. The house, and lands which attended it, continued in Shakespeare's descendants to the time of the restoration; when they were re-purchased by the Clopton family, and the mansion now belongs to Sir Hugh Clopton, Knt. To the favour of this worthy gentleman I owe the knowledge of one particular in honour of our poet's once dwelling-house, of which I presume Mr. Rowe never was apprized. When the Civil War raged in England, and King Charles the First's Queen was driven by the necessity of her affairs to make a recess in Warwickshire, she kept her court for three weeks in New-Place. We may suppose it then the best private house in the town; and her Majesty preferred it to the College, which was in the possession of the Combe family, who did not so strongly favour the King's party.

THEOBALD.

From Mr. Theobald's words the reader may be led to suppose that Henrietta Maria was obliged to take refuge from the rebels in Stratford-upon-Avon: but that was not the case. She marched from Newark, June 16, 1643, and entered Stratford-upon-Avon triumphantly, about the 22d of the same month, at the head of three thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse, with 150 waggons and a train of artillery. Here she was met by Prince Rupert, accompanied by a large body of troops. After sojourning about three weeks at our poet's house, which was then possessed by his grand-daughter Mrs. Nash, and her husband, the Queen went (July 13) to the plain of Keinton under Edge-hill, to meet the King, and proceeded from thence with him to Oxford, where, says a contemporary historian, "her coming (July 15) was rather to a triumph than a war."

Of the college above mentioned the following was the origin. John de Stratford, bishop of Winchester, in the fifth year of King Edward III. founded a Chantry consisting of five priests, one of whom was Wardein, in a certain chapel adjoining to the church of Stratford on the south side; and afterwards (in the seventh year of Henry VIII.) Ralph Collingwode instituted four choristers, to be daily assistant in the celebration of divine service there. This chantry, says Dugdale, soon after its foundation, was known by the name of *The College of Stratford-upon-Avon*.

In the 26th year of Edward III. "a house of square stone" was built by Ralph de Stratford, Bishop of London, for the habitation of the five priests. This house, or another on the same spot, is the house of which Mr. Theobald speaks. It still bears the name of "the College," and at present belongs to the Rev. Mr. Fullerton.

After the suppression of religious houses, the site of the college was granted by Edward VI. to John earl of Warwick and his heirs; who being attainted in the first year of Queen Mary, it reverted to the crown.

Sir John Clopton, Knt. (the father of Edward Clopton, Esq. and Sir Hugh Clopton,) who died at Stratford-upon-Avon in April, 1719, purchased the estate of New-place, &c. some time after the year 1685, from Sir Reginald Forster, Bart. who married Mary, the daughter of Edward Nash, Esq. cousin german to Thomas Nash, Esq. who married our poet's grand-daughter, Elizabeth Hall. Edward Nash bought it after the death of her second husband. Sir John Barnard, Knight. By her will, she directed her trustee, Henry Smith, to sell the New Place, &c. (after the death of her husband,) and to make the first offer of it to her cousin Edward Nash, who purchased it accordingly. His son Thomas Nash, whom for the sake of distinction I shall call the younger, having died without issue, in August 1652, Edward Nash by his will, made on the 16th of March, 1678-9, devised the principal part of his property to his daughter Mary, and her husband Reginald Forster, Esq. afterwards Sir Reginald Forster; but in consequence of the testator's only referring to a deed of settlement executed three days before, without reciting the substance of it, no particular mention of New-Place is made in his will. After Sir John Clopton had bought it from Sir Reginald Forster, he gave it by deed, to his younger son, Sir Hugh, who pulled down our poet's house, and built one more elegant on the same spot.

In May, 1742, when Mr. Garrick, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Delane visited Stratford,

they were hospitably entertained under Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, by Sir Hugh Clopton. He was a barrister at law, was knighted by George the First, and died in the 80th year of his age, in Dec. 1751. His nephew, Edward Clopton, the son of his elder brother Edward, lived till June, 1753.

The only remaining person of the Clopton family now living, (1788,) as I am informed by the Rev. Mr. Davenport, is Mrs. Fartheriche, daughter and heiress of the second Edward Clopton above mentioned. "She resides," he adds, "at the family mansion at Clopton near Stratford, is now a widow, and never had any issue."

The New-place was sold by Henry Talbot, Esq. son-in-law and executor of Sir Hugh Clopton, in or soon after the year 1752, to the Rev. Mr. Gastrell, a man of large fortune, who resided in it but a few years, in consequence of a disagreement with the inhabitants of Stratford. Every house in that town that is let or valued at more than 40s. a year, is assessed by the overseers, according to its worth, and the ability of the occupier, to pay a monthly rate toward the maintenance of the poor. As Mr. Gastrell resided part of the year at Lichfield, he thought he was assessed too highly, but being very properly compelled by the magistrates of Stratford to pay the whole of what was levied on him, on the principle that his house was occupied by his servants in his absence, he peevishly declared, that *that* house should never be assessed again, and soon afterwards pulled it down, sold the materials, and left the town. Wishing, as it should seem, to be "damn'd to everlasting fame," he had some time before cut down Shakespeare's celebrated mulberry-tree, to save himself the trouble of showing it to those whose admiration of our great poet led them to visit the poetic ground on which it stood.

That Shakespeare planted this tree, is as well authenticated as any thing of that nature can be. The Rev. Mr. Davenport informs me, that Mr. Hugh Taylor, (the father of his clerk,) who is now eighty-five years old, and an alderman of Warwick, where he at present resides, says, he lived, when a boy, at the next house to New-Place; that his family had inhabited the house for almost three hundred years; that it was transmitted from father to son during the last and the present century; that this tree (of the fruit of which he had often eaten in his younger days, some of its branches hanging over his father's garden,) was planted by Shakespeare; and that till this was planted, there was no mulberry-tree in that neighbourhood. Mr. Taylor adds, that he was frequently, when a boy, at New-Place, and that this tradition was preserved in the Clopton family, as well as in his own.

There were scarce any trees of this species in England till the year 1609, when by order of King James many hundred thousand young mulberry-trees were imported from France, and sent into the different counties, with a view to the feeding of silk-worms, and the encouragement of the silk manufacture. See Camdeni *Annales ab anno 1603 ad annum 1623*, published by Smith, quarto, 1691, p. 7; and Howe's Abridgment of Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1618, p. 503, where we have a more particular account of this transaction than in the larger work. A very few mulberry-trees had been planted before; for we are told, that in the preceding year a gentleman of Picardy, Monsieur Forest, "kept greate store of English silk-worms at Greenwich, the which the king with great pleasure came often to see them worke; and of their silke he caused a *piece of taffata* to be made."

Shakespeare was perhaps the only inhabitant of Stratford, whose business called him annually to London; and probably on his return from thence in the spring of the year 1609, he planted this tree.

As a similar enthusiasm to that which with such diligence has sought after Virgil's tomb, may lead my countrymen to visit the spot where our great bard spent several years of his life, and died; it may gratify them to be told that the ground on which *The New-Place* once stood, is now a garden belonging to Mr. Charles Hunt, an eminent attorney, and town-clerk of Stratford. Every Englishman will, I am sure, concur with me in wishing that it may enjoy perpetual verdure and fertility:

In this retreat our SHAKESPEARE'S godlike mind
With matchless skill survey'd all human kind.
Here may each sweet that blest Arabia knows,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose,
To latest time, their balmy odours fling,
And nature here display eternal spring!

MALONE.

P. 10. *the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.* I take this opportunity to avow my disbelief that Shakespeare was the author of Mr. Combe's Epitaph, or that it was written by any other person at the request of that gentleman. If Betterton the player did really visit Warwickshire for the sake of collecting anecdotes relative to our author, perhaps he was too easily satisfied with such as fell in his way, without making any rigid search into their authenticity.

I may add, that a usurer's solicitude to know what would be reported of him when he was dead, is not a very probable circumstance; neither was Shakespeare of a disposition to compose an invective, at once so bitter and uncharitable, during a *pleasant conversation among the common friends* of himself and a gentleman, with whose fami-

ADDENDA.

ly he lived in such friendship, that at his death he bequeathed his sword to Mr. mas Combe as a legacy. A miser's monument indeed, constructed during his time, might be regarded as a challenge to satire; and we cannot wonder that anonymous lampoons should have been affixed to the marble designed to convey character of such a being to posterity. - I hope I may be excused for this attempt vindicate Shakespeare from the imputation of having poisoned the hour of confidence and festivity, by producing the severest of all censures on one of his company. I unwilling, in short, to think he could so wantonly and so publicly have expressed doubts concerning the salvation of one of his fellow-creatures.

STEEVENS

It occurred to me that the will of John Combe might possibly throw some light on this matter, and an examination of it some years ago furnished me with such evidence as readers it highly improbable that it should have been written by Shakespeare.

That he had any quarrel with our author, or that Shakespeare had by any accident him so severely that Mr. Combe never forgave him, appears equally void of foundation; for by his will he bequeaths "to Mr. William Shakespeare Five Pounds."

MALONE.

P. 11.--where a monument is placed in the wall.] He is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper. The following Latin distich is engraved under the cushion:

*Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mare, Olympus habet.*

THEOBALD.

The first syllable in *Socratem* is here made short, which cannot be allowed. Perhaps we should read *Sophoclem*. Shakespeare is then appositely compared with a dramatic author among the ancients: but still it should be remembered that the eulogium is lessened while the metre is reformed; and it is well known that some of our early writers of Latin poetry were uncommonly negligent in their prosody, especially in proper names. The thought of this distich, as Mr. Tollet observes, might have been taken from *The Fairy Queen* of Spenser, B. II. c. ix. st. 48, and c. x. st. 8.

To this Latin inscription on Shakespeare should be added the lines which are found underneath it on his monument:

"Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
"Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plac'd
"Within this monument: Shakespeare, with whom
"Quick nature dy'd; whose name doth deck the tomb
"Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
"Leaves living art but page to serve his wit."
Obiit Auo. Dni. 1616.
æt. 53, die 23 Apri.

STEEVENS.

It appears from the Verses of Leonard Digges, that our author's monument was erected before the year 1623.

MALONE.

P. 12. Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or three ascribed to him by Mr. Langbaine.] *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662, written by W. Rowley; the old play of *King John*, in two parts, 1591, on which Shakespeare formed his *King John*; and *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1594, written by George Peele.

The editor of the folio. 1664, subjoined to the 36 dramas published in 1623, seven plays, four of which had appeared in Shakespeare's life-time with his name in the title-page, viz. *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, 1603, *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, *The London Prodigal*, 1605, and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608; the three others which they inscribed, *Locrine*, 1595, *Lord Cromwell*, 1602, and *The Puritan*, 1607, having been printed with the initials W. S. in the title-page, the editor chose to interpret those letters to mean William Shakespeare, and ascribed them also to our poet. I published an edition of these seven pieces some years ago, and freed in some measure from the gross errors with which they had been exhibited in ancient copies, that the public might see what they contained; and do not hesitate to declare my firm persuasion that of *Locrine*, *Lord Cromwell*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The London Prodigal*, and *The Puritan*, Shakespeare did not write a single line.

How little the booksellers of former times scrupled to affix the names of celebrated writers to the productions of others, even in the life-time of such celebrated authors, may be collected from Heywood's translations from Ovid, which in 1612, while Shakespeare was yet living, were ascribed to him. With the dead they would certainly make still more free. "This book (says Anthony Wood, speaking of a work to which the name of Sir Philip Sydney was prefixed) coming out so late, it is to be inquired whether Sir Philip Sydney's name is not set to it for sale-sake, being a

usual thing in these days to set a great name to a book or books, by sharking book-sellers, or snivelling writers, to get bread." MALONE.

P. 12.—*in a late collection of poems.*] Mr. Rowe did not go beyond *A Late Collection of Poems*, and does not seem to have known that Shakespeare wrote 154 Sonnets, and a poem entitled *A Lover's Complaint*. MALONE.

P. 12.—*are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them.*] The critics who renounce tragi-comedy as barbarous, I fear, speak more from notions which they have formed in their closets, than any well-built theory deduced from experience of what pleases or displeases, which ought to be the foundation of all rules.

Even supposing there is no affectation in this refinement, and that those critics have really tried and purified their minds till there is no dross remaining, still this can never be the case of a popular audience, to which a dramatic representation is referred.

Dryden in one of his prefaces condemns his own conduct in *The Spanish Friar*; but, says he, I did not write it to please myself, it was given to the public. Here is an involuntary confession that tragi-comedy is more pleasing to the audience: I would ask then, upon what ground it is condemned?

This ideal excellence of uniformity rests upon a supposition that we are either more refined, or a higher order of beings than we really are: there is no provision made for what may be called the animal part of our minds.

Though we should acknowledge this passion for variety and contrarieties to be the vice of our nature, it is still a propensity which we all feel, and which he who undertakes to divert us must find provision for.

We are obliged, it is true, in our pursuit after science, or excellence in any art, to keep our minds steadily fixed for a long continuance; it is a task we impose on ourselves: but I do not wish to task myself in my amusements.

If the great object of the theatre is amusement, a dramatic work must possess every means to produce that effect; if it gives instruction by the by, so much its merit is the greater; but that is not its principal object. The ground on which it stands, and which gives it a claim to the protection and encouragement of civilised society, is not because it enforces moral precepts, or gives instruction of any kind; but from the general advantage that it produces, by habituating the mind to find its amusement in intellectual pleasures; weaning it from sensuality, and by degrees filing off, smoothing, and polishing, its rugged corners. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

P. 13.—*the same coat of arms which Dugdale, in his Antiquities of that county describes for a family there.*] There are two coats, I observe, in Dugdale, where three silver fishes are borne in the name of *Lucy*; and another coat to the monument of Thomas Lucy, son of Sir William Lucy, in which are quartered in four several divisions, twelve little fishes, three in each division, probably *luces*. This very coat, indeed, seems alluded to in Shallow's giving the dozen white *luces*; and in *Slender's* saying *he may quarter*. THEOBALD.

P. 14.—*but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy.*] In 1701 Lord Lansdown produced his alteration of *The Merchant of Venice*, at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, under the title of *The Jew of Venice*, and expressly called it a comedy. Shylock was performed by Mr. Dogget. REED.

And such was the bad taste of our ancestors that this piece continued to be a stock-play from 1701 to Feb. 14, 1741, when *The Merchant of Venice* was exhibited for the first time at the theatre in Drury-Lane, and Mr. Macklin made his first appearance in the character of Shylock. MALONE.

P. 19.—*are both concerned in the murder of their husbands.*] It does not appear that Hamlet's mother was concerned in the death of her husband. MALONE.

P. 21.—*Many came on horseback to the play.*] Plays were at this time performed in the afternoon. "The pollicie of plaies is very necessary, howsoever some shallow-brained censurers (not the deepest searchers into the secrets of government) mightily oppugne them. For whereas the afternoon being the idlest time of the day wherein men that are their own masters (as gentleman of the court, the innes of the court, and a number of captains and soldiers about London) do wholly bestow themselves upon pleasure, and that pleasure they divide (how vertuously it akke not) either in gaming, following of harlots, drinking, or seeing a play, is it not better (since of four extremes all the world cannot keepe them but they will choose one) that they should betake them to the least which is plaies?" Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse* his Supplication to the Devil, 1592. STEEVENS.

Ibid.—*the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakespeare's boys.*] I cannot dismiss this anecdote without observing that it seems to want every mark

of probability. Though Shakespeare quitted Stratford on account of a juvenile irregularity, we have no reason to suppose that he had forfeited the protection of his father who was engaged in a lucrative business, or the love of his wife who had already brought him two children, and was herself the daughter of a substantial yeoman. It is unlikely therefore, when he was beyond the reach of his prosecutor, that he should conceal his plan of life, or place of residence, from those who, if he found himself distressed, could not fail to afford him such supplies as would have set him above the necessity of *holding horses* for subsistence. Mr. Malone has remarked in his Attempt to ascertain the order in which the Plays of Shakespeare were written, that he might have found an easy introduction to the stage; for Thomas Green, a celebrated comedian of that period, was his townsman, and perhaps his relation. The genius of our author prompted him to write poetry; his connection with a player might have given his productions a dramatic turn; or his own sagacity might have taught him that fame was not incompatible with profit, and that the theatre was an avenue to both. That it was once the general custom to ride on horse-back to the play, I am likewise yet to learn. The most popular of the theatres were on the Bankside; and we are told by the satirical pamphleteers of that time, that the usual mode of conveyance to these places of amusement, was by water, but not a single writer so much as hints at the custom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horses held during the hours of exhibition. Some allusion to this usage, (if it had existed) must, I think, have been discovered in the course of our researches after contemporary fashions. Let it be remembered too, that we receive this tale on no higher authority than that of Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, Vol. I. p. 130. "Sir William Davenant told it to Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe," who, according to Dr. Johnson, related it to Mr. Pope. Mr. Rowe (if this intelligence be authentic) seems to have concurred with me in opinion, as he forebore to introduce a circumstance so incredible into his Life of Shakespeare. As to the book which furnishes the anecdote, not the smallest part of it was the composition of Mr. Cibber, being entirely written by a Mr. Shiells, amanuensis to Dr. Johnson, when his Dictionary was preparing for the press. T. Cibber was in the King's Bench, and accepted of ten guineas from the booksellers for leave to prefix his name to the work; and it was purposely so prefixed as to leave the reader in doubt whether himself or his father was the person designed.

The foregoing anecdote relative to Cibber's *Lives*, &c. I received from Dr. Johnson. See, however, the *Monthly Review*, for December, 1781, p. 408.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens in one particular is certainly mistaken. To the theatre in Blackfriars I have no doubt that many gentlemen rode in the time of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. From the Strand, Holborn, Bishopsgate Street, &c. where many of the nobility lived, they could indeed go no other way than on foot, or on horseback, or in coaches; and coaches till after the death of Elizabeth were extremely rare. Many of the gentry, therefore, certainly went to that playhouse on horseback. See the proofs, in the Essay above referred to.

This, however, will not establish the tradition relative to our author's first employment at the playhouse, which stands on a very slender foundation. MALONE.

Mr. Oldys had covered several quires of paper with laborious collections for a regular life of our author. From these I have made the following extracts, which (however trivial) contain the only circumstances that wear the least appearance of novelty or information.

"If tradition may be trusted, Shakespeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern, in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The Landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit, and her husband, Mr. John Davenant, (afterwards mayor of that city,) a grave melancholy man; who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakespeare's pleasant company. Their son young Will. Davenant (afterwards Sir William) was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old,* and so fond also of Shakespeare; that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day an old townsman observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whether he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his god-father Shakespeare. There's a good boy, said the other, but have a care that you don't take God's name in vain. This story Mr. Pope told me, at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakespeare's monument then newly erected in Westminster Abbey;†

* He was born at Oxford in February, 1605-6.

MALONE.

† "This monument," says Mr. Granger, was erected in 1741, by the direction of the Earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martyn, Mr. Fleetwood and

and he quoted Mr. Betterton the player for his authority. I answered, that I thought such a story might have enriched the variety of those choice fruits of observation he has presented to us in his preface to the edition he had published of our poet's works. He replied—"There might be in the garden of mankind such plants as would seem to pride themselves more in a regular production of their own native fruits, than in having the repute of bearing a richer kind by grafting; and this was the reason he omitted it."

"Old Mr. Bowman the player reported from Sir William Bishop, that some part of Sir John Falstaff's character was drawn from a townsman of Stratford, who either faithfully broke a contract, or spitefully refused to part with some land for a valuable consideration, adjoining to Shakespeare's, in or near that town."

To these anecdotes I can only add the following:

At the conclusion of the advertisement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakespeare's Poems, it is said, "That most learned prince and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Sir William D'Avenant; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person now living can testify."

Mr. Oldys, in a MS. note to his copy of Fuller's *Worthies*, observes, that "the story came from the Duke of Buckingham, who had it from Sir William D'Avenant."

The late Mr. Thomas Osborne, bookseller, (whose exploits are celebrated by the author of the *Dunciad*), being ignorant in what form or language our *Paradise Lost* was written, employed one of his garretters to render it from a French translation into English prose. Lest, hereafter, the compositions of Shakespeare should be brought back into their native tongue from the version of Monsieur le Comte de Catuelan, le Tourneur, &c. it may be necessary to observe, that all the following particulars, extracted from the preface of these gentlemen, are as little founded in truth as their description of the ridiculous Jubilee at Stratford, which they have been taught to represent as an affair of general approbation and national concern.

They say, that Shakespeare came to London without a plan, and finding himself at the door of a theatre instinctively stopped there, and offered himself to be a holder of horses:—that he was remarkable for his excellent performance of the Ghost in *Hamlet*:—that he borrowed nothing from preceding writers:—that all on a sudden

Mr. Rich gave each of them a benefit towards it, from one of Shakespeare's plays. It was executed by H. Scheemaker, after a design of Kent.

"On the monument is inscribed—*amor publicus posuit*. Dr. Mead objected to *amor publicus*, as not occurring in old classical inscriptions; but Mr. Pope and the other gentlemen concerned insisting that it should stand, Dr. Mead yielded the point, saying

"*Omnia vincit amor, nos et sedamus amori.*"

"This anecdote was communicated by Dr. Lort, late Greek Professor of Cambridge, who had it from Dr. Mead himself."

It was recorded at the time in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for Feb. 1741, by a writer who objects to every part of the inscription, and says it ought to have been, "G. S. centum viginti et quatuor post obitum annis populus plaudens [aut favens] posuit."

The monument was opened Jan. 29, 1741. Scheemaker is said to have got 800*l.* for his work. The performers at each house, much to their honour, performed gratis; and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster took nothing for the ground. The money received by the performance at Drury Lane, amounted to 200*l.* at Covent Garden to about 100*l.* These particulars I learn from Oldys's MS. notes on Langbaine. MALONE.

* Mr. Oldys might have added, that he was the person who suggested to Mr. Pope the singular course, which he pursued in his edition of Shakespeare. "Remember," says Oldys in a MS. note to his copy of Langbaine, article, Shakespeare, "what I observed to my Lord Oxford for Mr. Pope's use, out of Cowley's preface." The observation here alluded to, I believe, is one made by Cowley in his preface, p. 53. edit. 1710, 8vo: "This has been the case with Shakespeare, Fletcher, Jonson, and many others, part of whose poems I should presume to take the boldness to *prune* and *lop away*, if the care of *replanting them in print* did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from others the old withered branches; for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vast volume, than in a gigantic body; on the contrary it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates, and as Statius says of little Tydeus,—

"*—totos infusa per artus*

"Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus."

Pope adopted this very unwarrantable idea; striking out from the text of his author whatever he did not like: and Cowley himself has suffered a sort of poetical punishment for having suggested it, the learned Bishop of Worcester [Dr. Hurd] having *pruned* and *lopped away* his beautiful luxuriances, as Pope, on Cowley's suggestion, did those of Shakespeare. MALONE.

he left the stage, and returned without eclat into his native country :—that his monument at Stratford is of copper :—that the courtiers of James I. paid several compliments to him which are still preserved :—that he relieved a widow, who, together with her numerous family, was involved in a ruinous lawsuit :—that his editors have restored many passages in his plays, by the assistance of the manuscripts he left behind him, &c. &c.

Let me not, however, forget the justice due to these ingenious Frenchmen, whose skill and fidelity in the execution of their very difficult undertaking, is only exceeded by such a display of candour as would serve to cover the imperfections of much less elegant and judicious writers.

STEEVENS.

JOHNSON'S PREFACE.

P. 28. —[*tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.*] Thus, says Downes, the Prompter, p. 22 : "The tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* was made some time after [1602] into a tragi-comedy, by Mr. James Howard, he pre-serving *Romeo* and *Juliet* alive; so that when the tragedy was revived again, 'twas play'd alternately, tragical one day, and tragi-comical another, for several days together."

STEEVENS.

P. 31. —[*his comedy to be instinct.*] In the rank and order of geniuses it must, I think, be allowed, that the writer of good tragedy is superior. And therefore, I think the opinion, which I am sorry to perceive gains ground, that Shakespeare's chief and predominant talent lay in comedy, tends to lessen the unrivalled excellence of our divine bard.

J. WARTON.

P. 33. —[*with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.*] As a further extenuation of Shakespeare's error, it may be urged that he found the Gothic mythology of Fairies already incorporated with Greek and Roman story, by our early translators. Phæar and Golding, who first gave us *Virgil* and *Ovid* in an English dress, introduce Fairies almost as often as Nymphs are mentioned in these classic authors. Thus Homer, in his 24th *Iliad* :

"In Syphilus—in that place where 'tis said

"The goddesse *Fairies* use to dance about the funeral bed

"Of *Achelous* :—"

Neither are our ancient versifiers less culpable on the score of anachronisms. Under their hands the *balista* becomes a cannon, and other modern instruments are perpetually substituted for such as were the produce of the remotest ages.

It may be added, that in Arthur Hall's version of the fourth *Iliad*, Juno says to Jupiter ;

"—the time will come that *Totnam French* shall turn." And in the tenth Book we hear of "*The Bastile*," "*Lemster wooll*," and "*The Byble*." STEEVENS.

P. 35.—[*unities of time and place.*] Mr. Twining, among his judicious remarks on the poetic of Aristotle, observes, that "with respect to the strict unities of time and place, no such rules were imposed on the Greek poets by the critics, or by themselves; nor are imposed on any poet, either by the nature, or the end, of the dramatic imitation itself."

Aristotle does not express a single precept concerning unity of place. This supposed restraint originated from the hypercriticism of his French commentators.

STEEVENS.

P. 37. —[*make the stage a field.*] So, in the Epistle Dedicatory to Dryden's *Love's Triumphant* : "They who will not allow this liberty to a poet, make it a very ridiculous thing, for an audience to suppose themselves sometimes to be in a field, sometimes in a garden, and at other times in a chamber. There are not, indeed, so many absurdities in their supposition, as in ours; but 'tis an original absurdity for the audience to suppose themselves to be in any other place than in the very theatre in which they sit; which is neither a chamber, nor garden, nor yet a public place of any business but that of the representation." STEEVENS.

P. 47. —[*we make such prose in common conversation.*] Thus, also, Dryden, in the Epistle Dedicatory to his *Rival Ladies* : "Shakespeare who (with some errors not to be avoided in that age, had, undoubtedly, a larger soul of poëse than ever any of our nation) was the first, who, to shun the pains of continual rhyming, invented that kind of writing which we call blank verse, but the French more properly, *prose mesurée*; into which the English tongue so naturally slides, that in writing prose 'tis hardly to be avoided."

STEEVENS.

P. 48. —[*printed without correction of the press.*] Much deserved censure has been thrown out on the carelessness of our ancient printers, as well as on the wretched transcripts they obtained from contemporary theatres. Yet I cannot help observing that, even at this instant, should any one undertake to publish a play of Shakespeare

from pages of no greater fidelity than such as are issued out for the use of performers, the press would teem with as interpolated and inextricable nonsense as it produced above a century ago. Mr. Colman, who cannot be suspected of ignorance or misrepresentation, in his preface to the last edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, very forcibly styles the prompter's books "the most inaccurate and barbarous of all manuscripts." And well may they deserve that character: for verse, as I am informed, still continues to be transcribed as prose by a set of mercenaries, who in general have neither the advantage of literature or understanding. *Fellis tantum ut curvina manda ne turbata volent ludibria*, was the request of Virgil's Hero to the Sybil, and should also be the supplication of every dramatic poet to the agents of a prompter.

STEEVENS.

P. 63. —[from the bishop of Aleria.] John Andreas. He was secretary to the Vatican Library during the papacies of Paul II. and Sixtus IV. By the former he was employed to superintend such works as were to be multiplied by the new art of printing, at that time brought into Rome. He published Herodotus, Strabo, Livy, Ambros Gellius, &c. His school-fellow, Cardinal de Cusa, procured him the bishopric of Accia, a province in Corsica; and Paul II. afterwards appointed him to that of Aleria in the same island, where he died in 1493.

STEEVENS.

THE TEMPEST.

P. 119. *Play the men.*] i. e. act with spirit, behave like men. So, Chapman's translation of the second *Iliad*:

"Which doing, thou shalt know what souldiers *play the men*,
"And what the cowards."

Again, in scripture, 2 Sam. x. 12: "Be of good courage, and let us *play the men* for our people."

MALONE.

P. 120. —[bring her to try with main course.] Probably from Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "And when the barke had way, we cut the hauser, and so gate the sea to our friend, and tried out all that day with our main course."

MALONE.

This phrase occurs also in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, 4to. under the article, *How to handle a ship in a Storm*: "Let us lie at *Try* with our main course; that is, to hale the tacke aboard, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helms ded close aboard."

STEEVENS.

Ibid. *Lay her a-hold, a-hold*;) *To lay a ship a-hold*, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea.

STEEVENS.

ibid. —[set her two courses; off to sea again.] The courses are the main sail and foresail.

JOHNSON

ibid. —[merely cheated of our lives] Merely in this place, signifies absolutely; in which sense it is used in *Hamlet*, Act 1:

"—— Things rank and gross in nature
"Possess it merely."

STEEVENS.

P. 121. —[full poor cell.] A cell in a great degree of poverty. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "I am full sorry."

STEEVENS.

P. 122. —[that there is no soul—] Thus the old editions read: but this is apparently defective. Mr. Rowe, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—[that there is no soul lost, without any notice of the variation. Mr. Theobald substitutes *no foil*, and Mr. Pope follows him. To come so near the right, and yet to miss it, is unlucky: the author probably wrote *no soil*, no stain, no spot; for so Ariel tells:

"Not a hair perish'd;
"On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
"But fresher than before."

And Gonzalo, "The rarity of it is, that our garments being drenched in the sea, keep notwithstanding their freshness and glosses." Of this emendation I find that the author of notes on *The Tempest* had a glimpse, but could not keep it.

JOHNSON

Such interruptions are not uncommon to Shakespeare. He sometimes begins a sentence, and, before he concludes it, entirely changes its construction, because another, more forcible, occurs. As this change frequently happens in conversation, it may be suffered to pass uncensured in the language of the stage.

STEEVENS.

P. 124. ————like one,

*Who having unto truth by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,*

To credit his own lie There is, perhaps, no correlative, to which the word it can with grammatical propriety belong. *Lie*, however, seems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, however ungrammatically.

STEEVENS

There is a very singular coincidence between this passage and one in Bacon's History of King Henry VII. [Perkin Warbeck] "did in all things notably acquit himself; inasmuch as it was generally believed, that he was indeed duke Richard. Nay, himself, with long and continual counterfeiting, and with oft telling a lye, was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be; and from a liar to be a believer."

MALONE.

P. 125. —*deck'd the sea.*] To *deck*, I am told, signifies in the North, to sprinkle. See Ray's Dict. of North country words, in verb *deg*, and to *deck*; and his Dict. of South Country words, in verb *dag*. The latter signifies *dew* upon the grass;—hence *daggle-tailed*.

MALONE.

A correspondent, who signs himself Eboracensis, proposes that this contested word should be printed *degg'd*, which, says he, signifies sprinkled, and is in daily use in the North of England. When clothes that have been washed are too much dried, it is necessary to moisten them before they can be ironed, which is always done by sprinkling; this operation the maidens universally call *degging*.

REED.

P. 126. *Now I arise*] Why does Prospero *arise*? Or, if he does it to ease himself by change of posture, why need he interrupt his narrative to tell his daughter of it? Perhaps these words belong to Miranda, and we should read:

"Mir. 'Would I might

"But ever see that man?—Now I arise.

"Pra. Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow."

Prospero in p. 8, had directed his daughter to "sit down," and learn the whole of this history; having previously by some magical charm disposed her to fall asleep. He is watching the progress of this charm; and in the mean time tells her a long story, often asking her whether her attention be still awake. The story being ended (as Miranda supposes) with their coming on shore, and partaking of the conveniences provided for them by the loyal humanity of Gonzalo, she therefore first expresses a wish to see the good old man, and then observes that she may "now arise," as the story is done. Prospero, surprised that his charm does not yet work, bids her "sit still;" and then enters on fresh matter to amuse the time, telling her (what she knew before) that he had been her tutor, &c. But soon perceiving her drowsiness coming on, he breaks off abruptly, and leaves her still sitting to her slumbers.

BLACKSTONE.

As the words—"now I arise"—may signify, "now I rise in my narration,"—"now my story heightens in its consequence," I have left the passage in question undisturbed. We still say, that the interest of a drama rises or declines.

STEEVENS.

ibid. —and all his quality] i. e. all his confederates, all who are of the same profession. So, in Hamlet:

"Come, give us a taste of your quality."

STEEVENS.

P. 129. —in Argier] Argier is the ancient English name for Algiers.

STEEVENS.

P. 130. *The strangeness*—] Why should a wonderful story produce sleep? I believe, experience will prove, that any violent agitation of the mind easily subsides in slumber, especially when, as in Prospero's relation, the last images are pleasing.

JOHNSON.

The poet seems to have been apprehensive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would sleep over this long but necessary tale, and therefore strives to break it. First, by making Prospero divest himself of his magic robe and wand: then by waking her attention no less than six times by verbal interruption: then by varying the action when he rises and bids her continue sitting: and lastly, by carrying on the business of the fable while Miranda sleeps, by which she is continued on the stage till the poet has occasion for her again.

WARNER.

P. 135. *He's gentle, and not fearful.*] "How have your commentators been puzzled by the following expression in The Tempest, 'He's gentle, and not fearful'?" as if it was a paralogism to say that being *gentle*, he must of course be courageous:

but the truth is, one of the original meanings, if not the sole meaning, of that word was, noble, high minded: and to this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in *The Tempest*, would express herself nearly in the same terms.—Don't provoke him; for being gentle, that is, high spirited, he won't tamely bear an insult."

Smollet's *Humphrey Clinker*, Vol. II. p. 182.

REED.

P. 142. *Trebles thee o'er.*] You must put on more than your usual seriousness, if you are disposed to pay a proper attention to my proposal; which attention if you bestow, it will in the end make you *thrice what you are*.

STEEVENS.

Ibid. You more invest it!] A judicious critic in *The Edinburgh Magazine* for Nov. 1788, offers the following illustration of this obscure passage, "Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant water to flow. '—It has already learned to ebb,' says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies, 'O if you knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at; how in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation!'"

STEEVENS.

P. 146. —*looks like a foul bombard.*] This term again occurs in *The First Part of Henry IV*: "—that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack—" And again, in *Henry VIII*. "And here you lie bailing of bombards; when ye should do service." By these several passages, 'tis plain the word meant a large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance so called.

THEOBALD.

P. 147. —*his gaberdine*;) A gaberdine is properly the coarse frock or outward garment of a peasant. Spanish *Gaberdina*.

STEEVENS.

Ibid. —*if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit*:] This is no impertinent hint to those who indulge themselves in a constant use of wine. When it is necessary for them as a medicine, it produces no effect.

STEEVENS.

Ibid. —*I will not take too much for him.*] Let me take what sum I will, however great, I shall not take too much for him: it is impossible for me to sell him too dear.

MALONE.

P. 148. —*to be the siege of this moon-calf*!] Siege signifies stool in every sense of the word, and is here used in the dirtiest. A moon-calf is an inanimate shapeless mass, supposed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only. See his *Nat. Hist.* B. X. ch. 64.

STEEVENS.

P. 150. *Young sea-malls.*] Sir Joseph Banks informs me, that in Willoughby's, or rather John Ray's *Ornithology*, p. 34, No. 3, is mentioned the common *sea mall*, *Larus cinereus minor*; and that young sea-gulls have been esteemed a delicate food in this country, we learn from Plott, who, in his *History of Staffordshire*, p. 231, gives an account of the mode of taking a species of gulls called in that country *pewits*, with a plate annexed, at the end of which he writes, "they being accounted a good dish at the most plentiful tables." To this it may be added, that Sir Robert Sibbald in his *Ancient State of the Shire of Fife*, mentions amongst fowls which frequent a neighbouring island, several sort of *sea-malls*, and one in particular, the *katiwake*, a fowl of the *Larus* or *mall* kind, of the bigness of an ordinary pigeon, which some hold, says he, to be as savoury and as good meat as a partridge is.

REED.

P. 154. *Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.*] Meaning, he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able to stand. The quibble between standard, an ensign, and standard, a fruit-tree that grows without support, is evident.

STEEVENS.

P. 155. *Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.*] Perhaps Shakespeare caught this idea from the 4th chapter of Judges, v. 21: "Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a nail of the tent, and took a hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples, &c. for he was fast asleep," &c.

STEEVENS.

Ibid. *What a pied, ninny's this*?] It should be remembered that Trinculo is no *satirist*, but a *jester*; and is so called in the ancient dramatic personæ. He therefore wears the party-coloured dress of one of these characters.

STEEVENS.

P. 158. *Praise in departing.*] i. e. Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation. It is a proverbial saying.

STEEVENS.

P. 158. *Each putter-out, &c.*] The ancient custom here alluded to was this. In this age of travelling, it was a practice with those who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home. So Puntarvolo, (it is Theobald's quotation,) in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (because I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one, upon the return of my wife, myself, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople."

STEEVENS.

P. 181. —a thread of mine own life.] "A thread of mine own life" is a fibre or a part of my own life. Prospero considers himself as the stock or parent-tree, and his daughter as a fibre or portion of himself, and for whose benefit he himself lives. In this sense the word is used in Markham's *English Husbandman*, edit. 1635, p. 146: "Cut off all the maine rootes, within half a foot of the tree, only the small thriddes or twist rootes you shall not cut at all."

TOLLET.

P. 165. *And like this insubstantial pageant faded.*] Faded means here—having vanished; from the Latin, *vado*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"It faded on the crowing of the cock."

To feel the justice of this comparison, and the propriety of the epithet, the nature of these exhibitions should be remembered. The ancient English pageants were shows exhibited on the reception of a prince, or any other solemnity of a similar kind. They were presented on occasional stages erected in the streets. Originally they appear to have been nothing more than dumb shows; but before the time of our author, they had been enlivened by the introduction of speaking personages, who were characteristically habited. The speeches were sometimes in verse; and as the procession moved forward, the speakers, who constantly bore some allusion to the ceremony, either conversed together in the form of a dialogue, or addressed the noble person whose presence occasioned the celebrity. On these allegorical spectacles very costly ornaments were bestowed. See *Fabian*, II. 382. *Warton's Hist. of Poet.* II. 198, 202.

The well-known lines before us may receive some illustration from Stowe's account of the pageants exhibited in the year 1604, (not long before this play was written,) on King James, his Queen, &c. passing triumphantly from the Tower to Westminster; on which occasion seven gates or arches were erected in different places through which the procession passed.—Over the first gate "was represented the true likeness of all the notable houses, Towers and steeples, within the citie of London."—"The sixth arch or gate of triumph was erected above the Conduit in Fleet-Streete, whereon the GLOBE of the world was seen to move, &c. At Temple-bar a seventh arche or gate was erected, the fore-front whereof was proportioned in every respect like a TEMPLE, being dedicated to Janus, &c.—The citie of Westminster, and Dutchy of Lancaster, at the Strand had erected the invention of a Rainbow, the moone, sunne, and Starres, advanced between two Pyramides," &c. *ANNALS*, p. 1429, edit. 1605.

MALONE.

P. 188. *So his mind cankers:*] Shakespeare, when he wrote this description, perhaps recollected what his patron's most intimate friend the great Lord Essex, in an hour of discontent said of Queen Elizabeth: "that she grew old and canker'd, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcase:"—a speech, which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, cost him his head, and which, we may therefore suppose, was at that time much talked of. This play being written in the time of King James, these obnoxious words might be safely repeated.

MALONE.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

P. 207. *My staff understands me.*] This equivocation, miserable as it is, has been admitted by Milton in his great poem, B. VI:

"——The terms we sent were terms of weight,
"Such as, we may perceive, amaz'd them all,
"And stagger'd many; who receives them right,
"Had need from head to foot well understand;
"Not understood, this gift they have besides,
"To shew us when our foes stand not upright."

JOHNSON.

P. 210. —with a cod-piece, &c.] Whoever wishes to be acquainted with this particular, relative to dress, may consult Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, in which such matters are very amply discussed. It is mentioned, however, in *Tyro's Roaring Megge*, 1698.

"Tyro's round breeches have a cliffe behind;
"And that same perking longitude before,
"Which for a pin-case antique plowmen wore."

Ocular instruction may be had from the armour shown as John of Gaunt's in the Tower of London. The same fashion appears to have been no less offensive in France. See Montaigne, Chap. XXII. The custom of sticking pins in this ostentatious piece of indecency was continued by the illiberal warders of the Tower, till forbidden by authority.

STEEVENS.

P. 218. —for she hath had gossips:] Gossips not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble between these is evident.

STEEVENS.

P. 236. *I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.*] It should be remembered, that false hair was worn by the ladies, long before wigs were in fashion. These false coverings, however, were called periwigs.

STEEVENS.

See Much Ado about Nothing, Act II. sc. iii: "—and her hair shall be of what colour it please God." And The Merchant of Venice, Act III. sc. ii:

"So are crisped, snaky golden locks," &c.

Again, in The Honestie of this Age, proving by good Circumstance that the World was never honest till now, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615; "My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crowns, to bestow upon some new-fashioned attire;—upon such artificial deformed periwig, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a Christian woman." Again, *ibid*: "These attire-makers within these forty years were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowlie commodity of periwig, and their monstrous attires, closed in boxes,—and those women that used to wear: them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls,—such monstrous mop-powies of hair, so proportioned and deformed, that but within these twenty or thirty years would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them."

MALONE.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

P. 251. *Sir* is the designation of a Bachelor of Arts in the universities of Cambridge and Dublin; but is there always annexed to the surname—*Sir Evans*, &c. In consequence, however, of this, all the inferior clergy in England were distinguished by this title affixed to their christian names for many centuries. Hence our author's *Sir Hugh* in the present play, *Sir Topaz* in Twelfth Night, *Sir Oliver* in *As you like it*, &c.

MALONE.

Sir seems to have been a title formerly appropriated to such of the inferior clergy as were only *Readers* of the service, and not admitted to be preachers, and therefore were held in the lowest estimation.

PERCY.

P. 253. *How does your fellow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotswold.*] He means *Cotswold*, in Gloucestershire. In the beginning of the reign of James I. by permission of the king, one Dover, a public-spirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, in Warwickshire, instituted on the Hills of Cotswold an annual celebration of games, consisting of rural sports and exercises. These he constantly conducted in person, well mounted, and accoutred in a suit of his majesty's old clothes; and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and gentry for sixty miles round, till the grand rebellion abolished every liberal establishment. The games, as appears from a curious frontispiece, were chiefly wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and particularly coursing the hare with greyhounds. Hence also we see the meaning of another passage, where Falstaff, or Shallow, calls a stout fellow a *Cotswold-man*.

T. WARTON.

P. 261. *As many devils entertain:*] Do you retain in your service as many devils as she has angels. So, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant."

MALONE.

[*Ibid.* —my pinnace.] A pinnace is a small vessel with a square stern, having sails and oars, and carrying three masts; chiefly used, says Rolt in his Dictionary of Commerce, as a scout for intelligence, and for landing of men.

MALONE.

P. 265. *You shall have An fool's head.*] Mrs. Quickly, I believe, intends a quibble between *Ann*, sounded broad, and *one*, which was formerly sometimes pronounced *on*, or with nearly the same sound. In the Scottish dialect *one* is written, and I suppose pronounced, *anc*.

MALONE.

P. 267. *Flemish drunkard*] It is not without reason that this term of reproach is

here used. Sir John Smythe in "Certain Discourses," &c. 1590, says, that the habit of drinking was introduced into England from the Low Countries "by some of our such men of warre within these very few yeares: whereof it is come to passe that now-a-dayes there are very fewe feastes where our said men of warre are present, but that they do invite and procure all the companie, of what calling soever they be, to carowing and quaffing; and, because they will not be denied their challenges, they, with many new conges, ceremonies, and reverences, drinke to the health and prosperitie of princes; to the health of counsellors, and unto the health of their greatest friends both at home and abroad: in which exercise they never cease till they be deede drunke, or, as the Flemings say, *Doot druncken*." He adds, "And this aforesaid detestable vice hath within these six or seven yeares taken wonderful roote amongst our English nation, that in times past was wont to be of all other nations of Christen dome one of the soberest." REED.

P. 267. *These knights will hack*] That is, become cheap or vulgar; and therefore Mrs. Page advises her friend not to sully her gentry by becoming one.

BLACKSTONE.

Between the time of king James's arrival at Berwick in April 1603, and the 2d of May, he made 257 knights; and in the July following between 3 and 400 more. This stroke of satire must therefore have been highly relished by the audience.

MALONE.

P. 268. —*press*.] Press is used ambiguously, for a press to print, and a press to squeeze.

JOHNSON.

P. 275. —*to your manor of Pickt-hatch*.] That this evidently means, "to your house of ill fame," see Note in Pericles, p. 281.

STEEVENS.

P. 276. —*one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack*.] It seems to have been a common custom at taverns, in our author's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another, either as a memorial of friendship, or (as in the present instance) by way of introduction to acquaintance. Of the existence of this practice the following anecdote of Ben Jonson and Bishop Corbet furnishes a proof: "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, and in comes Bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of *raw* wine, and gives it to the tapster. 'Sirrah, says he, carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him, I sacrifice my service to him.' The fellow did, and in those words. 'Friend,' says Dr. Corbet, 'I thank him for his love; but 'pr'ythee tell him from me that he is mistaken; for sacrifices are always burnt.' Merry Passages and Jeasts, MSS. Harl. 6385.

MALONE.

This practice was continued as late as the Restoration. In the Parliamentary History, Vol. XXII. p. 114, we have the following passage from Dr. Price's Life of General Monk: "I came to the Three Tuns before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into but wine followed me as a present from some citizens, desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me."

REED.

P. 278. —*and I will aggravate his stile*.] Stile is a phrase from the Herald's office. Falstaff means, that he will add more titles to those he already enjoys.

STEEVENS.

P. 280. —*bully Stale*?] The reason why Caius is called bully Stale, and afterwards Urinal, must be sufficiently obvious to every reader, and especially to those whose credulity and weakness have enrolled them among the patients of the present German empiric, who calls himself Doctor Alexander Mayerbach.

STEEVENS.

P. 283. *I have lived fourscore years and upward*.] We must certainly read—*threescore*. In The Second Part of King Henry IV. during Falstaff's interview with Master Shallow, in his way to York, which Shakespeare has evidently chosen to fix in 1412, (though the Archbishop's insurrection actually happened in 1406.) Silence observes that it was then *fifty-five years* since the latter went to Clement's Inn; so that, supposing him to have begun his studies at sixteen, he would be born in 1341, and, consequently, be a very few years older than John of Gaunt, who, we may recollect, broke his head in the tilt-yard. But, besides this little difference in age, John of Gaunt at eighteen or nineteen would be above six feet high, and poor Shallow, with all his apparel, might have been *truss'd into an eel-skin*. Dr. Johnson was of opinion that the present play ought to be read between the First and Second Part of Henry IV. an arrangement liable to objections which that learned and eminent critic would

have found it very difficult, if not altogether impossible, to surmount. But, let it be placed where it may, the scene is clearly laid between 1402, when Shallow would be *sixty-one*, and 1412, when he had the meeting with Falstaff: Though one would not, to be sure, from what passes on that occasion, imagine the parties had been together so lately at Windsor; much less that the Knight had ever beaten his worship's keepers, kill'd his deer, and broke open his lodge. The alteration now proposed, however, is in all events necessary; and the rather so, as Falstaff must be nearly of the same age with Shallow, and *four-score* seems a little too late in life for a man of *his kidney* to be making love to, and even supposing himself admired by, two at a time, travelling in a buck-basket, thrown into a river, going to the wars, and making prisoners. Indeed, he has luckily put the matter out of all doubt, by telling us in the First Part of King Henry IV. that his age was "*some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore.*"

RITSON.

P. 287. *Among the whitzers.*] A typographical error has escaped in the text of this edition: for *whitzers*, read *whitsters*; i.e. the blanchers of linen. DOUCE.

P. 289. —*that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian ad-
mittance.*]

May not the *tire-valiant* be so called from the air of boldness and confidence which it might give the wearer? A certain court divine (who can hardly be called a courtly one) in a sermon preached before King James the First, thus speaks of the ladies' head dresses: "Oh what a wonder it is to see a ship under saile with her tacklings and her masts, and her tops and top gallants, with her upper decks and her nether decks, and so bedecked with her streames, flags, and ensignes, and I know not what; yea but a world of wonders it is to see a woman created in God's image, so miscreate oft times and deformed with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that he that made her, when he looks upon her, shall hardly know her, with her plumes, her fans, and a silken vizard, with a ruffe, *(like a saile; yea, a ruffe like a rainbow, with a feather in her cap, like a flag in her top, to tell (I thinke) which way the wind will blow.*" The Merchant Royall, a sermon preached at Whitehall before the King's Majestie, at the nuptials of Lord Hay and his Lady, Twelfth-day, 1607, 4to. 1615. Again, "—it is proverbially said, that far fetcht and deare bought is fittest for ladies; as now-a-daies what groweth at home is base and homely, and what every one eates is meate for dogs; and wee must have bread from one countrie, and drinke from another; and wee must have meate from Spaine, and sauce out of Italy; and if wee weare any thing, it must be pure Venetian, Roman, or barbarian; but the fashion of all must be French." Ibid.

REED.

P. 289. —*behind the arras.*] The spaces left between the walls and the wooden frames on which arras was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors than to the authors of their ancient dramatic pieces. Borachio in Much Ado about Nothing, and Polonius in Hamlet, also avail themselves of this convenient recess.

STEEVENS.

P. 291. *How you drumble.*] To drumble, in Devonshire, signifies to mutter in a sullen and inarticulate voice.

HENLEY.

P. 291.—*So, now uncouple.*] Is a term in fox-hunting, which signifies to dig out the fox when earthed. The Oxford editor reads—*uncouple*.

WARBURTON.

I believe that Hanmer's amendment is right, and that we ought to read—*uncouple*.—Ford, like a good sportsman, first stops the earths, and then uncouples the hounds.

M. MASON.

P. 291. —*who was in the basket ?*] We should read—*what was in the basket*: for though in fact Ford has asked no such question, he could never suspect there was either man or woman in it. The propriety of this emendation is manifest from a subsequent passage, where Falstaff tells Master Brook—"the jealous knave asked them once or twice what they had in their basket."

RITSON.

P. 294. —*come out and long-tail.*] The last conversation I had the honour to enjoy with Sir William Blackstone, was on this subject; and by a series of accurate references to the whole collection of ancient Forest Laws, he convinced me of our repeated error, *expeditation* and *genuscission*, being the only established and technical modes ever used for disabling the canine species. Part of the tails of spaniels indeed, are generally cut off (*ornamenti gratia*) while they are puppies, so that (admitting a loose description) every kind of dog is comprehended in the phrase of cut and long-tail, and every rank of people in the same expression, if metaphorically used.

STEEVENS.

P. 301. —*you must be preeches.*] Sir Hugh means to say—you must be breeched,

- a. *Sagged.* To breach is to flog. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:
 "I am no breaching scholar in the schools." STEEVENS.

P. 302. —*watch the deer with pistols.*] This is one of Shakespeare's anachronisms. DOUCE.

Thus, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Thaliard says

"———If I

"Can get him once within my pistol's length," &c.
 and Thaliard was one of the courtiers of Antiochus the third, who reigned 200 years before Christ. STEEVENS.

P. 310. —*Anthropophaginites*—] i. e. a cannibal. See *Othello*, Act I. sc. iii. It is here used as a sounding word to astonish Simple. *Ephesian*, which follows, has no other meaning. STEEVENS.

P. 310. —*wise women of Brentford*!] In our author's time female dealers in palmistry and fortune-telling were usually denominated wise women. REED.

This appellation occurs also in our version of the Bible: "Her wise ladies answered her, yea she returned answer to herself." Judges v. 29. STEEVENS.

P. 311. *Ay, sir Tibe; who more bold?*] The folio reads—Ay, sir, *like*, &c. MALONE.

P. 312. —*at primero.*] *Primero* and *primavista*, two games of cards. *Primum et primum visum*, that is, first and first scene, because he that can show such an order of cards, wins the game." See *Minsheu's Dict.* 1617. REED.

P. 318. —*in a pit hard by Herne's oak.*] An oak, which may be that alluded to by Shakespeare, is still standing close to a pit in Windsor forest. It is yet shown as the oak of Herne. STEEVENS.

VOL. II.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

P. 11. —*Then no more remains*

But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,

And let them work.] To the integrity of this reading Mr. Theobald objects, and thinks a line has been accidentally dropped, which he attempts to restore thus:

But that to your sufficiency you add

Due diligence, as your worth is able, &c.

But I am of opinion that by *sufficiency* is meant *authority*, the power delegated by the Duke to Escalus. The plain meaning of the word being this: "Put your skill in governing (says the Duke) to the power which I give you to exercise it, and let them work together." WARBURTON.

Some words seem to be lost, the sense of which, perhaps, may be thus supplied:

———Then no more remains,

But that to your sufficiency you put

A zeal as willing as your worth is able,

And let them work. TYRWHITT.

Sufficiency is skill in government; ability to execute his office. *And let them work*, a figurative expression; *Let them ferment.* MALONE.

P. 12 *Are not thine own so proper?*] i. e. are not so much thine own property. STEEVENS.

Ibid. *Both thanks and use*] i. e. She (Nature) requires and allots to herself the same advantages that creditors usually enjoy,—thanks for the endowments she has bestowed, and extraordinary exertions in those whom she hath thus favoured, by way of interest for what she has lent. *Use*, in the phraseology of our author's age signified interest of money. MALONE.

P. 20. —*makes me not your story.*] Mr. Ritson explains this passage, "do not make a jest of me." REED.

P. 22. *What know the laws,*

That thieves do pass on thieves?] How can the administrators of the laws take cognizance of what I have just mentioned? How can they know, whether the jurymen, who decide on the life or death of thieves, be themselves as criminal as those whom they try? *To pass on* is a forensic term. MALONE.

P. 23. —*Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none*] I find from Holinshed that the *brake* was an engine of torture. "The said Hawkins was cast into the Tower, and at length brought to the brake, called the *Duke of Excester's Daughter*, by means of which pain he showed many things," &c.

"When the Dukes of Exeter and Suffolk, says Blackstone, in his Commentaries, Vol. IV. chap. xxv. and other ministers of Henry VI. had laid a design to introduce the civil law into this kingdom as the rule of government, for a beginning thereof they erected a rack for torture; which was called in derision the Duke of Exeter's Daughter, and still remains in the Tower of London, where it was occasionally used as an engine of state, not of law, more than once in the reign of Queen Elizabeth."

STEEVENS.

P. 33. *I am that way going to temptation,*
Where prayers cross.] The petition of the Lord's Prayer—"lead us not into temptation"—is here considered as crossing or intercepting the onward way in which Angelo was going; this appointment of his for the morrow's meeting, being a premeditated exposure of himself to temptation, which it was the general object of prayer to thwart.

HENLEY.

P. 34. —*And pitch our evils there*] No language could more forcibly express the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's passion, which the purity of Isabella but served the more to inflame.—The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 Kings x. 27

HENLEY.

P. 35. —*O, injurious love,*] Hammer reads *law*, the trace of the letters in the words *law* and *love* being so nearly alike.—The law affected the life of the man only, not that of the woman; and this is the injury that Juliet complains of, as she wished to die with him.

M. MASON.

P. 36. *Whilst my intention,*] read *invention*. By *invention*, I believe the poet means—*imagination*.

STEEVENS.

So, in King Henry V:

"O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
 "The brightest heaven of invention"

MALONE.

P. 37. *'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth*] What you have stated is undoubtedly the divine law: murder and fornication are both forbid by the *canon of scripture*;—but on *earth* the latter offence is considered as less heinous than the former.

MALONE.

Ibid. *Stand more for number than account*] Actions to which we are compelled, however numerous, are not imputed to us by heaven as crimes. If you cannot save your brother but by the loss of your chastity, it is not a voluntary but compelled sin, for which you cannot be accountable.

MALONE.

P. 38. —*as these black masks*] The phrase *these black masks* signifies nothing more than black masks; according to an old idiom of our language, by which the demonstrative pronoun is put for the prepositive article.

TYRWHITT.

P. 52. —*her clack-dish*] A custom is still kept up in the villages near Oxford, about Easter, for the poor people and children to go *a clacking*: they carry wooden bowls, salt boxes, &c. and make a rattling noise at the houses of the principal inhabitants, who give them bacon, eggs, &c.

HARRIS.

P. 57. —*false and most contrarious quests*] mean lying and contradictory messengers, with whom run volumes of report.

RITSON.

P. 80. —*Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power*.] That is, a premature discovery of it.

M. MASON.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

P. 100. *Poor I am but his stale*] "*Stale* to catch thieves" in *The Tempest*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it seems to imply the same as *stalking-horse*, *pretence*. I am, says Adriana, but his *pretended* wife, the mask under which he covers his amours.

STEEVENS.

P. 108. *We shall part with neither*] To *part* does not signify to share or divide, but to depart or go away; and Balthazar means to say, that whilst debating which is best, they should go away without either.

M. MASON.

P. 111 *[Not mad but mated]* I suspect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* signifies not only confounded, but *matched with a wife*: and Antipholis, who had been challenged as a husband by Adriana, which he cannot account for, uses the word *mated* in both these senses. M. MASON.

P. 124. —*your customers?*] A customer is used in Othello for a common woman. Here it seems to signify one who visits such women. MALONE.

P. 131. —*His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:*] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of idiots close to their heads. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of King Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously shave a common man like a fool. TOLLET.

The hair of idiots is still cut close to their heads, to prevent the consequences of uncleanness. RITSON.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

P. 148. —*And I am prest unto it:*] *Prest* may not here signify impress'd, as into military service, but ready, Pret. Fr. STEEVENS.

P. 150. —*the Neapolitan prince.*] The Neapolitans in the time of Shakespeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship; nor have they, even now, forfeited their title to the same praise. STEEVENS.

P. 173. —*embraced heaviness.*] We say of a man now, that he "hugs his sorrows," and why might not Antonio embrace heaviness? JOHNSON.

P. 191. —*It is much, that the Moor should be more, &c.*] Shakespeare, no doubt, had read or heard of the old epigram on Sir Thomas More:

"When More some years had chancellor been,

"No more suits did remain;

"The like shall never more be seen,

"Till More be there again."

RITSON.

P. 207. —*The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,*] Let not this capricious sentiment of Shakespeare descend to posterity, unattended by the opinion of the late Lord Chesterfield on the same subject. In his 148th letter to his son, who was then at Venice, his lordship, after having enumerated music among the *liberal* pleasures, adds—"if you love music, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I must insist on your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous and contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more, than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." Again, Letter 153: "A taste of sculpture and painting is, in my mind, as becoming as a taste of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion. The former is connected with history and poetry, the latter with nothing but *bad company*." STEEVENS.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

P. 251. *Wherein we play in.*] I believe, with Mr. Pope, that we should only read—*Wherein we play.*

and add a word at the beginning of the next speech, to complete the measure; viz.

"*Why, all the world's a stage.*"

Thus, in Hamlet:

"*Hor. So Rosencrantz and Guildenstern go to't;*

"*Ham. Why, man, they did make love to their employment.*"

Again, in Measure for Measure:

"*Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once.*"

Again, *ibid*:

"*Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done.*"

In twenty other instances, we find the same adverb introductorily used.

STEEVENS.

P. 291. *As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.*] This should be read thus:

As those that fear their hap, and know their fear. WARBURTON.

I read thus:

As those that fear with hope, and hope with fear.

Or thus, with less alteration :

As those that fear, they hope, and now they fear. JOHNSON.
I would read :
As those that fear, then hope ; and know, then fear. MUSGRAVE.
I have little doubt but it should run thus :
As those who fearing hope, and hoping fear, M. MASON.
I believe this line requires no other alteration than the addition of a semi-colon :
As those that fear ; they hope, and know they fear. HENLEY

VOL. III.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

P. 13. —by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen.] Shakespeare had forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and consequently long before the death of Dido. STEEVENS.

P. 23. *And never, since the middle summer's spring.*] The middle summer's spring, is, I apprehend, the season when trees put forth their second, or, as they are frequently called, their *midsummer shoots*. Thus, Evelyn in his *Silva* : 'Cut off all the side boughs, and especially at midsummer, if you spy them break *ag out*.' And again, "Where the rows and brush lie longer than *midsummer*, unbound, or made up, you endanger the loss of the *second spring*." HENLEY.

P. 24. —*their winter here ;*] *Here*, in this country.—I once inclined to receive the emendation proposed by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer,—*their winter cheer* ; but perhaps alteration is unnecessary. "Their *winter*" may mean those sports with which country people are wont to beguile a winter's evening, at the season of Christmas, which, it appears from the next line, was particularly in our author's contemplation. MALONE.

Ibid. *No night is now with hymn or carol blest :*] Since the coming of Christianity, this season, (winter,) in commemoration of the birth of Christ, has been particularly devoted to festivity. And to this custom, notwithstanding the impropriety, *hymn or carol blest* certainly alludes. WARBURTON.

Hymns and carols, in the time of Shakespeare, during the season of Christmas, were sung every night about the streets, as a pretext for collecting money from house to house. STEEVENS.

Ibid. *Therefore the moon, the governess of floods, &c.*] The repeated adverb *therefore*, throughout this speech, I suppose to have constant reference to the first time when it is used. All these irregularities of season happened in consequence of the disagreement between the king and queen of the fairies, and not in consequence of each other. Ideas crowded fast on Shakespeare ; and as he committed them to paper, he did not attend to the distance of the leading object from which they took their rise. Mr. Malone concurs with me on this occasion.

That the festivity and hospitality attending Christmas, decreased, was the subject of complaint to many of our ludicrous writers. STEEVENS.

Ibid. —*Hyems' chin,*] Dr. Grey, not inelegantly, conjectures, that the poet wrote .
—on old *Hyems'* chill and icy crown.

It is not indeed easy to discover how a chaplet can be placed on the chin.

Thinn's is nearer to *chinne* (the spelling of the old copies) than *chill*, and therefore, I think, more likely to have been the author's word. MALONE.

P. 28. *And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.*] It is called, in other counties the "Three-coloured violet," the "Herb of Trinity," "Three faces in a hood," "Candle me to you," &c. STEEVENS.

Ibid. *You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant ;*

But yet you draw not iron,] I learn from Edward Fenton's *Certaine Secret Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 1569, that—"there is now a dayes a kind of *adamant* which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together, two mouthes of contrary persons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodlie without offending any parte of him." STEEVENS.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

P. 113. *No, not to be so odd*] I should read, *nor to be so odd, &c.* M. MASON.

P. 139. *With candle-masters ;*] This is a very difficult passage, and hath not, I

think, been satisfactorily cleared up. The explanation I shall offer, will give, I believe, as little satisfaction; but I will, however, venture. *Candle-wasters* is a term of contempt for scholars: thus Jonson, in *Cynthia's Revels*, Act III. sc. ii: "—spoiled by a whoreson book-worm, a *candle-waster*." The sense then, which I would assign to Shakespeare, is this: "If such a one will patch grief with proverbs,—case or cover the wounds of his grief with proverbial sayings;—make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters,—stupify misfortune, or render himself insensible to the strokes of it, by the conversation or lacerations of scholars; the production of the lamp, but not fitted to human nature." Patch, in the sense of mending a defect or breach, occurs in Hamlet:

"O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, to expel the winter's flaw."

WHALLEY.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

P. 184. *And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop.*] The conceit seems to be very forced and remote, however it be understood. The notion is not that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a tumbler carries his hoop, hanging on one shoulder and falling under the opposite arm.

JOHNSON.

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a *lady's colours*. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "—dispatches his lacquey to her chamber early, to know what *her colours are* for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly," &c. I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dressed out with ribbands, and in the position described by Dr. Johnson.

STEEVENS.

P. 205. *Still climbing trees in the Hesperides.*] Our author had heard or read of "the gardens of the Hesperides," and seems to have thought that the latter word was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; as we say, the gardens of the Tuilleries, &c.

MALONE.

P. 218. *Veal, quoth the Dutchman.*] I suppose, by *veal*, she means *well*, sounded as foreigners usually pronounce that word; and introduced merely for the sake of the subsequent question.

MALONE.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

P. 248. *I must go fetch the thirdborough.*] The office of Thirdborough is the same with that of Constable, except in places where there are both, in which case the former is little more than the constable's assistant. The etymology of the word is uncertain.

RITSON.

P. 250. *Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd.*] Perhaps we might read *bathe Merriman*, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntsmen; but the present reading may stand.

JOHNSON.

Can any thing be more evident than that *imboss'd* means swelled in the knees, and that we ought to read *bathe*? What has the imbossing of a *deer* to do with that of a *hound*? 'Imbossed sores' occur in *As you like it*; and in *King Henry IV.* the prince calls Falstaff 'imboss'd rascal!'

RITSON.

P. 255. *Old John Naps of Greece*] Read, old John Naps o' th' Green.

BLACKSTONE.

P. 257. *Or so devote to Aristotle's checks.*] Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethicks*. The sense confirms it.

BLACKSTONE.

P. 289. *To pass assurance*—] means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common *assurances* of the realm," because thereby each man's property is assured to him. So in a subsequent scene of this act: "they are busied about a counterfeit *assurance*."

MALONE.

VOL. IV.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

P. 29. —and great seas have dried.] So *holy writ*, &c. alludes to Daniel's judging, when, 'a young youth,' the two elders in the story of Susannah. *Great floods*, &c. when Moses smote the rock in Horeb, Exod. xvii. *Great seas have dried*, &c. refers to the children of Israel passing the Red sea, when miracles had been denied, or not hearkened to, by Pharaoh.

H. WHITE.

P. 36. ————— *good alone*

Is good, without a name ; villainess is so.] Shakespeare may mean that external circumstances have no power over the real nature of things. Good alone (by itself) without a name (without the addition of titles) is good. Villeness is so (is itself). Either of them is what its name implies.

"Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,

"'Tis not the devil's crest." *Mea. for Mea.*

Good is good, independent on any worldly distinction or title : so villainess is vile, in whatever state it may appear.

STEEVENS.

MALONE.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

P. 103. —*madonna.*] Ital. mistress, dame. So, *La maddona*, by way of pre-eminence, the *Blessed Virgin*.

STEEVENS.

P. 104. —*a most weak pia mater*] The *pia mater* is the membrane that immediately covers the substance of the brain.

STEEVENS.

P. 125. *Day-light and champain discovers not more :*] i. e. broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer.

WARBURTON.

P. 130. *Then westward hoe :*] This is the name of a comedy by T. Decker, 1607. He was assisted in it by Webster, and it was acted with great success by the children of Paul's, on whom Shakespeare has bestowed such notice in *Hamlet*, that we may be sure they were rivals to the company patronized by himself.

STEEVENS.

P. 132. *Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.*] The women's parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies.

WARBURTON.

The wren generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood.

STEEVENS.

P. 137. —*Play at cherry-pit*—] *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-stones into a little hole. Nash, speaking of the paint on ladies' faces, says : "You may play at *cherry-pit* in their cheeks."

STEEVENS.

P. 138. *More matter for a May morning.*] It was usual on the first of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as the morris-dance.

STEEVENS.

P. 154. *Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,*

Kill what I love :] In this simile, a particular story is presupposed, which ought to be known to show the justness and propriety of the comparison. It was taken from Heliodorus's *Æthiopica*, to which our author was indebted for the allusion. This "Egyptian thief" was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear, and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave ; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast.

THEOBALD.

P. 159. —*you must allow vox.*] The Clown, we may presume, had begun to read the letter in a very loud tone, and probably with extravagant gesticulation. Being reprimanded by his mistress, he justifies himself by saying, "If you would have it read in character, as such a mad epistle ought to be read, you must permit me to assume a frantic tone."

MALONE.

WINTER'S TALE.

P. 174. *You were pretty lordlings then.*] Read *lordings*.

P. 176. *We must be neat :*] Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, *we must be neat* ; then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned cattle*, he says, *not neat, but cleanly.*

JOHNSON.

P. 177. *Affection ! thy intention stabs the centre*] *Affection*, I believe, signifies *imagination*. Thus, in the *Merchant of Venice* :

—*affection,*

"Mistress of passion, sways it," &c.

i. e. imagination governs our passions. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expresses it, "when the mind with great earnestness, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, considers it on every side, and will not be called off by the ordinary solicitations of other ideas." This vehemence of the mind seems to be what affects Leontes so deeply, or in Shakespeare's language,—*stabs him to the centre.*

STEEVENS.

P. 188. *A sad tale's best for winter* :] Hence, I suppose, the title of the play.

TYRWHITT.

P. 217. *My traffic is sheets* :] Autolycus means, that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with.

M. MASON.

When the good women, in solitary cottages near the woods where kites build, miss any of their *lesser linen*, as it hangs to dry on the hedge in spring, they conclude that the kite has been marauding for a lining to her nest; and there adventurous boys often find it employed for that purpose.

HOLT WHITE.

P. 222. *Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers* :] There is some further conceit relative to *gillyflowers* than has yet been discovered. The old copy, (in both instances where this word occurs,) reads—*Gilly'flowers*, a term still used by low people in Sussex, to denote a harlot. I suppose *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilly-flower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phrase, to run from its colour, and change as often as a licentious female.

STEEVENS.

P. 226. —*the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't*.] The word *sleeve-hands* occurs in Leland's Collectanea, 1770: "A surcoat [of crimson velvet] furred with mynever pure, the collar, skirts, and *sleeve-hands* garnished with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's Dict. "*Poignet de la chemise*" is Englished "the wrist-band, or gathering at the *sleeve-hand* of a shirt." I conceive, that the "work about the square on't," signifies the work or embroidery about the bosom part of a shift, which might then have been of a square form, or might have a square tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illustrious persons.

TOLLET.

P. 233. *Where no priest shovels-in dust*.] This part of the priest's office might be remembered in Shakespeare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI.

FARMER.

That is—in pronouncing the words "earth to earth," &c.

HENLEY.

MACBETH.

P. 279. *The Prince of Cumberland*.] The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king, (as was often the case,) the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief.

STEEVENS.

P. 282. —*the blanket of the dark*.] *Blanket* was perhaps suggested to our poet by the coarse woollen curtain of his own theatre, through which probably, while the house was yet but half-lighted, he had himself often peeped.—In King Henry VI. P. III. we have—"night's coverture."

MALONE.

P. 285. *And falls on the other*.] The general image, though confusedly expressed, relates to a horse, who, overleaping himself, falls, and his rider under him.

Macbeth, as I apprehend, is meant for the rider, his intent for his horse, and his ambition for his *spur*; but, unluckily, as the words are arranged, the *spur* is said to *over-leap* itself. Such hazardous things are long-drawn metaphors in the hands of careless writers.

STEEVENS.

P. 295. *New hatch'd to the woeful time*.] *Prophecying* is what is *new-hatch'd*, and in the metaphor holds the place of *the egg*. The *events* are the fruit of such hatching.

STEEVENS.

P. 298. —*the near in blood,*

The nearer bloody.] Meaning; that he suspected Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the *nearest in blood* to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan.

STEEVENS.

P. 300. —*Colme-kill* :] Or *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the western isles, which Dr. Johnson visited, and describes in his Tour.

STEEVENS.

It is now called *Icothkill*. *Kill*, in the Erse language, signifies a *burying-place*.
MALONE.

P. 309. *Than pity for mischance!*] "I have more cause to accuse him of unkindness for his absence, than to pity him for any accident or mischance that may have occasioned it."
DOUCE.

P. 322. ---when we hold rumour] *Hold* means, in this place, to *believe*, as we say, I *hold* such a thing to be true, i. e. I take it, I believe it to be so.

When we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we hear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime for which we should be disturbed by those fears.
STEEVENS.

VOL. V.

KING JOHN.

P. 18. *Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like!*] Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age, printed in 1509, and called *Sollman* and *Perseda*. In this piece there is a character of a bragging cowardly knight, called *Basilisco*. His pretension to valour is so blown, and seen through, that *Piston*, a buffoon-servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him, till he makes *Basilisco* swear upon his dudgeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates to him; as, for instance:

"*Bas.* O, I swear, I swear.

"*Pist.* By the contents of this blade,—

"*Bas.* By the contents of this blade,—

"*Pist.* I, the aforesaid *Basilisco*,—

"*Bas.* I, the aforesaid *Basilisco*,—*knight, good fellow, knight.*

"*Pist.* *Knave, good fellow, knave, knave.*"

Phillip, when his mother calls him *knave*, throws off that reproach by humorously laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood*.
THEOBALD.

P. 30. *Do like the mutines of Jerusalem!*] The *mutines* are the *mutineers*, the seditious.

Our author had probably read the following passages in A compendious and most marvelous History of the latter Times of the Jewes Common-Weale, &c. Written in Hebrew, by Joseph Ben Gorion,—translated into English, by Peter Morwyn: "The same yeere the civil warres grew and increased in Jerusalem; for the citizens slew one another without any truce, rest, or quietnesse.—The people were divided into three parties; whereof the first and best followed *Anani*, the high-priest; another part followed seditious *Jehochanan*; the third most cruel *Schimneon*.—*Anani*, being a perfect godly man, and seeing the common-weale of Jerusalem governed by the seditious, gave over his third part, that stacke to him, to *Eliasar*, his sonne. *Eliasar* with his companie took the Temple, and the courts about it; appointing of his men, some to be spies, some to keep watche and ward.—But *Jehochanan* tooke the market-place and streetes, the lower part of the citie. Then *Schimneon*, the *Jerosolomite*, tooke the highest part of the towne, wherefore his men annoyed *Jehochanan's* parte sore with slings and crossebowes. Between these three there was also most cruel battailes in Jerusalem for the space of four daies.

"*Titus' campe* was about sixe furlongs from the towne. The next morrow they of the towne seeing *Titus* to be encamped upon the mount *Olivet*, the capitaines of the seditious assembled together, and fell at argument, every man with another, intending to turne their cruelty upon the *Romaines*, confirming and ratifying the same atonement and purpose, by swearing one to another; and so became peace among them. Wherefore joyning together, that before were three severall parts, they set open the gates, and the best of them issued out with an horrible noyse and shoute, that they made the *Romaines* afraide withall, in such wise that they fled before the seditious, which sodainly did set upon them upwarres."
MALONE.

P. 33. —*Volquessen*.] This is the ancient name for the country now called the *Verain*; in Latin *Pagus Volocassinus*. That part of it called the *Norman Verain*, was in dispute between *Phillip* and *John*.
STEEVENS.

P. 50. *To England, if you will!*] Neither the French king nor *Pandulph* has said a word of England since the entry of *Constance*. Perhaps, therefore, in despair, she means to address the absent King *John*: "Take my son to England, if you will; now that he is in your power, I have no prospect of seeing him again. It is therefore, of no consequence to me where he is."
MALONE.

KING RICHARD II.

P. 110. *Like to a tennement, or pelting farm:*] "In this 22d yeare of King Richard (says Fabian,) the common fame ranne, that the king had letten to farm the realme unto Sir William Scrope, earle of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Syr John Busbey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Grene, knights."

MALONE.

P. 115. *As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:*] *Stow* records, that Richard II. "compelled all the Religious, Gentlemen, and Commons, to set their seales to *Blankes*, to the end he might as it pleased him, oppresse them severally, or all at once: some of the Commons paid 1000 markes, some 1000 pounds." &c. *Chronicle*, p. 518, fol. 1638.

HOLT WHITE.

P. 140. *Then I must not say, no.*] "The duke with a high sharpe voyce bade bring forth the king's horses, and then two little nagges, not worth forty franks, were brought forth; the king was set on the one, and the earl of Salisbury on the other; and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the duke of Gloucesters sonne, and to the earle of Arundels sonne, (that loved him but little, for he had put their fathers to death, who led him straight to the castle." *Stowe*, (p. 621, edit. 1805) from a manuscript account written by a person who was present.

MALONE.

P. 143. *Westminster Hall.*] The rebuilding of Westminster-Hall, which Richard had begun in 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him.

MALONE.

P. 145. *Surrey*] Thomas Holland earl of Kent. He was brother to John Holland duke of Exeter, and was created duke of Surrey in the 21st year of King Richard the Second, 1397. The dukes of Surrey and Exeter were half brothers to the King, being sons of his mother Joan, (daughter of Edmund earle of Kent), who after the death of her second husband, Lord Thomas Holland, married Edward the Black Prince.

MALONE.

P. 167. *The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,*
Had yielded up his body to the grave; This Abbot of Westminster was William de Colchester. The relation here given of his death, after Hollinshed's *Chronicle*, is untrue, as he survived the King many years; and though called "the grand conspirator," it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the conspiracy, at least nothing was proved against him.

RITSON.

P. 168. *Carlisle, this is your doom*] This prelate was committed to the Tower, out on the intercession of his friends, obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster Abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the Pope, at the King's instance, translated him to a bishopric in *partibus infidelium*; and the only preferment he could ever after obtain, was a rectory in Gloucestershire. He died in 1409.

RITSON.

HENRY IV. PART I.

P. 175. —*the prisoners.*] Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. It seems from Camden's *Britannia*, that Pounouny castle in Scotland was built out of the ransom of this very Henry Percy, when taken prisoner at the battle of Otterbourne by an ancestor of the present Earl of Eglington.

TOLLET.

Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife to the King; for being a prince of the blood royal, (son to the Duke of Albany, brother to King Robert III.) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative.

STEEVENS.

P. 176. *Phobus,—he, that wandering knight so fair.*] Falstaff starts at the idea of Phobus, i. e. the sun; but deviates into an allusion to *El Donzel del Febo*, the knight of the sun in a Spanish Romance translated (under the title of *The Mirror of Knighthood*, &c.) during the age of Shakespeare. This illustrious personage was "most excellently fair," and a great wanderer, as those who travel after him throughout three thick volumes in 4to. will discover.

STEEVENS.

P. 179. —*sir John Sack-and-Sugar.*] Much inquiry has been made about Falstaff's sack, and great surprise has been expressed that he should have mixed sugar with it. As they are here mentioned for the first time in this play, it may not be improper to observe, that it is probable that Falstaff's wine was Sherry, a Spanish

wine, originally made at Xerez. He frequently himself calls it *Sherrie-sack*. Nor will his mixing sugar with sack appear extraordinary, when it is known that it was a very common practice in our author's time to put sugar into *all* wines. "Clownes and vulgar men (says Fynes Moryson) only use large drinking of beer or ale,—but gentlemen garrawse only in wine, with which they mix sugar, which I never observed in any other place or kingdom for that purpose. And because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetness, the wines in taverns (for I speak not of merchant's or gentlemen's cellars) are commonly mixed at the filling thereof, to make them pleasant." MALONE.

P. 184. *His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;*] Shakespeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this Lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's brother-in-law. In Act II. Lady Percy expressly calls him her brother Mortimer. And yet when he enters in the third Act, he calls Lady Percy his aunt, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistency may be accounted for as follows. It appears from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower; each of them bearing the name of Edmund; one being Edmund earl of March, nephew to Lady Percy, and the proper Mortimer of this play; the other, Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the former, and brother to Lady Percy. Shakespeare confound: the two persons. STEEVENS.

Another cause also may be assigned for this confusion. Henry Percy, according to the accounts of our old historians, married Eleanor, the sister of Roger earl of March, who was the father of the Edmund earl of March, that appears in the present play. But this Edmund had a sister likewise named Eleanor. Shakespeare might, therefore, have at different times confounded these two Eleanors. In fact, however, the sister of Roger earl of March, whom young Percy married, was called Elizabeth. MALONE.

P. 198. *How now, Kate?*] Shakespeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, (which was not Katharine but Elizabeth,) or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the familiar appellation of Kate, which he is never weary of repeating, when he has once introduced it; as in this scene, the scene of Katharine and Petruchio, and the courtship between King Henry V. and the French Princess. The wife of Hotspur was the Lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger Earl of March, and aunt to Edmund Earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of Lord Mortimer. STEEVENS.

P. 206. —in *Kendal Green*.] *Kendal-green* was the livery of Robert Earl of Huntington and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of Robin Hood. STEEVENS.

P. 208. *Give him as much as will make him a royal man.*] He that received a *noble* was, in cant language, called a *nobleman*; in this sense the Prince catches the word, and bids the laundress "give him as much as will make him a royal man," that is, a *real* or *royal* man, and send him away. JOHNSON.

The *royal* went for 10s.—the *noble* only for 9s. and 8d. TYRWHITT.
This seems to be an allusion to a jest of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her majesty, first said: "My *royal* Queen," and a little after: "My *noble* Queen." Upon which says the Queen: "What, am I *ten groats* worse than I was?" TOLLET.

P. 223. *Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost.*] The Prince was removed from being President of the Council, immediately after he struck the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne. MALONE.

P. 227. *Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word.*] There was no such person as *Lord Mortimer of Scotland*; but there was a *Lord March of Scotland*, (George Dunbar,) who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the King to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury, as is related by Holinshed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakespeare designed to represent in the act of sending friendly intelligence to the King.—Our author had a recollection that there was in these wars a Scottish lord on the King's side, who bore the same title with the English family, on the rebel side, (one being the Earl of March in England, the other, Earl of March in Scotland,) but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to them both. He took it to be *Mortimer*, instead of *March*. STEEVENS.

HENRY IV. PART II.

P. 323. —*I, in my condition, Shall better speak of you than you deserve.*] I know not well the meaning of the word *condition* in this place; I believe it is the same with *temper of mind*: I shall, in my good nature, speak better of you than you merit. JOHNSON.

P. 333. *Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds, But Harry Harry.*] Amurath the Third (the sixth Emperor of the Turks) died on January the 18th, 1565-6. The people being generally disaffected to Mahomet his eldest son, and inclined to Amurath, one of his younger children, the Emperor's death was concealed for ten days by the Janizaries, till Mahomet came from Amasia to Constantinople. On his arrival he was saluted Emperor by the great Basas, and others his favourers; "which done, (says Knolles,) he presently after caused all his brethren to be invited to a solemn feast in the court; whereunto they, yet ignorant of their father's death, came cheerfully, as men fearing no harm: but, being come, were there all most miserably strangled." It is highly probable that Shakespeare here alludes to this transaction; which was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

This circumstance, therefore, may fix the date of this play subsequently to the beginning of the year 1566; and perhaps it was written while this fact was yet recent. MALONE.

P. 343. ———*fig me, like The bragging Spaniard.*] Dr. Johnson has properly explained this phrase; but it should be added, that it is of Italian origin. When the Milanese revolted against the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, they placed the empress his wife upon a mule with her head towards the tail, and ignominiously expelled her their city. Frederick afterwards besieged and took the place, and compelled every one of his prisoners on pain of death to take with his teeth a fig from the posteriors of a mule. The party was at the same time obliged to repeat to the executioner the words "*ecco la fica*." From this circumstance "*Enr la fica*" became a term of derision, and was adopted by other nations. The French say likewise "*faire la figue*." DOUCE.

P. 344. *Nuthook, nuthook, you lie.*] From a late "critical review," I learn that *nut-hook* in the language of the Bazezurs or Nuts of Hindostan signifies, *assault* or *Attack*, and that it was probably introduced into England by the gypsies, between whose language and manners and those of the Nuts a considerable similarity has been discovered by Mr. Richardson as detailed in the 7th vol. *Asiatic Researches*. *Boston Monthly Anth.* vol. ii. p. 131.

P. 347. *Carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.*] I do not see why Falstaff is carried to the Fleet-prison. We have never lost sight of him since his dismissal from the King; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no punishment; but the different agitations of fear, anger, and surprize in him and his company, made a good scene to the eye; and our author, who wanted them no longer on the stage, was glad to find this method of sweeping them away. JOHNSON.

VOL. VI.

KING HENRY V.

P. 9. —*the scrambling and unquiet time.*—] In the household book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland there is a particular section, appointing the order of service for the *scrambling* days in Lent; that is, days on which no regular meals were provided, but every one *scrambled*, i. e. *scrambled* and shifted for himself as well as he could. PERCY.

P. 13. *Convey'd himself as heir to Lady Lingare.*] It is manifestly impossible that Henry, who had no hereditary title to his own dominions, could derive one, by the same colour, to another person's. He merely proposes the invasion and conquest of France, in prosecution of the dying advice of his father:

"———to busy giddy minds

"In foreign quarrels; that action, thence borne out,

"Might waste the memory of former days."

that his subjects might have sufficient employment to mislead their attention from the nakedness of his title to the crown. The zeal and eloquence of the Archbishop are owing to similar motives. RITSON.

P. 42. —*I must speak with him from the bridge.*] Fluellen, who comes from the bridge, wants to acquaint the king with the transactions that had happened there. This he calls speaking to the king *from the bridge*. THEOBALD.

P. 63. ————*take from them now*

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers] If the sense of reckoning, in consequence of the King's petition, was taken from them, the numbers opposed to them would be no longer formidable. When they could no more count their enemies, they could no longer fear them. STEEVENS.

P. 63. *Two chantries.*] One of these monasteries was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem*; the other was for religious men and women of the order of Saint Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of *Sheen*, now called *Richmond*. MALONE.

P. 66. *By Jove,*] The king prays like a christian, and swears like a heathen.

JOHNSON.

I believe the player-editors alone are answerable for this monstrous incongruity. In consequence of the Stat. 3 James I. c. xxi. against introducing the sacred name on the stage, &c. they omitted it where they could; and in verse, (where the metre would not allow omission,) they substituted some other word in its place. The author, I have not the least doubt, wrote here—*By heaven,*—— MALONE.

VOL. VII.

KING RICHARD III.

P. 66. *Baynard's Castle.*] A castle in Thames Street, which had belonged to Richard Duke of York, and at this time was the property of his grandson King Edward V. MALONE.

P. 71. ————*leath'd bigamy :*] *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edward I. was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow. BLACKSTONE.

P. 79. *To Brecknock.*] To the Castle of Brecknock in Wales, where the Duke of Buckingham's estate lay. MALONE.

P. 101. *That never slept a quiet hour with thee.*] Shakespeare was probably here thinking of Sir Thomas More's animated description of Richard, which Hollinshed transcribed: "I have heard (says Sir Thomas) by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberlaine, that after this abominable deed done [the murder of his nephews] he never had quiet in his mind. He never thought himself sure where he went abroad; his eyes whirled about; his body privily fenced; his hand ever upon his dagger; his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike againe. He took ill rest a-nights; lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch; rather slumbered than slept, troubled with fearful dreames; sodainely sometimes start up, leapt out of bed, and ran about the chamber; so was his restless heart continually tost and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrances of his abominable deede."

With such a companion well might Anne say, that she never slept one quiet hour. MALONE.

P. 106. ————*the enemy is pass'd the marsh;*] There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies. Henry passed it, and made such a disposition of his forces that it served to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained also another point, that his men should engage with the sun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies: a matter of great consequence when bows and arrows were in use. MALONE.

P. 108. *Now civil wounds are stopp'd.*] Summary Account of the times and places of the several battles fought between the Houses of York and Lancaster.

1. Battle of Saint Albans, 23 May 1455, between Richard Plantagenet duke of York and king Henry VI. York victorious, Henry taken prisoner. Killed on the royal side, 5041: on York's side 600. Total 5641.

2. Battle of Bloreheath in Shropshire, 30 September 1459, between James lord Audley on the part of king Henry, and Richard Nevil earl of Salisbury on the part of the duke of York. Lord Audley slain, and his army defeated. Killed 2411.

3. Battle of Northampton, 20 July 1460, between Edward Plantagenet, earl of March, eldest son of the duke of York, and Richard Nevil earl of Warwick on the one side, and king Henry on the other. Yorkists victorious. Killed 1035.

4. Battle of Wakefield, 30 December 1460, between Richard duke of York and

queen Margaret. Duke of York slain, and his army defeated; Richard Nevil earl of Salisbury taken prisoner, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret. Killed 2301.

5. Battle of Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire, on Candlemasday 1460-1, between Edward duke of York on the one side, and Jasper earl of Pembroke and James Butler earl of Wiltshire on the other. Duke of York victorious. Killed 3800.

6. Second Battle of Saint Albans, 17 February 1460-1, between queen Margaret on the one side, and the duke of Norfolk and the earl of Warwick on the other. The queen victorious. Sir Richard Grey, a Lancastrian, slain, whose widow afterwards married king Edward IV. Killed 2303.

7. Action at Ferrybridge in Yorkshire, 28 March 1461, between lord Clifford on the part of king Henry, and lord Fitzwalter on the part of the duke of York. Lord Fitzwalter and John lord Clifford slain. Killed 2300.

8. Battle of Towton four miles from York, Palm-sunday, 29 March, 1461, between Edward duke of York and king Henry. King Henry defeated. Henry ferry earl of Northumberland slain. Killed 37,046.

9. Battle of Hedgeley Moor in Northumberland, 29 April 1463, between John Nevil viscount Montague on the part of king Edward IV. and the lords Hungerford and Roos on the part of Henry VI. The Yorkists victorious. Killed 106.

10. Battle of Hexham, 15 May 1463, between viscount Montague and King Henry. The king defeated. Lords Roos and Hungerford taken prisoners, and afterwards beheaded. Killed 2024.

11. Battle of Hedgecote four miles from Banbury, 25 July 1469, between William Herbert earl of Pembroke on the part of king Edward, and the lords Fitzburg and Latimer and sir John Conyers on the part of king Henry. The Lancastrians defeated. Killed 5009.

12. Battle of Stamford in Lincolnshire, 1 Oct. 1468, between sir Robert Wells and king Edward; in which the former was defeated and taken prisoner. The vanquished who fled, in order to lighten themselves threw away their coats, whence the place of combat was called *Lostcoatfield*. Killed 10,000.

14. Battle of Barnet, on Easter-sunday, 14 April, 1471, between king Edward on the one side, and the earl of Warwick, the Marquis of Montague, and the earl of Oxford on the part of King Henry. The Lancastrians defeated; the earl of Warwick and the marquis of Montague slain. Killed 10,300.

15. Battle of Tewksbury, 3 May 1471, between king Edward and queen Margaret. The queen defeated, and she and her son prince Edward taken prisoners. On the next day the prince was murdered by king Edward and his brothers. Killed 3,032. Shortly afterwards, in an action between the bastard son of lord Falconbridge and some Londoners, 1092 persons were killed.

16. Battle of Bosworth in Leicestershire, 22 August 1485, between king Richard III. and Henry earl of Richmond, afterwards king Henry VII. Richard defeated and slain. Killed on the part of Richard, 4,013; on the part of Richmond, 181.

The total number of persons who fell in the contest between the Houses of York and Lancaster was Ninety-one Thousand and Twenty-six. MALONE.

KING HENRY VIII.

- P. 117. *Have broke their backs with laying manors on them*] So in King John:
 "Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 "Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 "Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
 "To make a hazard of new fortunes here."

Again, in Camden's *Remains*, 1605: "There was a nobleman merrily conceited, and riotously given, that having lately sold a manor of an hundred tenements, came ruffling into the court, saying, am not I a mighty man that bear an hundred houses on my backe?" MALONE.

- P. 129. — *Leave these remnants*

Of fool, and feather] This does not allude to the *feathers* anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen, (a circumstance to which no ridicule could justly belong,) but to an effeminate fashion recorded in Greene's Farewell to Folly, 1617: from whence it appears that even young gentlemen carried *fans of feathers* in their hands: "—we strive to be counted womanish, by keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by wearing *plumes of feathers* in our hands, which in wars, our ancestors wore on their heads." STEEVENS.

The text may receive illustration from a passage in Nashe's Life of Iacke Wilton, 1594: "At that time [viz. in the court of King Henry VIII.] I was no common squire, no undertroden torch-bearer, I had my *feather* in my cap as big as a *flag* in the *foretop*, my French doublet gelte in the belly, as though (lyke a pig readie to be spitted) all my guts had been plucked out, a *paire* of side panned hose that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses, my *long stock* that sate close to my dock,—my rapier pendant like a round sticke, &c. my blacke cloake of blacke cloth, over-

spreading my backe lyke a thornbacke or an elephantes eare ;—and in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a more French*," &c. RITSON.

P. 130. —*My barge stays* :] The speaker is now in the King's palace at Bridewell, from which he is proceeding by water to York-place, (Cardinal Wolsey's house,) now Whitehall. MALONE.

P. 134. —*a little heated*.] The King, on being discovered and desired by Wolsey to take his place, said that he would "first go and shift him : and thereupon, went into the Cardinal's bed-chamber, where was a great fire prepared for him, and there he new appareled himself with rich and princely garments. And in the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken away, and the tables covered with new and perfumed clothes.—Then the king took his seat under the cloath of estate, commanding every person to sit still as before ; and then came in a new banquet before his majestie of two hundred dishes, and so they passed the night in banqueting and dancing until morning." Cavendish's Life of Wolsey. MALONE.

P. 145. *You'd venture on emballing* :] You would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.
The Old Lady's jocularly, I am afraid, carries her beyond the bounds of decorum ; but her quibbling allusion is more easily comprehended than explained. RITSON.

P. 166. *To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's*.] Shakespeare forgot that Wolsey was himself Bishop of Winchester, unless he meant to say, you must confine yourself to that house which you possess as Bishop of Winchester. Asher, near Hampton Court, was one of the houses belonging to that bishopric. MALONE.

Fox, Bishop of Winchester, died Sept. 14, 1528, and Wolsey held this see in commendam. Asher therefore was his own house. REED.

P. 170. *Or gild again the noble troops that waited*
Upon my smiles.] The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, was one hundred and eighty. MALONE.

P. 178. *Ipswich*.] "The foundation-stone of the College which the Cardinal founded in this place, was discovered a few years ago. It is now in the Chapter-house of Christ-Church, Oxford." Seward's Anecdotes of distinguished Persons, &c. 1796. STEEVENS.

P. 179. —*go to, kneel*.] Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, and the Pope's curse stuck up at Dunkirk, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as a Queen, but as *Princess Dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service ; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants. See Hall, fol. 219. Bishop Burnet says, all the women about her still called her Queen. Burnet, p. 162. REED.

P. 180. *This to my lord the king*.] This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history. The following is Lord Herbert's translation of it

"My most dear lord, king, and husband,
"The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles.—But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, (which is not much, they being but three,) and to all my other servants a years pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell." MALONE.

The legal instrument for the divorce of Queen Katharine is still in being ; and among the signatures to it is that of Polydore Virgil. STEEVENS.

P. 188. *Chan. Speak to the business*.] In the preceding scene we have heard of the birth of Elizabeth, and from the conclusion of the present it appears that she is not yet christened. She was born September 7, 1533, and baptized on the 11th of the same month. Cardinal Wolsey was Chancellor of England from September 7, 1516, to the 25th of October, 1530, on which day the seals were given to Sir Thomas More. He held them till the 20th May, 1533, when Sir Thomas Audley was appointed *Lord Keeper*. He therefore is the person here introduced ; but Shakespeare

has made a mistake in calling him Lord Chancellor, for he did not obtain that title till the January after the birth of Elizabeth. MALONE.

CORIOLANUS.

P. 228. —[in *Galen*.] An anachronism of near 630 years. Menenius flourished Anno U. C. 290, about 492 years before the birth of our Saviour. *Galen* was born in the year of our Lord 139, flourished about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200.

—[*empiriculus*.] The old copies—*empiriculus*. "The most sovereign prescription in *Galen* (says Menenius) is to this news but *empiriculus* k: an adjective evidently formed by the author from *empiric* (*empiricus*, Fr.) a quack." GREY. RITSON.

VOL. IX.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

P. 33. —[*though you bite so sharp at reasons, &c.*] Here is a wretched quibble between *reasons* and *raisins*, which in Shakespeare's time, were, I believe, pronounced alike. Dogberry, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, plays upon the same words: "If Justice cannot tame you, she shall never weigh more *reasons* in her balance." And Falstaff says, "If *reasons* were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, L." MALONE.

P. 84. *How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles thee together.*] *Luxuria* was the appropriate term used by the school divines, to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury* in all our old English writers. Hence, in *King Lear*, our author uses the word in this particular sense:

"To't, *Luxury*, pell-mell, for I want soldiers."

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness said to have a *potatoe finger*?—This root, which was in our author's time but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotick, and esteemed a very strong provocative. As the plant is so common now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 780:

"This plant, which is called of some *Skyrrits* of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes*.—There is not any that hath written of this plant;—therefore, I refer the description thereof unto those that shall hereafter have further knowledge of the same. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure *bodily lust*, and *that with great greediness*."

Shakespeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Let the sky rain *potatoes*, hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes; let a *tempest of provocation* come." COLLINS.

P. 87. —[*the dreadful spout,*

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,] A particular account of "a spout," is given in Captain John Smith's *Sea Grammar*, quarto, 1627: "A *spout* is, as it were, a small river falling entirely from the clouds, like one of our water-spouts, which make the sea, where it falleth, to rebound in *ashes* exceeding high; i. e. in the language of Shakespeare to *dizzy the ear of Neptune*." STEEVENS.

KING LEAR.

P. 217. *And well are worth the want that you have wanted.*] You are well deserving of the want of dower that you are without. So, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* Act. IV. sc. 1: "Though I want a kingdom," i. e. though I am without a kingdom. Again, in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 137: "Anselm was expelled the realm, and wanted the whole profits of his bishoprick," i. e. he did not receive the profits, &c.

TOLLET.

P. 224. *That can my speech diffuse.*] We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise. This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which otherwise would have no very apparent introduction. *If I can change my speech as well as I have changed my dress.* To *diffuse* speech, signifies to disorder it, and so to disguise it. STEEVENS.

P. 230. *Which they will make an obedient father.*] *Which*, is on this occasion used with two deviations from present language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians, to the pronoun *I*, and is employed according to a mode now obsolete, for whom, the accusative case of *who*. STEEVENS.

P. 232. *That these hot tears, &c.*] I will transcribe this passage from the first edi-

tion, that it may appear to those who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of revision, and what indulgence is due to those that endeavour to restore corrupted passages.—“That these hot tears, that breake from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curse, peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, beweepe this cause again,” &c.

JOHNSON.

P 243. “—and shall find time

From this enormous state,—seeking to give

Losses their remedies:]

I confess I do not understand this passage, unless it may be considered as *divided parts of Cordelia's letter*, which he is reading to himself by moonlight: it certainly conveys the sense of what she would have said. In reading a letter, it is natural enough to dwell on those circumstances in it that promise the change in our affairs which we most wish for; and Kent having read Cordelia's assurances that she will find a time to free the injured from the enormous misrule of Regan, is willing to go to sleep with that pleasing reflection uppermost in his mind. But this is mere conjecture.

STEEVENS.

P. 244. *Of Bedlam beggars.*] Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*, has the following passage descriptive of this class of vagabonds: “The *Bedlam* is in the same garb, with a long staff, and a cow or ox-horn by his side; but his cloathing is more fantastick and ridiculous; for, being a madman, he is madly decked and dressed all over with rubins, feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not; to make him seem a mad-man, or one distracted, when he is no other than a dissembling knave.”

In the *Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640, is another account of one of these characters, under the title of an *Abraham-Man*: “——he swears he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poore Tom is a-cold*. Of these *Abraham-men*, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines: some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, *compell* ing the servants through feare to give them what they demand.”

STEEVENS.

P. 250. *Corn. What trumpet's that?*

Reg. I know't, my sister's:] Thus, in Othello:

“The Moore,—I know his trumpet.”

It should seem from both these passages, and others that might be quoted, that the approach of great personages was announced by some distinguishing note or tune appropriately used by their own trumpeters. Cornwall knows not the present sound; but to Regan, who had often heard her sister's trumpet, the first flourish of it was as familiar as was that of the Moor to the ears of Iago.

STEEVENS.

P. 285. *There's your press-money.*] It is evident from the whole of this speech, that Lear fancies himself in a battle: but, *There's your press-money* has not been properly explained. It means the money which was paid to soldiers when they were retained in the King's service; and it appears from some ancient statutes, and particularly 7 Henry VII. c. 1. and 3. Henry VIII. c. 5. that it was felony in any soldier to withdraw himself from the King's service after receipt of this money, without special leave. On the contrary, he was obliged at all times to hold himself in readiness. The term is from the French “*prest*,” *ready*. It is written *prest* in King Henry VIIth's Book of household expences still preserved in the Exchequer. This may serve also to explain the following passage in Act V. sc. ii: “And turn our *imprest* lances in our eyes;” and in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. i: “Why such *impress* of shipwrights?”

DOUCE.

P. 287. *This a good block?]* Upon the king's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his hat and keep turning it and feeling it in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times, (whom I have seen so represented in ancient prints,) till the idea of *felt*, which the good hat or block was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preaching. *Block* anciently signified the *head part* of the hat, or the *thing on which a hat is formed*, and sometimes the hat itself.—See Much Ado about Nothing: “He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it changes with the next block.”

STEEVENS.

VOL. X.

HAMLET.

P. 11. —as, by the same co-mart,] Co-mart is, I suppose, a joint bargain, a word perhaps of our poet's coinage. A mart signifying a great fair or market, he would not have scrupled to have written—to mart, in the sense of to make a bargain. In the preceding speech we find mart used for bargain or purchase. MALONE.

P. 41. And all we mourn for.] The ridicule of this character is here admirably sustained. He would not only be thought to have discovered this intrigue by his own sagacity, but to have remarked all the stages of Hamlet's disorder, from his madness to his raving, as regularly as his physician could have done; when all the while the madness was only feigned. The humour of this is exquisite from a man who tells us, with a confidence peculiar to small politicians, that he could find
"Where truth was hid, though it were hid indeed
"Within the centre."

WARBURTON.

P. 46. —an airy of children, &c.] Relating to play houses then contending, the Bankside, the Fortune, &c. played by the children of his majesty's chapel.

POPE.

It relates to the young singing men of the chapel royal, or St. Paul's, of the former of whom perhaps the earliest mention occurs in an anonymous puritanical pamphlet, 1569, entitled *The Children of the Chapel stript and whipt*: "Plaies will never be suppress, while her maiesties unfledged minions flaunt it in silkes and sattens. They had as well be at their popish seruice in the deuill's garments," &c.—Again, *ibid*: "Euen in her maiesties chapel do these pretty upstart youthes profane the Lordes day by the lasciuious writhing of their tender limbes, and gorgeous decking of their apparell, in feigning bawdie fables gathered from the idolatrous heathen poets," &c.

STEEVENS.

P. 54. To be, or not to be,] Of this celebrated soliloquy, which bursting from a man distracted with contrariety of desires and overwhelmed with the magnitude of his own purposes, is connected rather in the speaker's mind, than on his tongue, I shall endeavour to discover the train, and to show how one sentiment produces another.

Hamlet, knowing himself injured in the most enormous and atrocious degree, and seeing no means of redress, but such as must expose him to the extremity of hazard, meditates on his situation in this manner: Before I can form any rational scheme of action under this pressure of distress, it is necessary to decide, whether, after our present state, we are to be, or not to be. That is the question, which, as it shall be answered, will determine, whether 'tis nobler, and more suitable to the dignity of reason, to suffer the outrages of fortune patiently, or to take arms against them, and by opposing end them, though perhaps with the loss of life. If to die, were to sleep no more, and by a sleep to end the miseries of our nature, such a sleep were devoutly to be wished; but if to sleep in death, be to dream, to retain our powers of sensibility, we must pause, to consider, in that sleep of death what dreams may come. This consideration makes calamity so long endured; for who would bear the vexations of life, which might be ended by a bare bodkin, but that he is afraid of something in unknown futurity? This fear it is that gives efficacy to conscience, which, by turning the mind upon this regard, chills the ardour of resolution, checks the vigour of enterprise, and makes the current of desire stagnate in inactivity.

We may suppose that he would have applied these general observations to his own case, but that he discovered Ophelia.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication of the first five lines of this passage is surely wrong. Hamlet is not deliberating whether after our present state we are to exist or not, but whether he should continue to live, or put an end to his life: as is pointed out by the second and the three following lines, which are manifestly a paraphrase on the first: "whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer, &c. or to take arms." The question concerning our existence in a future state is not considered till the tenth line:—"To sleep! perchance, to dream," &c.

MALONE.

P. 61. —The dumb show follows,] and appears to contain every circumstance of the murder of Hamlet's father. Now there is no apparent reason why the usurper should not be as much affected by this mute representation of his crimes, as he is afterwards when the same action is accompanied by words.

I once conceived this might have been a kind of direction to the players, which was from mistake inserted in the editions; but the subsequent conversation between Hamlet and Ophelia, entirely destroys such a notion.

PYE.

I cannot reconcile myself to the exhibition in dumb show, preceding the inter-

lude, which is injudiciously introduced by the author, and should always be omitted on the stage; as we cannot well conceive why the mute representation of his crime should not affect as much the conscience of the King, as the scene that follows it.

M. MASON.

P. 85. —[*the owl was a baker's daughter.*] This is a common story amongst the vulgar in Gloucestershire, and is thus related: "Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough into the oven to bake for him; but was reprimanded by her daughter, who insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced it to a very small size. The dough, however, immediately afterwards began to swell, and presently became of a most enormous size. Whereupon the baker's daughter cried out, 'Heugh, heugh, heugh,' which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour for her wickedness to transform her into that bird." This story is often related to children, in order to deter them from such illiberal behaviour to poor people.

DOUCE.

P. 86. *Like to a murdering piece,*] The small cannon, which are, or were used in the fore-castle, half-deck, or steerage of a ship of war, were within this century, called *murdering-pieces*.

MALONE.

Perhaps what is now, from the manner of it, called a *swivel*. It is mentioned in Sir T. Roes Volage to the E. Indies, at the end of Della Valle's Travels, 1685. "—the East India company had a very little pinnace—mann'd she was with ten men, and had only one small *murdering-piece* within her." Probably, it was never charged with a single ball, but always with shot, pieces of old iron, &c.

RITSON.

P. 88. *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;—and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.*] *Pansies* is for *thoughts*; because of its name, *Pensees*; but why *rosemary* indicates *remembrance*, except that it is an ever-green, and carried at funerals, I have not discovered.

JOHNSON.

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings.

STEEVENS.

P. 89. *There's fennel for you, and columbines;*] Greene, in his Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1620, calls *fennel*, *women's weeds*: "fit generally for that sex, with while they are maidens, they wish wantonly."

STEEVENS.

Columbine was an emblem of cuckoldom on account of the horns of its nectaria, which are remarkable in this plant.

It was also emblematical of forsaken lovers.

WHITE.

Ophelia gives her fennel and columbines to the king.

MALONE.

P. 89. —[*there's rue for you;*] Ophelia means, I think, that the Queen may with peculiar propriety on *Sundays*, when she solicits pardon for that crime which she has so much occasion to *rue* and repent of, call her *rue*, *herb of grace*.

Ophelia, after having given the Queen *rue* to remind her of the sorrow and contrition she ought to feel for her incestuous marriage, tells her, she may wear it with a *difference*, to distinguish it from that worn by Ophelia herself; because her tears flowed from the loss of a father, those of the Queen ought to flow for her guilt.

MALONE.

P. 89. *There's a daisy;*] Greene, in his Quip for an Upstart Courtier, has explained the significance of this flower: "—Next them grew the *dissembling daisy*, to warne such light-of-love wenches not to trust every faire promise that such amorous bachelors make them."

HENLEY.

The violet is thus characterized in an old collection of Sonnets:

"*Violet* is for *faithfulness*,

"Which in me shall abide;

"Hoping likewise that from your heart

"You will not let it slide."

MALONE.

P. 98. —[*to play at loggats with them?*] This is a game played in several parts of England even at this time. A stake is fixed into the ground; those who play, throw *loggats* at it, and he that is nearest the stake, wins: I have seen it played in different counties at their sheep-shearing feasts, where the winner was entitled to a black fleece, which he afterwards presented to the farmer's maid to spin for the purpose of making a petticoat, and on condition that she knelt down on the fleece to be kissed by all the rusticks present.

STEEVENS.

A *loggat* ground, like a skittle ground, is strewed with ashes, but is more extensive. A bowl much larger than the jack of the game of bowls is thrown first. The pins, which I believe are called *loggats*, are much thinner, and lighter at one extremity than the other. The bowl being first thrown, the players take the pins up by the thinner and lighter end, and fling them towards the bowl.

and in such a manner that the pins may once turn round in the air, and slide with the thinner extremity foremost towards the bowl. The pins are about one or two and twenty inches long. BLOUNT.

P. 99. —[*the age is grown so picked.*] So smart, so sharp, says Sir T. Hamner, very properly; but there was, I think, about that time, a *picked shoe*, that is, a shoe with a long pointed toe, in fashion, to which the allusion seems likewise to be made. Every man now is smart; and every man now is a man of fashion. JOHNSON.

This fashion of wearing shoes with long pointed toes was carried to such excess in England, that it was restrained at last by proclamation so long ago as the fifth year of Edward IV. when it was ordered, "that the beaks or pykes of shoes and boots should not pass two inches, upon pain of cursing by the clergy, and forfeiting twenty shillings, to be paid, one noble to the king, another to the cordwainers of London, and the third to the chamber of London:—and for other countries and townes the like order was taken.—Before this time, and since the year 1482, the pykes of shoes and boots were of such length, that they were fain to be tied up to the knee with chains of silver, and gilt, or at least silken laces." STEEVENS.

P. 104. —[*mutines in the bilboes.*] The *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain where instruments of steel were fabricated in the utmost perfection. To understand Shakespeare's allusion completely, it should be known, that as these fetters connect the legs of the offenders very close together, their attempts to rest must be as fruitless as those of Hamlet, in whose mind there was a kind of fighting that would not let him sleep. Every motion of one must disturb his partner in confinement. The *bilboes* are still shown in the Tower of London, among the other spoils of the Spanish Armada. STEEVENS.

P. 111. And *fighths of angels sing thee to thy rest*! Let us review for a moment the behaviour of Hamlet, on the strength of which Horatio founds this eulogy, and recommends him to the patronage of angels.

Hamlet, at the command of his father's ghost, undertakes with seeming alacrity to revenge the murder; and declares he will banish all other thoughts from his mind. He makes, however, but one effort to keep his word, and that is, when he mistakes Polonius for the king. On another occasion, he defers his purpose till he can find an opportunity of taking his uncle when he is least prepared for death, that he may insure damnation to his soul. Though he assassinated Polonius by accident, yet he deliberately procures the execution of his school-fellows, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who appear not, from any circumstances in this play, to have been acquainted with the treacherous purposes of the mandate they were employed to carry. To embitter their fate, and hazard their punishment beyond the grave, he denies them even the few moments necessary for a brief confession of their sins. Their end (as he declares in a subsequent conversation with Horatio) gives him no concern, for they obtruded themselves into the service, and he thought he had a right to destroy them. From his brutal conduct toward Ophelia, he is not less accountable for her distraction and death. He interrupts the funeral designed in honour of this lady, at which both the King and Queen were present; and, by such an outrage to decency, renders it still more necessary for the usurper to lay a second stratagem for his life, though the first had proved abortive. He insults the brother of the dead, and boasts of an affection for his sister, which, before, he had denied to her face; and yet at this very time must be considered as desirous of supporting the character of a madman, so that the openness of his confession is not to be imputed to him as a virtue. He apologizes to Horatio afterwards for the absurdity of this behaviour, to which, he says, he was provoked by that nobleness of fraternal grief, which, indeed, he ought rather to have applauded than condemned. Dr. Johnson has observed, that to bring about a reconciliation with Laertes, he has availed himself of a dishonest fallacy; and to conclude, it is obvious to the most careless spectator or reader, that he kills the King at last to revenge himself, and not his father.

The late Dr. Akenaide once observed to me, that the conduct of Hamlet was every way unnatural and indefensible, unless he were to be regarded as a young man whose intellects were in some degree impaired by his own misfortunes; by the death of his father, the loss of expected sovereignty, and a sense of shame resulting from the hasty and incestuous marriage of his mother. STEEVENS.

Some of the charges here brought against Hamlet, appear to me questionable at least, if not unfounded. In the novel on which this play is constructed, the ministers who by the king's order accompanied the young prince to England, and carried with them a packet in which his death was concerted, were apprized of its contents; and therefore we may presume that Shakespeare meant to describe their representatives, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, as equally criminal; as combining with the King to deprive Hamlet of his life. His procuring their execution there-

fore does not with certainty appear to have been unprovoked cruelty, and might have been considered by him as necessary to his *future safety*; knowing, as he must have known, that they had devoted themselves to the service of the King in whatever he should command.

I do not perceive that he is accountable for the madness of Ophelia. He did not mean to kill her father, when concealed behind the arras, but the King; and still less did he intend to deprive her of her reason and her life: her subsequent distraction therefore can no otherwise be laid to his charge, than as an unforeseen consequence from his too ardently pursuing the object recommended to him by his father.

He appears to have been induced to leap into Ophelia's grave, not with a design to insult Laertes, but from his love to her, (which then he had no reason to conceal,) and from the *bravery of her brother's grief*, which excited him (not to condemn that brother, as has been stated, but) to vie with him in the expression of affection and sorrow.

When Hamlet says, "the bravery of his grief did put me into a *towering passion*," I think, he means, into a lofty expression (not of *resentment*, but) of *sorrow*.

I may also add, that he neither assaulted nor insulted Laertes, till that nobleman had cursed him, and seized him by the throat. MALONE.

OTHELLO.

P. 121. *A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife*] That Cassio was married is not sufficiently implied in these words, since they mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expressing himself, no more than a man "very near being married." This seems to have been the case in respect of Cassio.—Act IV. sc. i, Iago speaking to him of Bianca, says—"Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her." Cassio acknowledges that such a report had been raised, and adds, "This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and self-flattery, not out of my promise." Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally circulates it in his present conversation with Roderigo. If Shakespeare, however, designed Bianca for a courtesan of Cyprus, (where Cassio had not yet been, and had therefore never seen her,) Iago cannot be supposed to allude to the report concerning his marriage with her, and consequently this part of my argument must fall to the ground.

Had Shakespeare, consistently with Iago's character, meant to make him say that Cassio was "actually damn'd in being married to a handsome woman," he would have made him say it *outright*, and not have interposed the palliative *almost*. Whereas what he says at present amounts to no more than that (however near his marriage) he is not yet *completely* damn'd, because he is not *absolutely* married. The succeeding parts of Iago's conversation sufficiently evince that the poet thought no mode of conception or expression too brutal for the character. STEEVENS.

P. 126. *As double as the duke's*] The *double* voice of Brabantio refers to the opinion, which (as being a *magnifico*, he was no less entitled to, than the duke himself) either, of nullifying the marriage of his daughter, contracted without his consent; or, of subjecting Othello to fine and imprisonment, for having seduced an heiress. HENLEY.

P. 133. *Wherein of antres vast, &c.*] Whoever ridicules this account of the progress of love, shows his ignorance, not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recuse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were yet magnified by her timidity. JOHNSON.

P. 133. *Of the cannibals that eat other eat.*] These lines have been considered by Pope, and others, as the interpolation of the players, or at least vulgar trash, which Shakespeare admitted merely to humour the lower part of his audience. But the case was probably the very reverse, and the poet rather meant to recommend his play to the more curious and refined among his auditors, by alluding here to some of the most extraordinary passages in Sir Walter Raleigh's celebrated voyage to Guiana, performed in 1595: in which nothing excited more universal attention, than the accounts which he brought from the new world of the cannibals, Amazons, and especially of the nation

"———whose heads

"Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Hear his own solemn relation: "Next unto the Arvi" [a river, which he says falls into the Orenoque or Orinoko] "are two rivers, Atoica and Caora; and on that branch, which is called Caora, are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders; which though it may be thought a mere fable, yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true, because every child in the province of Arronia and Canuri affirm the same: they are called Ewaipanoma; they are reported to have

their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and that a long train of hair groweth backward betwene their shoulders," &c.

As for the Anthropophagi, or cannibals "that each other eat," the same celebrated voyager tells us: "At one of the outlets of the Orenoque, we left on the right hand of us a nation of inhumaine canibals." [p. 659.] And in the second voyage to Guiana, in 1596, published also by Sir Walter, one of the nations, called, Ipalos, are thus described: "They are but few, but very cruel to their enemies, for they bind, and eat them alive peecemeale.—These Indians, because they ate them whom they kill, use no poyson." P.

P. 135. *That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.*] Shakespeare was continually changing his first expression for another, either stronger or more uncommon; so that very often the reader who has not the same continuity or succession of ideas, is at a loss for its meaning. Many of Shakespeare's uncouth strained epithets may be explained, by going back to the obvious and simple expression, which is most likely to occur to the mind in that state. I can imagine the first mode of expression that occurred to the poet was this:

"The troubled heart was never cured by words."

To give it poetical force he altered the phrase:

"The wounded heart was never reached through the ear."

Wounded heart he changed to *broken*, and that to *bruised*, as a more common expression. *Reached* he altered to *touched*, and the transition is then easy to *pierced*. I. e. thoroughly touched.

Sir J. REYNOLDS.

P. 159. *A Florentine more kind and honest.*] In consequence of this line, a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Cassio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears by the first scene of the play, where he is expressly called one. That Iago was a Venetian, is proved by a speech in the third scene of Act III. and by what he says in Act V. after having stabbed Roderigo. MALONE.

P. 182. *Have you scored me?*] To *score* originally meant no more than to cut a notch upon a tally, or to mark out a form by indenting it on any substance. But it was soon figuratively used for setting a *brand* or *mark* of disgrace on any one. "Let us score their backs," says Scarus, in Antony and Cleopatra; and it is employed in the same sense on the present occasion. STEEVENS.

P. 200. *It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.*—] The abruptness of this soliloquy makes it obscure. The meaning, I think, is this:—I am here (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action that shocks me, but "it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause." JOHNSON.

Ibid. *This sorrow's heavenly*] Perhaps the poet would not have retained both these images, had he published the play himself, though in the hurry of composition he threw them both upon paper. The first seems adopted from the fabulous history of the crocodile, the second from a passage in the scripture.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

M. MASON.

P. 207. —*the ice-brook's temper*] The particular name of the *ice-brook* may be determined by the following passage in Martial. It was undoubtedly the brook or rivulet called Salo (now Xalon,) near Bilbilis in Celtiberia. In this the Spaniards plunged all their swords and other weapons while hot from the forge; and to the icy quality of the waters, they were indebted for their stubborn temper:

"Sævo Bilbilin optinam metallo

"Et ferro Plateam suo sonantem,

"Quam fluctu tenui sed inquieto

"Armorum Salo temperator ambit."

STEEVENS.

P. 207. *O ill-star'd wench!*] *Wench* originally signified only a young woman. The word is used without any dishonourable meaning in the bible: "Now Jonathan and Ahimaaz stayed by Elogel; (for they might not be seen to come into the city:) and a wench went and told them; and they went and told king David." 2 Sam. xvii. 17.

STEEVENS.

P. 208. *Like the base Judean.*] I am satisfied that Shakespeare is here alluding to Herod, who in a fit of blind jealousy threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne. The story was likewise very obvious, for, in the year 1613 the lady Elizabeth Carew published a tragedy called *Mariam*, the fair Queen of Jewry.

THEOBALD.

By the Judean is meant Herod, whose usage to Mariamne is so opposite to the speaker's case, that a more proper instance could not be thought of. The metapho-

rical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is so common as scarce to need examples. In *Troilus and Cressida*, a lover says of his mistress—

"Why, she's a pearl, whose price," &c.

WARBURTON.

I cannot join with the learned critics in conceiving this passage to refer to the well-known story of Herod and Mariamne. The poet might just as fairly be supposed to have alluded to that of Jephthah and his daughter. Othello, in detestation of what he had done, seems to compare himself to another person who had thrown away a thing of value, with some circumstances of the meanest villany, which the epithet *base* seems to imply in its general sense, though it is sometimes used for low or mean. The crime of Herod surely deserves a more aggravated distinction. For though in every crime, great as well as small, there is a degree of baseness, yet the *furiis agitatus amor*, such as contributed to that of Herod, seems to ask a stronger word to characterize it: as there was spirit at least in what he did, though the spirit of a fiend, and the epithet *base*, would better suit with petty larceny than royal guilt. Besides, the simile appears to me too apposite almost to be used on the occasion, and is little more than bringing the fact into comparison with itself. Each through jealousy had destroyed an innocent wife, circumstances so parallel, as hardly to admit of that variety which we generally find in one allusion, which is meant to illustrate another, and at the same time to appear as more than a superfluous ornament. I have read in some book, as ancient as the time of Shakespeare, the following tale; though, at present, I am unable either to recollect the title of the piece, or the author's name:

"A Jew, who had been prisoner for many years in distant parts, brought with him at his return to Venice a great number of pearls, which he offered on the change among the merchants, and, one alone excepted, disposed of them to his satisfaction. On this pearl, which was the largest ever shown at market, he had fixed an immoderate price, nor could be persuaded to make the least abatement. Many of the magnificoes, as well as traders, offered him considerable sums for it, but he was resolute in his first demand. At last, after repeated and unsuccessful applications to individuals, he assembled the merchants of the city, by proclamation, to meet him on the Rialto, where he once more exposed it to sale on the former terms, but to no purpose. After having expatiated, for the last time, on the singular beauty and value of it, he threw it suddenly into the sea before them all."

Though this anecdote may appear inconsistent with the avarice of a Jew, yet it sufficiently agrees with the spirit so remarkable at all times in the scattered remains of that vindictive nation.

STEVENS.

Shakespeare seems to allude to Herod in the play of *Mariamne*:

"I had but one inestimable jewel-----"

"Yet I in suddaine cholour cast it downe,

'And dasht it all to pieces."

FARMER.

FINIS

